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OUR

GARRISONS IN THE WEST

OR

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SKETCHES IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

W h-37

BY

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LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1864.

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TO

MAJOR A. BRENDON,

AND

THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND MEN

OF

NO. 5 BATTERY, 7TH BRIGADE, ROYAL ARTILLERY,

THE FOLLOWING SKETCHES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

CONFINED to his room for a few weeks by the effects of an accident, the author of the following pages undertook the task of committing to paper some reminiscences of six years' service in our American colonies. At a time when we have comparatively so large a force in Canada and our other provinces, he hoped that many English readers would have an unusual interest in our Garrisons in the West. He would fain trust, also, that to the general reader his few chapters on some of our finest colonies may prove not destitute of information, nor devoid of interest.

Written somewhat hurriedly, and yet at the same time influenced by the fits and starts which are visible in the employments of every sick or convalescent subject, the reader may possibly find much irregularity in the style, and incompleteness in de-

scription. In such a case, the author can merely throw himself on the generous indulgence of a public, never severe on an inexperienced author or a traveller who speaks truly, even though lamely, of the scenes he has studied or taken part in.

36, *Half Moon-street,*
Piccadilly.

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BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

OUR GARRISONS IN THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SEA.

—— a sedibus unis
Una Eurusque notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus. VIRGIL.

To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.
Measure for Measure.

To the rather hackneyed notes of "Cheer, boys, cheer," and the pathetic strains of "Mary of Argyle," some four hundred of us marched off Woolwich parade to embark on board the screw steam-ship *Lebanon*, for service in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

Being my first round of foreign service, I have not forgotten the many little annoyances which, though novel then and striking, I know now, from seven years' experience, are generally consequent on the embarkation of troops, and tend to make the confusion worse confounded. The muddy river, the

pouring rain, the dark and cheerless sky, darkened still more by the clouds of smoke from the many-roofed arsenal, had rather a depressing effect on us; while excited staff-officers giving contradictory orders tended somewhat to irritate.

By the way, in these days of model staff colleges and teasing examinations, I wish the Board of Examiners would insist on every candidate for an appointment solving the following problem: "Given, a body of men and a troop-ship, to leave them alone." When a grateful country recognises my services by making me commander-in-chief, my first general order shall be that on all occasions of embarkation and disembarkation of troops, every staff-officer in the garrison, or other useless and irritating agent, shall be confined to his respective office, with an abundant supply of stationery to vent his inordinate zeal upon, but in no way to be allowed communication with the troops in question. I remember a horrible medley of baggage lying about, the fragile articles, as a rule, lying under such airy nothings as the battery arm-chests, or those huge and marvellous packages, which, wrapped in ancient bedding, and surmounted by a washing-tub, represent in every climate the goods and chattels of the British married soldier. But a more horrible medley in the eyes of the sailors, was to be found in the living part of their cargo—in us, the four hundred; inasmuch as our excessive patriotism would not allow us to stow ourselves away until our native land should fade from our vision, or symptoms of *maladie du mer* should make *us* fade from *theirs* beneath the hatchways. Soldiers on board ship are for the first week a great nuisance; but for the first twenty-four hours

they are simply insufferable. Were I requested to add another trial to the catalogue of the patient patriarch's, I should suggest giving him the command of a crowded transport, with a large proportion of soldiers' wives and children on board. The British soldier is so much in the habit of meeting a friend, and having a convivial glass with him the night before a journey, that his faculties are rather dense when the start actually comes, and he acquires in a high degree that unpleasant property of being in every one's way. Were not sailors a good-natured set of fellows, they would treat their awkward passengers with indignation, instead of the amusing compassion they generally display.

At last came the moment of leaving the wharf, and such of us as have friends down to see us off commence a furious hand-shaking, and the men commence of course to cheer, just as they would if we were under orders to form part of the next sacrifice of the amiable King of Dahomey, for there is generally more noise than reason in the Briton's cheer; and then came the slow steaming past the muddy wharves, and by-and-by came *reaction*. As excitement is gregarious in its nature, so is the reaction solitary and of a selfish tendency. And in our case this appeared by our dropping off noiselessly to secure good berths, and the best paraphernalia we could find. Alas! now for the junior subalterns! happy are they if they can get any place to lie down on, or a single article of furniture. Verily, in the army the greatest mistake a man can make is to be a junior!

Fortunately, we dined in smooth water; and the hysterical mirth during dinner, with the prevailing

infidel notions about sea-sickness, must have intensely gratified the attendant stewards, and the older hands among ourselves. Gradually, however, as we round the shores of Kent, and steal towards dear, picturesque old Dover, the public commence to recant their hasty notions, and to make dreary inquiries as to the proper remedies to be employed in case one *should* be taken worse; nor is it long before, one by one, we leave the deck, and enter upon a course of anguish which, with very few exceptions, lasted for many days.

Yet again, through the dim vistas of memory, after a gap of eight or nine hours which is too horrible to contemplate, I see my own sick and weary form clinging with affectionate tenacity to the vessel's bulwarks, as she ploughed through a chopping sea with a gale of wind in our teeth. The cold, grey dawn is creeping under the friendly shroud of darkness, which had hid the agonies of the earlier part of my watch from public gaze.

Yes, reader, that unhappy figure is, by a preposterous and laughable idea, dignified in orders by the title of officer of the watch! The only object for four long hours which I contemplated, was the hateful sea by the ship's side (not Tennyson's lotus-eaters themselves could have hated it more), and the only exercise of which I seemed capable was a species of convulsive leap-frog, which though always attempting, I could never wholly accomplish. The vessel might have been boarded, sunk, set on fire, without the fact crossing my engrossed faculties; and as far as assisting—as by a grim joke of the Admiralty the military watch is supposed to do—in the management of the ship, I was about as capable as Mr. Bright is of com-

manding an iron-clad. I was outraged by a heartless old soldier, who had come to look on a journey of three or four thousand miles much in the light of a morning parade, and whose internal arrangements would not have been disturbed by a hurricane. Coming slowly towards me from amidships, in a voice as soothing as forty years' strong tobacco and unlimited spirits and water would admit of, he endeavoured to console me by saying it would be "as good as guineas to me." Kindly meant it was, no doubt, but in the then state of my feelings I could have slain him where he stood, and was only interrupted in the midst of a look calculated to scorch and wither him, by a sudden paroxysm of the very malady he had ventured to praise. The British subaltern is no Crœsus, but rather than have that agony again, give me—not guineas, but the parish!

I remember well that was the dawn of a Sunday, and the most appalling thing I could ever devise to an enemy of weak stomach, would be a Sunday in the Channel with a screw too powerful for the vessel, a heavy sea, and a gale of wind. For on board ship the first day of the week seems selected by the cook as an occasion on which he may run riot with all the contents of his larder, which are either powerful in odour or greasy in constitution. Truly our cook was no exception; and trying was the hour of dinner to such as myself, prostrate in our berths, with its unpleasant appeals to our nostrils, and the still more awful appeals of the steward, who, as every course appeared, heaped a plate of the greasiest substances, and, opening my cabin door, implored me to take some, with the barefaced assurance that it would do me

good. Of the two proceedings, I should have sooner walked out of my port-hole into the sea.

I have been informed that there was divine service performed on deck that day. The Queen's Regulations—that cheerful volume—are very strong on the subject, and insist rigidly on the presence of every one on board. Had we all been present on this occasion, and the compiler of that delightful volume been suddenly introduced among us, I feel confident that the passage on that subject would have been speedily expunged. Neither event took place, however, and I have been incredulous on the subject of that service ever since. The brother-officer who was doubled up with me was rash enough to attempt the performance, but he speedily returned, and seemed reluctant to enter into conversation upon the matter. He was very ill during the rest of the voyage.

The passage from the Æneid which I have placed at the head of this chapter, applies most happily to our miserable voyage. All the winds that old Æolus has the management of, seemed, as in the above case, to have been let loose upon us with one exception. In the Virgilian case, Boreas is not mentioned, therefore, I presume, that was a fair wind, and was kept in the proprietor's cave; now, I am not much of a sailor, but still I suppose an east wind would have suited us, and as we had nothing in the form of anything suitable, I imagine we had no east wind. As a matter of course, we had the roughest passage on record, but as I have crossed the Atlantic four times now, and every time have heard the same remark from the nautical authorities, I do not attach much importance to that fact. I crossed in the gale when the *Royal Charter*

went down, and I see before me now the grave face of the pilot who came on board at Holyhead, and pointed out to us the topmasts of that unhappy vessel still showing above the boiling surf, where but six-and-thirty hours before so many brave and hoping hearts ceased for evermore to beat. I have crossed one wild October, when all round us, as we lay in the Downs with both anchors out, vessels were dragging, and sinking, and drifting on shore, and strong men were dying in the surging waters. I have been on board sailing vessels and steamers alike in the wild Atlantic; I have been taken aback in the former, and had the screw fouled in the latter; I have scudded along almost under bare poles, lain to in a howling storm, and crept along the coasts of Newfoundland in a fog so thick that you could not see the bows from the quarter-deck; and my candid opinion is *this*, that while on shore all is vanity and vexation of spirit, at sea all is in addition vanity and vexation of body! I cannot understand any one going to the sea as a profession; I am confident that, if instead of capturing young innocents at the tender age of midshipmen and merchant apprentices, the age of discretion were waited for, we would find some difficulty in manning our vessels. I hate the sea myself, even the few hours' agony between England and France; and I consider the miserable impostor who put to music those idiotic sentiments about his bark being his bride, and his preferring a wet sheet, and a flowing sea, &c., should be publicly whipped and privately admonished.

There was a monotony of anguish about the first seven days of my voyage, on the occasion referred to in the outset of this chapter, which may account for

the weak hold its details have on my memory. For I am sure that, to speak metaphysically, our faculties retain hold of joyful or pleasant impressions longer and more vividly than of those which are sorrowful; so to speak, our thinking soul is calculated for a happy, not a miserable existence. But after that time, as one's stamina return, as—many opinions to the contrary, notwithstanding—I believe they invariably do, it is interesting to watch the various stages of physical improvement. First, one can bear with less horror the *menu* of the dinner which the relentless steward rehearses daily. Secondly, one ventures to converse with one's companions on the subject of future dinners on shore. And here a singular phase occurs.

The fitful appetite commences in a morbid manner to fancy the wildest and most incongruous articles of food. I remember well; after a debate of three days, that my immediate companion and myself selected as the *bonne bouche* of our first dinner on shore, codfish and mulled port. Now I am not aware that I have any natural or startling affection or predilection for these luxuries; I infinitely prefer soles to codfish, and, on the whole, am disposed to regard mulled port as a pleasing but deadly poison. But from inscrutable causes, perhaps because fresh fish and mulled wine were absent from the bill of fare whose daily recapitulation prostrated us, these dishes did secure in our hearts a position which whitebait or red mullet, chickens and champagne, never could have approached. Through the weary hours of more than one restless night, these came before us with a garb more alluring than ever beguiled us before or since.

But the hour soon came when we could face food with confidence, even on the tossing ship. And on the tracks of this golden time speedily followed in close company the welcome forms of relish, desire, and positive hunger. Then was it, in the times of these pleasing transformations, that the steward ceased to be a mocking demon, and was adored as a dear friend. Pleasant be thy slumbers, O pliant Currie, if still on the unsteady deck you seek for rest after the day's toil! Never shall thy harmless fictions be forgotten, as morning after morning, long after the shores of England had disappeared, thy hand placed before our eager lips coffee which thou fondly called Mocha, and hot rolls which, with grave face and poetic license, thou assured us were warm London-made luxuries. Ah! pleasing even to be deceived was it in those days of returning appetite. What mattered it that a few minutes before these very rolls had been kneaded by rough hands that worked by the galley fire? what matter that the coffee knew more of beans and chicory than the balmy air of Mocha?

So rolled the time away—eating and drinking, sleeping and beating up and down the quarter-deck, playing whist by day and by night, boring one another with hackneyed stories, and becoming involuntarily acquainted with one another's weak points; for nowhere sooner than at sea does one's real character develop itself; and in all respects did we have as stupid a passage as usual. Very seldom had we any external excitement from passing vessels, nor did we make any land before Halifax. Indeed, with two exceptions, I never in any of my journeys across the Atlantic found much to excite or interest beyond our

own little world. One of these occasions was on a dull, stormy day—a Queen's birthday—when I was on board a sailing vessel taken up for transport of troops. We had been endeavouring at dinner, by means of good cheer and the flowing bowl, to keep up our loyalty to the proper pitch in spite of the depressing influence of the weather, and had adjourned to the deck to attempt a royal salute. This was managed by means of an unhappy and debauched-looking carronade which we had discovered on board, and which we fired, in the absence of tubes or port-fires, by relays of hot pokers from the galley. This method of serving ordnance, chiefly because it is not to be found in the manual of artillery exercises, found great favour with the gunners; and we were in the midst of rather a boisterous display of loyalty, when one of our number, more keen-sighted than the rest, detected on the horizon an object which he imagined was a wreck. Of course, being a landsman, he was pooh-poohed by the ship's company; but we set upon the captain and badgered him into altering our course, and bearing down on the suspicious object. As we approached, all doubt was cleared away—a wreck it was, with the topmasts broken short off, bowsprit gone, no boats left, and the sea breaking over it as it rolled heavily to every wave. We passed within a few yards of her, and shouted; but there was no answer—not even a dog seemed to be on board. No boat could have got alongside in the sea that was running; so, reluctantly, we had to bear away, and as we passed under her stern, there we saw shining out in large gilt letters her name—and of all names on that day of the year—*The Old England*. She was

timber-laden, and not likely to sink; but often since then one thinks with sadness of that tossing hull, with the wind howling through the damaged rigging, and the waves beating on her deserted deck, as, for aught I know, they do to this day.

On board the same ship, when we came to the banks of Newfoundland, we were becalmed for nearly a couple of days. Not one of those calms like the Ancient Mariner's, when the vessel becomes

> Like to a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean,

but a calm after a gale of wind, with a sullen swell on the waters; and the dull green waves crawling round the ship's sides, reminding one of Tennyson's lines in "Vivien:"

> As on a dull day in an ocean cave,
> The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
> In silence.

There are few positions more uncomfortable than a passenger's on board a sailing ship in such a calm. Every timber in the vessel creaks abominably; the sails put up to invite the breeze flap with loud noise against the masts; the articles in the cabins roll about more almost than in a storm, for then the sails steady the vessel; and at table you find yourself and your *vis-à-vis* performing a see-saw more ludicrous than comfortable. On the present occasion we were becalmed among a number of fishing vessels, which, in the season, are anchored amid the banks, and are relieved of their fishy contents periodically by steamers sent with food, &c., in exchange. The fishing is entirely carried on with lines, and the fish caught are chiefly cod and halibut; this latter being a gigantic species of

turbot, reaching as far as two hundred pounds weight. To pass away the time, several of us volunteered to accompany the second mate to the nearest of these vessels, and procure some fresh fish in exchange for beef and other luxuries which would probably prove acceptable to the fishermen. On arriving at the vessel, we found that in the swell running we should find some difficulty in getting on board, and require some ingenuity to prevent our boat from being knocked to pieces against the side; for it would at one moment rise above the deck, and at the next descend nearly to a line with the keel. However, watching his opportunity, the mate made a jump and succeeded in getting on board, and, prompted by curiosity, I ventured to do the same, assisted by a hand from the mate to prevent my falling on the deck, which was slippery with fish scales and other abominations. Once on board, we found no difficulty in making a most liberal bargain, and filled our boat with about fifty fine cod, and an enormous halibut. This last gentleman we took more to show such of our friends on the transport as had never seen one before; for being over a hundred-weight, it was rather coarse for eating. By this time we commenced to think of returning; but never was there a more decided case of "revocare gradus, hic labor, hoc opus est." For it is one thing to leap from a small oscillating body to a large and comparatively steady one, and quite another to reverse the operation. The mate, accustomed from boyhood to mast-heads, &c., did succeed with some difficulty; but I began to think that I should have to remain behind and exchange my sword for a cod-line. However, by placing myself on the shrouds, and keep-

ing my eye on the violent movements of the boat below me, I prepared to drop at the moment when the fall would be least. A moment's hesitation, or something of the sort, unfortunately delayed me, and just as I let go, down with a heavy surge went the boat fully twenty feet below me. Happily with one hand I caught a hanging rope in a manner worthy of Leotard or Olmar, and hung there till the boat rose again on the next wave. This was the most dangerous time, for had the boat risen in exactly the same spot as before I must have been crushed between it and the ship's side, and the English army would have been robbed of a distinguished ornament. Fortunately, Fate was propitious, and our country not destined to lose her future Wellington, for the boat rose a foot or two from the ship, and I was picked off like a barnacle from the side by her crew, with no other damage than a coating on my unmentionables of a nauseous compound of tar and fish entrails. The open mouths and eyes of the troops on our return, when the halibut was raised by a tackle on board, atoned for my mishap; and a cutlet of the same, taken off near the tail and dressed with claret sauce, more than compensated for our troubles.

We got a clear perception of the sudden way in which fogs come down on the Banks of Newfoundland, for having invited some of the men from the fishing vessel to come on board and get a couple of bottles of brandy—although we were only a couple of hundred yards from them—it was with great difficulty we persuaded them to leave their own ship, and so great a fever of anxiety were they in, when waiting alongside, that I am sure, had we not been very quick—

that, much as they loved the "cratur," they would not have waited. They told us they had seen fogs come down so instantaneously, and so impervious, that had a boat been a hundred yards from the ship, it would probably have failed to get back. The accidents in these fogs are fearfully numerous: witness, but the other day, that sad story of the *Anglo-Saxon* and her helpless crew; and, not long before, the *Hungarian* steamer of the same line.

But to return to our first voyage, from which we have rather wandered. Our weather was miserable, as I have already remarked; but in the days of returned health this did not so much matter, save as affording greater or less amusement at dinner, in watching the reanimated joints, or the restless fluids that seemed always seeking a level, which they never found. Sometimes three or four days without anything to break the dull grey circle of heaving waters round, save the seagulls in our wake, which never left us the whole voyage. Sometimes we would see on the horizon some ship ploughing its solitary way, and with childish excitement would hasten to communicate with it. At last, one day a whisper went through the ship that we were near the Banks of Newfoundland, and to our greedy ears the announcement was made by our servants at early morn, with a reservation on their parts that they were not yet visible. Poor fellows! little did they dream of banks that were not green and willow-covered, but lay fathoms down, vast, silent, and treacherous. From this moment, however, the aspect of all on board changed. We commenced to gather our traps together, and never used our brushes without returning them to their travelling-

cases, lest we should have suddenly to land. We commenced to criticise our victuals with severity, to bully Currie, and to make disparaging remarks on the beer. For two days now the decks forward were covered with belts bleaching under a new coat of pipeclay; and a steady moment in the ship's progress might have seen dozens of us rush, as if suicidally inclined, frantically to our razors. And then came the morning which saw us steam up the grand harbour of Halifax, a noble specimen of nature's works in America first to greet our eager eyes; and never surely did Columbus examine more curiously the features of his newly-discovered continent, than did we those of that part of it where we were destined for a time to reside. And now we forgot all our troubles and our ennui:

> All the past
> Melts mistlike into this bright hour;
> And all the rich to come
> Reels, as the golden autumn woodland reels,
> Athwart the smoke of burning weeds.
>
> TENNYSON.

CHAPTER II.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

Scribe tui gregis hunc, et fortem crede bonumque.
HORACE.

HALIFAX, the capital of Nova Scotia, is a city of the highest importance to England, both in her capacity of a great commercial country, and as a naval power. Even apart from the history of Halifax during the last fifty years, its geographical position and the magnificence of its harbour are sufficient evidence of this. The former speaks for itself; but for the benefit of those who have never themselves seen it, I may be pardoned for a brief description of the latter. There are two entrances to the harbour, caused by the existence at its mouth of a large and beautiful island, called McNab's Island. Of these two, the western entrance is the one always used, except by vessels of a very small draught of water, and is protected on the west by high, steep rocks, surmounted by a fort called York Redoubt, and on the east by batteries now building on the island we have named, and by a tower on a narrow neck of

land, which, although used as a lighthouse, is also armed, and is known as Sherbrooke Tower. A vessel entering the harbour, finds, on the western side immediately on passing York Redoubt, a branch of the sea about two miles and a half long, known, on account of the direction in which it lies, as the north-west arm. This shall be more fully described hereafter. On the point of land formed by this arm and the main harbour, and called Point Pleasant, there are two heavily-armed batteries on the shore, a large martello tower, called the Prince of Wales's Tower, and another elevated battery, almost concealed by brushwood and small spruce-trees, which rejoices in the name of Fort Ogilvie. The harbour, which now opens out, has on the other side another battery with a stone tower, built, I believe, by the French, and also well armed; while on the western side, a little higher up, in the city itself, there is yet another battery on the water's edge. Raising our eyes, we see surmounting the hill on which Halifax is built, the huge citadel, heavily armed, and commanding not only the harbour, but the whole country round. These alone would seem sufficient defences for any harbour; but as if nature destined for this one a great future, she has placed in the centre of the harbour, a mile or two north of McNab's Island, a smaller one, called George's Island, which is heavily armed, and on which there is also a barrack. Thus a fire from every point of the compass can be kept up on a vessel in any part of the harbour; and should any one battery be captured, it would be made by the fire of the others rather too warm to retain. It is to the north of this island that vessels generally anchor; and on the western shore of this part are situated our

dockyard and our ordnance wharves, as well as the most important commercial docks and piers. Beyond the dockyard the harbour gradually closes in, forming a passage called "The Narrows," but deep enough to float the largest vessels. And on passing through these straits, we come upon what is the most beautiful, as it is the most striking, characteristic of the harbour, a large lake, so to speak, of the sea, ten miles at least in length, and several miles across, deep enough and large enough to float the whole navies of Europe. It is called Bedford Basin, and as the poorness of the soil surrounding it has not tempted any one to infringe on the forest, except at one or two places on the south and west, the effect produced by the wide sheet of water fringed with a belt of forest whose trees grow to its very edge, is impressive, pleasing, and not to be forgotten. Tradition, or I should rather say history, says that a French fleet was sunk in this basin, in the old days of the wars across the Atlantic between France and England. Another more pleasing historical relic is to be found on the western side in the remains of what is called "The Prince's Lodge," the residence of her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent, who many years ago resided in Nova Scotia as governor. It will give my readers a good idea of the size of this land-locked harbour, when I say that the men-of-war go up there during the summer to practise even with their heaviest guns. And while using this form of description, it will afford some notion of the commodious nature of the harbour itself, when I can state that the *Great Eastern* came up to the usual anchorage, and turned with ease among the shipping

on leaving. But the time when Halifax harbour shows to greatest advantage is on a summer moonlight night, when, as I have seen, the entire English and French North-American squadrons are lying motionless, the lights shining brightly in their rigging, and their mighty shadows darkening the silvery surface of the unrippled water. On a night such as this, I happened to be coming on shore from one of our vessels, and while the silence was unbroken save by the noise of our oars, and the water like a mirror save in our own phosphorescent wake, I cannot describe the feeling of power that seemed to me to lie in those silent and motionless monsters. In addition to the flagship, the *Nile*, and the *St. George*, with Prince Alfred on board, two noble specimens of our old three-deckers, we saw, within a few yards of one another, the *Mersey*, the *Ariadne*, the *Immortalité*, and other of our finest frigates of that class, with some half-score of smaller craft, including, I remember, the *Rinaldo*, afterwards famous as the vessel which received Messrs. Mason and Slidell from the hands of those truckling bullies in the States. I heard the captain of one of our frigates say that evening, that it would be a good thing for England if her harbour of Halifax could be exchanged with Spithead.

In enumerating the defences of the harbour, I omitted two, which, although silent, would play no mean part against an invading fleet. These are—first, a system of signalling from the outposts to the citadel, by which notice can be given of any approaching vessel, when it is yet thirty or forty miles off.

This is done by a system of ball-hoisting, by which an island called Samborough reports to York Redoubt, and this latter communicates with the citadel.

The other means of defence to which I allude is a certain intricacy of navigation at the entrance of the harbour, owing to some shoals; one in particular round Point Pleasant, which renders pilotage necessary,—a necessity, I presume, which favours the possessors more than an invader.

So much—at least for the present—concerning the harbour. Now for a word about the good city itself.

To begin *à la mode*. Halifax is a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants, with a large movable population in the crews of the men-of-war, which spend about seven months of the twelve here, the remaining five being devoted to cruising among the West India Islands. Its trade, like its architecture, is somewhat of the composite order, as much of it consists in supplying the wants of a garrison never less than two thousand men, and a fleet whose proportions have been already hinted at. But, on the whole, we award the honour of being the chief item of commerce to fish, the trade in which is really very extensive. It is confined chiefly to salt cod, herring, and mackerel, the latter of which is put in barrels, and numbered according to quality and size; and the West Indies are the chief purchasers, now that the Southern States are blockaded. In return for fish, sugar, molasses, and fruit come to Halifax.

The city is built on the side of a hill, whose summit is crowned by the citadel. A great proportion of the houses are built of wood, painted white; but under certain new regulations, which enforce the use of

brick or stone in all future buildings, there is little doubt that in this respect the appearance of the town will speedily undergo a change. Even already two of the chief streets, which were within the last two or three years severely injured by fire, have been rebuilt in the stronger material, with a taste and almost a magnificence which one seldom meets in colonial towns, or even in provincial towns at home of similar size. The erection of several very handsome banks, a large club-house, and a building devoted to the law and other public offices, mark the commencement of an era of improvement in the city, which, if slow in coming, is now making rapid and earnest strides. There have been erected also by the Imperial Government new barracks at the north end of the town, which have been called the Wellington Barracks, and for their comfort and commodious dimensions, as well as their imposing appearance, are not often surpassed by the works of the Royal Engineers.

But while congratulating oneself on the rapid improvements in such matters, and on the substitution of stone for wood, it would be unfair to the inhabitants to leave it to be imagined that this substitution was thrust on them by force of circumstances alone—no other power having been able to overcome their inertia. So far is this from being the case, that many of the most experienced citizens, even now, while bowing to the new law, maintain that, for comfort to the inhabitants of a house in an American climate, wood is far superior to stone, being warmer in winter and more agreeable in summer. And certainly, in point of appearance, there is something very attractive

in a dwelling-house, newly painted white, with green shutters attached externally. And if the sincerity of one's motives may be interpreted by one's actions, it is not natural to suppose that a people, in other respects singularly prudent, would, in a district where stone is abundant, have persisted, unless for a good reason, in building houses of wood, so much more expensive to keep in repair, and which had to pay a much higher rate of insurance against fire. However, as in a civilised community, the safety of the many must ever come before the safety, and, far more, the comfort, of the individual, for the future wood must yield to stone, on account of the less risk in the latter of fire spreading; and those citizens whose prejudices are in favour of the former will have to do what we all have to do more or less in this world,—grin and bear it.

There are many reasons why a garrison town or a seaport should be unpleasant as a residence to those who are neither soldiers nor sailors. The very name of Chatham or Woolwich is an abomination to any decent paterfamilias. But whether it is that the civilians outnumber the other part of the population in a sufficient degree also to drown the grosser evils consequent on the presence of a garrison or a fleet, or that there is some other reason to account for their absence, I cannot say, but of this I can speak with certainty, that for seclusion and the absence of insult, with at the same time a full amount of the social intercourse which is necessary to the well-being of man, and to his happiness, I have never met a town in England or Scotland of its size to equal it. You may enjoy, if you choose, all the calm repose of even some

sleepy cathedral town; or you may have the quiet little dissipations, which have the pleasure without the sting of excitement, on a larger scale; or, finally —thanks, in a great measure, to the garrison and the fleet—you may have gaiety to a degree undreamt of in towns of the same size at home. But there is no compulsion in either case: you may be gay, if you wish; and you may be quiet, if you wish. There is, too, in Halifax, a little vice-regal court—small indeed, just as the emoluments of the situation are small compared with the original court—and you have a General and an Admiral, all of which dignities imply a certain amount of stately excitement, and tend to produce a good tone in the society of the place. And as the capital of a province, even although a small one, you have your Judges, your Bishops, and during the session, you have your Ministers and Parliament assembled, all of whom, in their way, give that tone to the society of the place which professional men always do in a place devoted to trade. Nor would I imply by this any disparagement to trade—far from it; but there is unquestionably something in the language and manners of professional and of literary men which softens and refines, while at the same time it immeasurably elevates, the intercourse of a community. The population is more English in manners and ideas than any other I have met in America, and there is an absence of the rowdy element, which one appreciates all the more after visiting other Transatlantic cities. The labouring classes are respectable, and, as a rule, well-to-do; the trading part of the inhabitants are well-informed, civil, and honest; and the professions are represented by men who have had an

education far superior to most colonies and many districts of England, while they pursue their various avocations with an earnestness and singleness of purpose which I fain would believe is attributable to a far higher motive than mere love of gain. Nor is science without its votaries in this good city; in all classes one stumbles upon some earnest student. There are societies for the promotion of natural and other sciences; and although in their proceedings there may be a little too much formality, and not a little vapouring, yet their purpose is as sincere as it is noble, and it is reasonable to suppose that there is a youth in societies, just as there is in individuals; and if youth has its energy, we all know it has a little bombast too, and not a little of what the "country parson" would call "vealiness."

For practical students of the various branches of natural science there are in the city several museums, as also the beginnings of a Botanical and Zoological Garden, the latter under the management of one Andrew Downes, whose heart is in his work, if ever man's was, and who has the liberality of spirit which all true lovers of nature have. But in a new country like Nova Scotia there is no lack of a field for the explorer of nature, and although every year reveals some fresh instance of its mineral wealth, there is room, as there is temptation, for the naturalist, and more especially the geologist, to prosecute his scientific inquiries with pleasure to himself, and practical benefit to his native country.

Although there is an English University in the province, to which allusion will be made in its place, and also many sectarian colleges, there is in Halifax

itself an institution, called Dalhousie College, for all denominations, which, after rather a chequered existence, has been reopened lately, under fresh auspices, and with favourable chances of success.

As in most cities of America, there is a Lunatic Asylum, very large to English eyes in proportion to the population of the province. There is also a large public hospital, a dispensary, and an abundance of charitable institutions, which speak well for the benevolence of the inhabitants.

But Halifax is not perfect. It has its evils, and it has its follies. And looking at it in a comic point of view, I should say that there is something outrageously ludicrous in its policemen. I do not refer merely to that peculiarity of their tribe, which they possess in an eminent degree, of being out of the way when wanted—*that* is a property of a policeman at which no rightly-constituted tax-payer would ever grumble —but what struck me as so ludicrous was their extreme age and decrepitude. Those seemed the qualities whose absence, in a candidate for the bâton of a constable, could never be overlooked, and in gazing on a Halifax policeman one was reminded more of the venerable qualities of justice than of its power and majesty. I never had occasion to call for their assistance save once, and, on hunting up and down not more than seven streets, and waiting about half an hour at a corner, I was so fortunate as to secure one. I think he was the oldest-looking man I ever saw, and he was so overcome at being called on to act—a duty which, I presume, he never contemplated on taking office—that I was afraid he would expire on the pavement. On being at length con-

fronted with his intended victim, I never saw abject terror more perfectly personified than in this unhappy right arm of justice. Really, a culprit must have had a most powerful imagination to have detected any of the majesty of the law in this its representative.

Another weakness in the population of this good city is their proneness to processions, which they gratify on every possible occasion. I have often wondered whether it acted as a sedative, or was calculated to produce an appetite for the dinner which generally followed; and again I have marvelled whether in the act of marching in procession these good people had discovered a panacea for all mental emotions. For whether it was to celebrate a birth, a marriage, or a death, the feelings of the parties most concerned seemed to find vent in a procession. In joy or sorrow, on a feast-day or a fast, in display of loyalty, or in celebration of a saint's day, a procession seemed to occur to those interested as an appropriate line of conduct. And it was the constant and unremitting observation of these solemn rites that made the idea of their acting as a sedative occur to me; for I assure you the expression of the constituent atoms of these marching bands was precisely the same, whether they were in rear of a hearse, coming out of church, filing past the Prince of Wales, or marching to dinner. So much did this impress me, that had I been of the medical profession, and had been called on to prescribe for a feverish patient, I should have felt very much disposed to say, not "take a pill," but "try a procession."

One of the great evils of Halifax, if not the greatest, is one which an author hesitates to approach. It concerns their public press; and one is unwilling at first

to pass censure on an organ which can make such unpleasant retribution. But the very faults which I am about to accuse them of have been lamented by the best of their own journals; and they are faults which, while lowering the public tone, recoil also on the heads of those who commit them. I refer to those two distinguishing faults of the Yankee press, which have crept into our colonial journals since the institution of representative government—personality and political rancour. By giving way to these faults the press, whose power is so great and so searching, inflames the worst passions of the people, lowers in their eyes the men who rule them (and what man is so perfect as to defy censure), and nullifies even the best acts of a government. All this, too, independent of the evil that the use of personality by the press creates among individuals—sowing dissension, begetting suspicion, enmity, and strife. And the danger is, that just as the constant tasting of spirits produces the craving for them, so the soupçons of scandal or bitterness constantly recurring in the columns which the people consult for information, beget the relish and love for that very style, and unfit the mind for the calm perusal of that information, and of those sentiments which it should be the pride, as it is the duty, of the public press to afford.

Now, after this back-hander, let me return to the more pleasing duty of description.

There are three things which are useful for a man to know who is about to reside in a place, and profitable for a man to study when acquainted with it, as affording sound criteria of the disposition of the people, and the merits of the place. These are the

prevailing amusements, the markets, and the weather. In these three lie the chief history of a place.

Now with regard to the amusements of Halifax, I do not mean to enter on the consideration of those which are found to exist wherever you meet young people, such as dancing. I shall write of those which are peculiar to the place, and of those which, though not peculiar to it, are not among the necessary amusements of youth, such as dancing. And I shall select for description, skating, sleighing, boating, and lobster-spearing. Hunting and fishing I shall describe in another chapter.

The four I have selected are, in part, well known in other parts of America, and of course the first and third are familiar to my English readers. But the method is not the same everywhere, even across the Atlantic, and is totally different from anything in England. I shall, in describing them, write as if to one wholly uninitiated; so my more experienced reader must pardon the simplicity of my account.

To commence, shortly, with skating. This amusement, so familiar to all, is entered into heartily in Halifax by both sexes; nor must we associate it with all the dreary concomitants of skating on the Serpentine. No; you are to imagine a chain of lakes miles long, or a *rink*, which mysterious word I shall presently explain. To begin with the chain of lakes; and if this method of description has no other merit, it has at all events the advantage of introducing information which might otherwise have been overlooked.

Halifax is surrounded by lakes of all sizes and at all levels. These are frozen every winter many feet in thickness; but the best, and perhaps the most pic-

turesque, are a chain of several, on the eastern side of the harbour, to get at which you have to pass through the little suburban town of Dartmouth. On these, crowds used to meet of all ages and of both sexes, and when the ice was good, and not covered with snow, you cannot imagine a more lively picture. Groups in different attitudes, either flying ahead at a tremendous pace, or performing those mysterious evolutions, which, by a wild amount of credulity, a spectator is to imagine a quadrille; health and colour in every cheek, and laughter in every voice; here some skilled skater performing a *pas seul* of great intricacy; and there that object, without which no skating picture is perfect, a beginner lying prostrate with heels well in the air, and perhaps the young woman on whom his affections are concentrated wheeling gaily round him with peals of laughter, and making the forlorn one wish the ice would open and swallow him; on yonder bank that melancholy self-sacrificing object so familiar to the young, the elderly chaperone, with blue nose and pinched cheek, compared with which the most self-mortifying widow leads a happy and dissipated life; or in the distance some swift-going sleigh, with cozy bearskins, or bright-edged buffalo robes, spanking along to the tune of its own silvery bells; while, if you are lucky, you may see in the picture an ice-boat darting before the wind on its flying runners. And the frame of this picture, not the bleak, naked trees that come with the winter at home, but the dense masses of green spruce-trees, standing out against the clear, cloudless sky, and rising over a white carpet of snow. Better this scene than the Serpentine on one of the few occasions in the year when it is frozen,

when, instead of adding a zest to life by the amusement of skating, you are confronted on every hand by such a gloomy *memento mori* as a Humane Society man with a drag in his hand, or a huge placard with the ghastly word "Dangerous!"

But skating in America is carried on also in a rink, or large building, floored, so to speak, with the most beautiful ice. This is managed by flooding it every evening after the day's skating, and as the frost has access to the building, next morning it is perfect, and with occasional sweeping during the day, will bear any amount of skating without spoiling. The advantages of having the ice under cover are several: it renders the skaters independent of the weather, and, what is more important, it saves the ice from being covered with snow, which falls often for days at a time, or from being softened by the rays of the sun at noon, which, as the season advances, get very powerful. In addition to these benefits, skating can be carried on to any hour, as the rink is always lit up at night, and makes a very pretty picture, whose charms are constantly heightened by the presence of a band —a recess for musicians being generally built in most rinks of any size. There are frequently little dressing-rooms, and a platform for the outsiders; or those unhappy devotees to whom we have already alluded. When I first saw a rink, the thing that struck me most was not so much the grace of the ladies skating, although that is very great, but the beautiful and cunning way they fall. They never, so to speak, lose their heads like a man, who generally falls hideously, bringing his head in smart contact with the ice, and throwing his heels in the air; the female performers come

down gradually, and even gracefully, into a sitting position, gathering their garments round them carefully as they fall; and, like little stoics, never letting the smile leave their faces. This struck me as a great accomplishment.

In Halifax, the rink is in a place with a tautological name, the Horticultural Gardens—originally, I believe, the Horticultural Society's Gardens—and, as in Quebec and Montreal, it is supported by subscriptions and shares.

Now for a few practical words on sleighing. In Halifax the taste for decoration in sleighs is not carried to the extent that it is in New York, or most Canadian cities. In fact, I may say that, as a rule, the sleighs there are far from graceful. The primitive form is a sled—that is, two runners with a few planks across—and these are used for the conveyance of country produce and wood. An improvement on the sled by the substitution of lighter and more graceful materials, painted in some lively colour, is often used by gentlemen who have a penchant for singularity. A single sleigh is like the body of an old country gig placed on runners, and with a buffalo robe or bearskin usually hanging behind, a second being used as an apron. They have generally shafts merely for one horse; but they may be used with a pole, and are frequently driven tandem. In Canada the shafts are mostly very much on one side, to enable two sleighs to pass on a narrow or single track; but this is not the case in Nova Scotia. The various ways of decorating such a sleigh as this are the colouring of the body, or devices on it; the alteration of the shape from the primitive box to some more graceful

and lounging form, and the lining and edging of the skins or robes. The common skins in use are the bearskin, the buffalo robe, and a robe made of racoon skins with the tails all hanging in parallel rows. I have also seen cariboo skins used, and even those of foxes. The bells are worn in different ways on the horse. The larger sort of them are attached to the pad, but there are long bands with small bells attached, worn round the neck in front of the harness, between the fore-legs, like the lower part of a martingale, or like a surcingle, round the horse's body and outside the shafts. On account of the absence of noise by a sleigh on a road, the use of bells of some sort is compulsory. A double sleigh is like the former, except that it has two or more seats, is always drawn by a pair, and, for a reason presently to be mentioned, has the runners frequently divided into two parts, making altogether something resembling four large skates. The close sleigh is merely an ordinary close carriage taken off its wheels and placed upon runners. All cabs, and many private carriages, are built so as to admit of this change being carried out with ease.

The two most unpleasant things in sleigh-riding—indeed, the only alloys to the charms of this amusement—are those arising from what are called "cahaux," and slewing. The former are hollows in the road, caused by the drifting of the snow, and producing much the same sensation as one experiences in a boat during a swell. The sudden check to the sleigh on coming on one of these, is trying to the traces; and in a large sleigh with long runners there would be a danger of their breaking in the middle; for much the same reasons as those which made many imagine

that the *Great Eastern* would break her back when raised fore and aft by two waves. For the purpose of obviating this risk, the runners, as I have already said, are, in long sleighs, frequently divided. Slewing happens when turning a corner, and particularly at the foot of a hill, the runners having a tendency to slide even sideways on the smooth, beaten surface of the road. When turning sharply, the original impetus tends to carry the sleigh straight on; and as the fore part of the sleigh is put in the new direction by the shafts, the rear part swings heavily round, sometimes, in the case of a heavy sleigh, with sufficient force to turn the horses' heads in exactly the opposite of their original direction.

Boating is carried on in Halifax to a considerable extent, and the annual regatta aids greatly in keeping the amusement alive. There are all sorts of rigs; but as I am an indifferent sailor I shall not commit myself rashly to any technical nautical terms. One of the most patronised styles is that called the "whaler," a very safe sort of boat, and rigged with a mainsail, fore-sail and jib. Four-oars, wherries, punts, and all sorts and sizes of rowing-boats are abundant; and one of the most exciting parts of the regattas is the trial for the championship of the harbour, by competitors sculling in the most diminutive boats. But all these are familiar enough to English readers; it was the desire to say a few words on the canoes used in Nova Scotia that made me include boating in my list of Halifax amusements. The canoe is used only by the Indians, by sportsmen, and occasionally by parties engaged in the labours of lobster-spearing. It is made of birch-bark on a wooden frame, and

tapering at both ends. They are of all sizes, capable of carrying from one to a dozen passengers. They are very light, very buoyant, but very liable, from having no keel, to be upset. They are propelled not by oars, but by paddles, which are worked without rowlocks, and with the man who pulls facing the bow, not the stern of the vessel. They are remarkably easy to steer with the paddle, and can be propelled without any difficulty at a tremendous rate. Being so light they can, on an expedition, be conveniently carried from one lake to another, or across an island in a river. This is called making a portage.

The most singular canoe journey I ever made, was crossing the St. Lawrence at Quebec, in the early part of January, 1862. The canoes there, although in shape and method of propulsion precisely the same as the Nova Scotian bark canoe, are made out of a single trunk, hollowed by fire or the axe. You are placed—if a passenger, as I was—a little behind the centre of the canoe, and are deposited there before the canoe is launched. Being winter, I was covered with furs and rugs by the crew until I could not move my arms; so the instructions I received to remain quiet, were rather superfluous.

Huge fields of ice were hurrying down the current, and looking at the distance between my side of the river and the other, I could hardly see how we could escape being knocked to pieces by them. However, I resigned myself to my fate, and to my French-Canadian crew; and they, five in number, as soon as I was ready, commmenced sliding the canoe down the beach into the river, each springing in and snatching his paddle as it was launched. Four of

the crew knelt in the front part of the canoe, working their paddles furiously, and yelling like so many demons. The fifth, placing himself behind me, assumed the duties of coxswain. The instant we were in the stream, the fields of ice seemed stationary, owing to our being swept down at the same rate; but still, I could not see how we were to cross, and waited with some anxiety for the first sheet of ice. This happened to be a large one; and, pulling straight for it, as soon as the prow of the canoe touched it, the four men who were paddling sprung out, dragging the canoe after them across the ice, and on reaching the other side, launched it with wilder yells than ever, springing into the canoe at the same time, and resuming their paddling as if for their lives. This was repeated at every sheet of ice, and in a far shorter time than I could have imagined, we touched the Quebec side, when a number of idlers, attaching a rope to our canoe, ran us up the slope from the river, and left me sitting, with my crew still shouting and gesticulating, in the very street, looking, I must own, rather bewildered. I am led to believe that there are very seldom accidents.

Lobster-spearing is, probably, the most novel amusement which one meets in Halifax. It is essentially a summer amusement, and one in which you engage after dark. It is necessary that the sea should be perfectly calm; and for this reason I always preferred the north-west arm, which after sunset in summer is as calm as a millpond. But should the water be unrippled in the harbour or Bedford Basin, you can have good sport on the eastern side of the former, and round a small island called Navy Island

in the latter. The north-west arm is unquestionably the prettiest thing about Halifax. The western side rises abruptly, and is covered with wood: maple, birch, and spruce. There are no houses on this side until we approach its junction with the harbour; but in a beautiful recess near its head, there is an island called Melville Island, on which is a red brick military prison; and if you can forget that it is so, you can have no idea how beautiful this little spot is. The other side of the arm, although rather abrupt every now and then, and well wooded, except opposite Melville Island, where there are a good many beautiful meadows, bears a very different appearance to its *vis-à-vis*. It is studded with many pretty villas, whose white walls contrast well with the green back-ground; and not to be left behind in point of prison accommodation, the civil powers have selected a site on this side near the batteries at Point Pleasant for their Penitentiary, an imposing granite building. If one might venture a little prophecy—assume for a moment the garb of a Zadkiel—I should say that in a few years another suburban city of villas will surround this branch of the sea; and that the man of business will go from his house by the blue salt lake every morning to his desk in the city, as naturally as in our own busy metropolis he takes his 'bus from the West-end to the Bank.

In going on a lobster-spearing expedition, there is no need of encumbering yourself with any great quantity of paraphernalia. Your boat must be flat-bottomed, and of small draught (the sort used are called "flats"), to enable you to keep as near the shore as possible; you must have a good supply of

torches, the best description of which is that made by the Indians, being merely rolls of birch-bark, about a foot and a quarter long, giving a better and more agreeable light than the pitch-torches which are sometimes used; and you should have a thoroughly good spear, a weapon of very simple construction. It is a long pole about the thickness of a child's wrist, with at one end two prongs of wood, which open and close with a spring; and at the other a similar arrangement with, in addition, an iron prong; the latter part of the spear being used for eels, and the former end for lobsters. The torch is placed in the bow of the boat, and as you move slowly along the shore, the light is so brilliant as to reveal everything at the bottom of the water; the fish moving about, and the dark bodies of the lobsters lying among the sea-weed. To secure your prey, you put the end of the spear gently in the water over the animal, approach it gradually until you are within an inch or two of his back; then, taking a good aim immediately behind the claws, dart the spear smartly on him, and raise him out of the water to drop him in the boat. As a rule, they remain perfectly motionless, as if fascinated by the light; but if you miss them, you see them dart away like a shadow. Even a novice can take out dozens in a night. I need hardly say that there are few articles of food cheaper in the Halifax market than lobsters.

By selecting these four amusements, do not let it be imagined that there is no cricket, nor rackets, nor the hundred other amusements of the young. There is an excellent cricket ground, besides a very large common, and the number of clubs is legion. The racket court, although of wood, like many others in

America, is well patronised, and boasts of many excellent players among its subscribers. And in the long winter evenings, for such as like it, there is no lack of the cosy rubber; and in various buildings there are constant courses of lectures. There is a theatre of the very weakest description; but in the first year of my residence in Halifax, the lessee was Mr. Sothern, since so famous in London as *Lord Dundreary*.

In passing now to the consideration of Halifax markets, I trust no apology is necessary for the introduction of so dull and practical a subject. Even viewing Halifax merely as a garrison, the commissariat is no unimportant consideration; but I hope that I may be the means, in this rambling volume, of conveying information concerning the various districts in which I was quartered, which may be useful also to the intending settler. And no matter can be more important to him than that bearing on the products of a country which he may contemplate making his home.

The animal products, so to speak, of Nova Scotia, which are represented in the Halifax markets, include as great a variety of fish, flesh, and fowl, as you meet in countries ten times its size. Cod, haddock, salmon, sea-trout, brown-trout, mackerel, herring, and halibut are among the common fish that crowd a market, second, I should think in point of variety, only to Billingsgate, and far ahead of it in point of cheapness; nor are eels, lobsters, and oysters absent. Beef, mutton, moose and carriboo venison, are abundant and cheap: turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, with game of all sorts—partridges, snipe, woodcock, plover, and

wild-fowl of endless varieties—are all to be procured at prices which would amaze London housekeepers, and make the Tenth Commandment a most difficult one to obey. Salmon never rose above 6d. per lb.; the most delicious cod and haddock could be had for 6d. a piece; mackerel and herring often two or three pence a dozen; lake trout, about 2d. a bunch; halibut, 3d. sterling per lb.; oysters, about 2s. 6d. a bushel; and lobsters, 2d. each. Beef and mutton could be bought in the markets at 5d. per lb., and much less in winter; pork and ham, good and cheap; fowls, 2s. a couple; partridges, 1s. a brace, and so on. Moose meat was generally 4d. per lb.; and carriboo venison a little more.

Vegetables are represented in abundance; the most common being potatoes, parsnips, beets, squash or pumpkin, cauliflower, peas, beans of all sorts, asparagus, spinach, cabbage, Scotch and sea-kale, celery, tomatoes, and onions, and all reaching great perfection. A very favourite, and supposed to be wholesome, vegetable is the dandelion.

Fruit is abundant: grapes, peaches, plums, melons, apples, pears, gooseberries, raspberries, currants, the wild strawberry and blackberry, blueberries, and cranberries, being among the fruits produced in the province; and the trade with the West Indies and other countries keeps the markets well supplied with tropical fruits.

Before giving a list of wholesale prices current, taken from a recent paper, I should like my readers to understand that it is possible for five or six months of the year, during the cold weather, for housekeepers to buy their meat and other perishable articles in

large quantities, and thus get the benefit of wholesale prices. For the carcases of the sheep, oxen, &c., in the markets, arrive from the country frozen perfectly stiff, and remain so without suffering any injury for any time. Before cooking, the part is chopped off with an axe, and thawed with cold water. The beef of Nova Scotia is much poorer than English beef, but the mutton, veal, and pork are very good.

From the recent journal to which I referred, I find that the prices during the autumn of 1863, were: flour, 1*l.* a barrel; tea, 1s. 8d. per lb., but the best quality is 2s.; sugar, from 3d. to 5d. per lb.; coffee, 10½d. per lb.; salt cod, 14s. a barrel; herring, the same; mackerel, from 19s. to 1*l.* 4s. a barrel; haddock, 9s. a barrel; coal, 1*l.* 4s. a chaldron; wood, 14s. a cord; beef, 1*l.* 6s. per cwt.; mutton, 4d. per lb.; eggs, 9d. a dozen; fowls, 1s. 6d. a couple; turkeys, 6d. per lb.; ducks, 2s. 4d. a couple; butter, 10d. per lb.; bacon and ham, 5d. per lb.; oats, 2s. a bushel; hay, 3*l.* a ton; potatoes vary according to the time of the year, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 9d. per bushel.

The currency of Nova Scotia is somewhat peculiar, but the banks conduct everything in dollars and cents; 100 cents making a dollar, whose corresponding English value is a little over 4s. But there is no paper issue in notes less than four dollars, in this respect differing from the neighbouring province of New Brunswick, where one dollar notes and upwards are issued. The old Halifax currency was rather peculiar and bewildering at first, one shilling of English money being equal to one shilling and threepence of Nova Scotian money. An English half-crown was, therefore, changed into the complicated

sum of 3s. 1½d.; and a pound was only worth 16s. English. There is no specie, however, used in the province, save our English coinage.

The banks in the city are the Halifax Bank, the Bank of Nova Scotia, the Union Bank, and a branch of the Bank of British North America.

The chief public works progressing at present in addition to those of the Imperial Government, which are always pretty extensive, are the paving of the whole city, the alteration and erection of some public buildings, and alterations in the arrangements for the water supply of the city.

We pass now, in order, to a brief consideration of the climate of Halifax. The most unpleasant season is the spring; and when one thinks of the fearful state of mud and slush in the streets at that season, one cannot say a word in defence of a period of the year which, even in England—where this impostor of the year is supposed to be delicious—is too generally objectionable. The most pleasant period of the year is during the months of September and October, when a second summer seems to commence, mingled with some of the bracing qualities of winter. The cold is tempered very much by the vicinity of the Atlantic; and in summer the heat is in like manner moderated by the sea breezes. I never saw the thermometer lower in winter than 10 deg. below zero (Fahrenheit), and that is very exceptional. In summer I have seen the thermometer at 80 deg. in the shade, but I do not remember its ever having been higher. Dense fogs during the early part of the summer render that season very unpleasant, and are a source of great annoyance to vessels outward bound, or bound for the

port. It is particularly annoying when the mails are expected, and often detains the steamer off the harbour for several days. The mails arrive from England once a fortnight by the Cunard line of steamers, which call *en route* for Boston. This line, so justly celebrated for their punctuality, safety, and good table, date their origin to an enterprising citizen of Halifax; but, without wishing them any loss, one would like to see their monopoly interfered with, or some measures taken to reduce the rates of passage-money: 22*l.* sterling is too much for a passage averaging nine or ten days, when one considers the handsome subsidy the company receives for the carriage of the mails.

The duration of winter is generally six months; but the commencement and the end of winter are capricious and variable. I have seen heavy snow in November, and I remember a fall in the month of June; so, were not vegetation very rapid, the summer season would be often too short. But winter is not the same dreary season here that it is at home. Far better is a dry frost or even heavy snow, than constant rain and mist and easterly winds; and more pleasant than a season of catarrhs and rheumatism, and close cabs, is a time of sleighing and snowshoeing and skating, and rosy cheeks. The very snow in America is not like English snow; you may roll in it there and shake it off like dust, it is so dry.

When the thermometer gets below a certain point, its further fall ceases to be so perceptible. And as long as the weather is calm, one can stand a great deal of cold; it is when the wind is blowing fresh and the frost keen, that you feel as if one of those

many-bladed knives, patronised by wandering Hebrews, were at work on your face; and then it is that men fall out of the ranks frostbitten; and the schooners come up the harbour covered with ice, their rigging frozen, and their crews disabled.

Generally speaking, I should say that the climate of Halifax is very healthy, and that epidemics are rare. Yellow fever cannot exist here; and for this reason all men-of-war in which this disease may appear in the West Indies, have orders instantly to make for this harbour.

So much for Halifax as it is. But what Halifax may be, none can say. Nature has placed no limit to its future greatness; it remains for man, under Providence, to make it a mighty and prosperous city. There was a prospect—I hope it may still exist—that this should be the Eastern terminus of the great intercolonial railroad; that line which, winter or summer, whether the St. Lawrence should be open, or bound by the iron grasp of Canadian frosts, should bring England within a few days of even the most westerly points of these her loyal colonies; that line, too, which, without much straining of fancy, one could see would be a high-road to the East of Asia, over which the commerce of China, Japan, and India might journey with ease, and the dangers of Cape Horn become a tale that is told.

Whether it is inertia on the part of the Nova Scotian Government, or jealousy on the part of the Canadian, I cannot say; but there is a lull in the eagerness which but lately influenced the promoters of this undertaking, and the guarantee of the Imperial Government, at which any company would have

sprung with avidity at home, is left unused; and, perhaps, if left much longer, may be lost altogether.

It is to be hoped that no short-sighted policy will be pursued in this matter; apart from the military value of the line, which prompted our Government to give their guarantee, its commercial value is such as to enrich the Lower Provinces, and create a brilliant future for Halifax as its terminus; while Canada, no longer a sealed country in winter, or dependent on the railways of the Northern States, might attain a position of wealth and importance, compared with which her present is dimmer and feebler than that of her feeblest or remotest county.

Is there anything else to say of this our first garrison, as far as concerns itself? Much might I say of pleasant days under its shadow, much of kind friends among its people; but our chapter is, perhaps, too long already. But in the collection of pleasing reminiscences which we all carry in our bosoms, to take off the keen edge of present grief, or to beguile the hours of listless idleness, there are few which will yield me more pleasure in recalling than those which hover over this straggling city among the pine-woods of the Western Atlantic, which even now I see in my mind, with the blue smoke curling over its hospitable roofs—the shadows floating on its mighty harbour—the church-bells ringing out on its clear and bracing air!

CHAPTER III.

COMIC ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS

At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus.
HORACE'S *Sat.* book i.

WITHOUT going so far as to say that many of us went to America with the idea that it was infested—even to the streets—with wild animals, or that we could vary the monotony of daily parades by an occasional shot from our windows at a moose or a bear, I must admit that to the younger members of our community nothing in the natural history line that could have appeared would have seemed startling or even surprising.

Walking even for a few miles into the country immediately surrounding Halifax, one was always fain to dream of forests primeval, and that absence of the human tracks, which, to men of Cooper's stamp, constitutes complete happiness.

For my own part I do not blush to admit that the first Red Indian I saw can be described as nothing more or less than a blow. The want of feathers, the existence of trousers, indifferent indeed, but still there; the appeals to two of my senses made by the abundant

presence of filth on his person; the keen and unromantic relish he had for coin, and his unquenchable appetite for drink, were so irreconcileable with the brilliant being that the perusal of the "Last of the Mohicans" had impressed on my mind, that I felt on the spot that another mine had been sprung under the fortress of human belief, and that my faith in anything and everything had received what Dick Swiveller would have called an "unmitigated staggerer." Yes! he was very dirty, very indifferently clad; for the annual imperial blanket which is given him as a sort of feu-rent for his hunting-grounds, is speedily converted into rum; nor can I say that he possessed that gift—so essential to the Indian of one's imagination—solemn and dignified silence. If I said he babbled and chattered, I should not exaggerate; and if I said he lied, and lied consumedly, I should be stating in a concise form the leading characteristics of the race.

I have said that we did not exactly expect to find beasts of prey crouching in the barracks to receive the deadly contents of our rifles; but I must admit that we had many vague ideas that we had only to go a little way out of town, sleep as uncomfortably as possible in the open air, or nearly so, and, Micawber-like, something would be sure to *turn up*. We would have been horrified to be seen if an inch of snow was on the ground in any other garb than that of an embryo snow-shoe-er, although in our Fatherland we should have been content with goloshes. One of our mess, let me call him Smith,

Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur,

actually invested in a garment of hideous appearance, and exquisite discomfort, and casting off coat and

waistcoat as trammels of civilisation, would wander about the outskirts of the town, where nought but cocky-oly birds abound, gun in hand, as if in momentary anticipation of a panther.

My own mind was strongly impressed with the necessity of sleeping in the open air as one of the accomplishments of the American hunter. I succeeded in persuading one of my brother officers, now, alas! no more, of this necessity also, and I am sure that had we been prevented from indulging this whim, in the legitimate forest, we would have dispensed with our ordinary beds, camped out in the little vegetable garden behind our quarters, and there, in the shadow of unromantic cauliflowers and to the tune of discordant cats, would have dreamed of the eternal woods and the lordly elk.

But we were saved from so degrading an alternative, and it took us three trips of exquisite anguish to convince us that

Venator non nascitur sed fit,

and that other conditions besides that of "Sub Jove frigido" are necessary to ensure success in sport. Let me mention these three.

Somehow or other we got it into our poor benighted heads that the wild geese were flying over in large flocks one wild week in early spring, and that by going out any morning about 2 A.M., and grovelling on the damp ground for about four hours, near some of the lakes round Halifax, we would succeed in obtaining some of these ill-fated fowl. We did not know much about the topography of the district in those days, and my impression to this day is that on that melancholy occasion we prostrated ourselves for a whole night alongside of the waterworks, about two miles out of Halifax,

where one was as likely to get wild geese as "buffalers in Vermont!" I know that nine out of ten of my readers will be ready to let a little joke here, so I shall anticipate them. Yes, dear, you are right and I am wrong, there were at least two geese there that stormy night.

But I wander. We set about our plans most methodically. I think we dined early to be ready for any emergency; I believe we took a double allowance like a couple of Esquimaux going off for a fortnight. We would not dream of undressing or even lying down, although we did not mean to start until after midnight. We dressed in the most serviceable and hideous garments we had; I do not think we yet had moccasins or we should have put them on, and cut our feet to pieces on the stony roads. At last the hour came—never more solemnly did the hour of twelve fall on Pestal's ears; taking as much ammunition as would have exterminated an army of human geese, we turned our backs on civilisation and the barracks, and our faces to the mighty forest. It was, I have said, two miles off; the night was dark as Erebus, and we stumbled and hurt ourselves horribly; it poured—oh! how it *did* pour; but I think we should have been disappointed if it had been fine, or if we had been at all comfortable. At last we reached the spot. Selecting a very damp and muddy spot, we lay down, and waited for the geese and the dawn. The latter came, but not the former; and by the time the daylight gun came booming heavily over the tree-tops to where we lay, we were as uncomfortable as we could wish. We never saw anything in the form of animal life, not even a robin, on which to wreak our vengeance; and

at last, worn out, very cold, very wet, and very silent, we wended our way back to barracks. On entering our rooms, our first exclamation must have been, on looking down, "Oh my poor feet!"

This was number one; number two was very nearly being more serious, and certainly was very wretched.

Still pursuing the plan of going entirely on our own experience, or rather inexperience, we started one day for a place called Cole Harbour, about four miles from Halifax, where there is excellent fishing in summer and autumn, and, at certain seasons of the year, very fair chances of wild fowl. To reach Cole Harbour, one has to cross the harbour of Halifax to Dartmouth, a pretty little village, where business men often reside, crossing daily to the city in the ferry-boats, which ply every few minutes until ten or eleven at night. I can hardly recal the circumstances of this trip in their entirety; but I remember, and as the reader will presently see with reason, that we took a large white setter rejoicing in the name of Don. I do not know why we took him, for he was no use as a sporting dog, and proved an incumbrance; but these were the days of our sporting infancy, and our actions now seem most unaccountable. Our intention was to camp out near the harbour, which is merely an inlet of the sea, and not used for shipping, and in the early morning to go out on the ice (for it was frozen almost entirely over) and there and then put an end to any unhappy wild duck that might present itself. We had about as much idea of building a camp as of chiselling a statue; but we scorned advice, and accordingly started, encumbered with a number of articles which proved utterly useless, and with a kit remarkable for

the absence of what would have been taken by any experienced woodsman. For example, take the item of tea—which we had learned was the only orthodox beverage in the woods—we started with an amount intended for twenty-four hours' consumption which would have amply sufficed in a large family for a fortnight. I remember, too, we drank it without milk, and boiled it in snow; I suppose because we would not be indebted to any of the minions of civilisation, although in our camp we were within hearing of the lowing of cattle more numerous than the herds of Abraham, and in five minutes could have obtained any quantity of fresh water. Nor must I forget an enormous axe, which, after much solemn deliberation, we purchased, and which proved to us a source of great agony and discomfort on our journey. As we plodded along with it slung in a hanger, *à la mode*, behind our backs alternately, we were constantly getting the handle between our legs, and coming within an ace of falling; and while on board the ferry-boat the anguish I endured when setting down with the keen edge of that weapon within half an inch of my spinal cord, can only be compared to the tortures of the Inquisition. That dreadful animal, Don, was that day in such exuberant spirits, and yielded to so warm and frequent bursts of affection, that cold as the day was his movements kept the bearer of that awful axe in a free perspiration. For it was no joke to have his heavy body leaping up against one's person, when the slightest disturbance of the perpendicular might have severed the lower part of our trunk from the upper; but no threats or blandishments could restrain him. I remember, also, an elaborate set of cooking utensils, called

a camp equipage, which would have amply sufficed to prepare a banquet for twelve, instead of the unhappy little bit of salt provisions which, according to hunters' custom, we carried with us. Fortunately we also provided ourselves with a buffalo robe and two or three railway rugs, or this tale would never have been written.

On our arrival at the spot which seemed to our eyes most suitable, we commenced our maiden attempt at building a camp. Selecting two trees, tolerably near to one another, we placed a cross piece between them over the branches, about six feet from the ground; and against this we commenced to lay a number of long branches at an angle of about 45 deg. We proposed to cover these with birch-bark, but being stronger in the theory than the practice of peeling bark, to say nothing of there being rather a dearth of birch-trees, we compromised the matter by spreading a railway rug over them. Under this canopy we made a bed of green spruce boughs about a foot deep; and having thus in the dead of winter erected a poor imitation of a summer camp, we proceeded to cut firewood, and to make a blaze in front of our camp, where, when we were lying down, our feet would be. But, as a matter of course, at this moment the wind chopped round, so that the smoke from the fire was blown straight in upon us; and to our other miseries was added the risk of suffocation. Nothing daunted, we set about cutting as much firewood as would last the whole night; and about six o'clock, with blistered palms and aching shoulders, we commenced to prepare a meal.

Our attempts at tea were as ludicrous as the result

was infamous; and owing to our indifferent style of frying bacon, we dropped more slices into the fire than we ate; but I do not hesitate to say that our boiled eggs were a triumph. True, some fastidious creatures might have objected to them on the ground of hardness, even to the consistency of a bullet; but who shall talk of indigestion, that curse of civilisation, to us, the denizens of the forest?

Our meal being ended we commenced preparations for repose, spreading the rugs and other articles of clothing so as to derive most benefit from them. The cessation from work, the warmth of the fire, and the soothing influence of our self-prepared meal, produced a feeling of comfort and pleasure, and for about an hour we sat talking and looking at the beautiful reflexion of the fire on the dark background of trees, whose branches it tipped with a vivid glare, making them stand out from the darkness which their own brightness deepened, until one seemed in a region of romance. The red sparks were hurrying upwards in a confused army, until rising over the tree-tops they were caught by the wind and beaten into the leeward darkness to expire.

We then turned in, resolving to get up alternately to put on fresh firewood; but the fatigue induced by our unwonted exercise soon threw us both into a sound slumber, which was not broken until about two A.M., when we both awoke almost simultaneously from cold. Since falling asleep the wind had risen to nearly a hurricane, and, coming howling up from the sea, it seemed like a demon let loose. The noise it made shrieking among the trees was wild and dismal; and as I write this I can hear it almost again. For not

three hundred yards from me the Channel is heaving and roaring under the influence of a westerly wind, which, tearing in from the Atlantic, is churning into a white foam the belt of sea between me and the Isle of Wight. Vessels are scudding past under close-reefed topsails; and others, riding at anchor, are rising and falling, jerking impatiently at their cables like a restive horse. And through every crevice in the windows the boisterous wind is whistling shrilly to me in a falsetto accompaniment to the moan of the sea as it beats heavily on the shingly shore.

Our fire had almost gone out—a few red embers alone remaining to testify where it had been; and the frost had reached a pitch of intensity which was positive anguish. The darkness was like that which can be felt—Egypt itself, in that long dark night of punishment, could not have been darker; and to crown our horror, we found that our supply of firewood could by no possibility last more than an hour or two longer, so quickly did the cold and the wind make it burn. To lie till dawn without a fire on that wild night, and above a bed of snow, would have been certain death; so, there being no alternative, we set to work feeling in the dark for trees whose branches we might break off for burning. One with a knife, the other with that dreadful axe, we at last cut about an hour's supply of small wood, and were going on in better spirits, when, feeling my way in the darkness for another tree, I suddenly saw like a flash of light before my eyes, and felt my left eye torn under the lower lid by a sharp substance, which proved to be the forked branch of a decayed tree, and then the warm blood trickling down my face. Dropping the axe, and turning to-

wards the fire, I soon managed with my companion's aid to bind it up; but my exploits in the firewood line were for that night over. Half an hour's longer work exhausted my companion, plucky though he was; and when he sat down beside me we felt that although the dawn was several hours off, and at the outside our supply would not see two, we could do no more, and must content ourselves with our rugs and other coverings.

Cowering under our wraps, we soon, in spite of cold, were again in the land of sleep; dreaming as softly on that bed of snow to the harsh lullaby of the howling wind as any fair girl on her bed of down! Slowly the hours passed over us and found us still unconscious, and it was six o'clock ere we awoke and discovered, as we anticipated, our fire to be out, and ourselves to be in an agony of cold. Not caring to furnish a second edition of the "Babes in the Wood," we sprang up and commenced, dark though it still was, to run about, to cut fresh wood, to make a brief and brilliant blaze with the spruce branches which had formed our bed, and, in short, to do anything which would aid in giving us warmth by increased circulation. To little purpose, however; as any one who has experienced that grey hour before the dawn on an American winter morning will readily believe. We succeeded, however, in making a feebly permanent flame on our blackened hearth; and while one attempted with gigantic energy to boil some snow, the other went to the back of our little camp, where, with our other parcels, the tea, wrapped in whity-brown, had been deposited. A groan of anguish from the latter individual soon proclaimed that our catalogue of miseries had not been

completed, and brought his companion in hot haste to know the worst. Consideration for my readers would induce me to spare him, or *her*, should I be so fortunate, the employment of a very hackneyed simile, but really I can remember nothing equally expressive. Marius over the ruins of Carthage is of course the simile I mean—but should in the mean time an earthquake, or a new railway company, demolish Temple Bar, I shall substitute an agonised corporation weeping over its unhappy stones: and yet I question whether either of these similes would convey a good idea of the frenzied grief that possessed us. For, alas! where, neatly folded, just under the curtain of our camp, our tea had been placed for the night's repose, we beheld a horrible confusion of tea-leaves, dog-hairs, snow, and spruce-needles, mixed to the consistency of an inextricable paste; and with wagging tail but guilty eyes there stood the villain—Don—who in the cold of the night had selected this as his bed instead of the utterly outer world where we had doomed him to repose.

Did we drink that tea? Dear reader! the thermometer was at zero and below; our limbs frozen, our thirst severe, and the water commenced then to sing merrily on the fire. What would you have done?

* * * * *

The sky soon lightened towards the east to enable us to make off for the harbour with our guns, if we meant to do the duck any harm. Seizing our guns—trying to be as cheerful as possible—scowling horribly at Don, and ordering him to stay behind—a command which, it is needless to say, he utterly disregarded, we made tracks for the ice, and soon reaching it, com-

menced to pick our way over the huge blocks which the tide had scattered in picturesque confusion along the shore. On reaching the smooth surface, we commenced with anxious hearts and with a tremulous itching at the locks of our guns, to move stealthily in a direction where a promontory of the land jutted out, and would afford us a good chance of a shot at any birds that might be on the other side.

We had gone, it may be, a hundred yards, and were walking in a line about fifteen feet apart,—when—crack! a loud report, and like two clowns in a Christmas pantomime, down we went into the sea through a fissure between two fields of ice which the night's frost had frozen but treacherously over. Fortunately the opening was narrow, and the ice on either side strong; so the instinct that made us throw out our arms saved us, for we by this means supported ourselves, and were never deeper in the water than our waists. While thus suspended, Don's conduct was outrageous. Circling round us with delighted gambols, and barking himself hoarse as if to express approbation of a performance which he evidently thought was got up entirely for his gratification, he irritated us beyond measure—sore as we still were on the subject of the tea. We soon swung ourselves out, and in less time than I take to write it our nether garments froze stiff; and while hurrying back to the camp as fast as we could under the circumstances to dry ourselves and thaw our garments at the small fire we had left, we were irresistibly like that gallant company of Falstaff's, who walked as if they had gyves between their legs. On arrival we stripped off our unmen-

tionables, improvised short petticoats with our railway rugs, and cutting more firewood, watched with much interest the steam rising in clouds for over an hour from our suspended garments. At last they were dried; and striking our camp in disgust, we moved off with determination, and had a hot meal at the first farm-house, of which we partook with energy, but with a delight qualified by the feeling that as far as we were concerned, the wild duck seemed in no danger of extermination in the vicinity of Colè Harbour.

* * * * *

I once thought of telling the tale of number three, but on attempting it I find it impossible. Not that the miseries we endured were beyond description—far from it—but there rises before my mind with plaintive associations a scene on a bright morning of June, after a miserable night in a wretched camp under torrents of rain, when, being at last dry and comfortable, and having a meal more fortunate than most within our camping experience, we sat down to while an hour or two in idle talk, and in contemplating the picture before us. The dark waters of Coalpit Lake below—the many tints of green which the forest had donned to greet the sun after the weary hours of rain and wind—the glittering drops of moisture on the leaves, like so many little mirrors held out by the loving branches to catch the smiles of the cloud-dispelling sun—the music of birds, the hum of insects, the lazy smoke wreathing its blue column upwards from our expiring fire,—truly it was a beautiful scene! But, alas! to-morrow I might go and see the same bright picture again, for nature dies but to live again in a

few short weeks in equal beauty; but *thou* who wert the charm of that morning with thy merry quips, thy cynical jokes put on to hide the warm stream of good nature welling up from thy genial heart, thou canst never more be there. Sleeping that sleep which knows not storm nor sunshine; where music of birds can never reach thee, nor the whispering of trees ever penetrate,—there would be a blank in the scene were I to revisit it, which nor sun, nor bright tints, nor sweet music, could ever refil.

CHAPTER IV.

SPORT IN EARNEST.

Quince. This green plot shall be our stage: this hawthorn brake our tyring-house: and we will do it in action.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

ALTHOUGH a glossary of terms comes generally at the end of a book, there is one word which I think it advisable to explain at once for the benefit of my English reader. It is the word "hunting," as used in America. It conveys a very different meaning from that it bears in connexion with the H. H., or the Pytchley. It must raise no vision in your mind of pink and buckskins, of post and rail or running hounds; and, instead of giving tongue, you must think more of holding it. A sporting tour in the Far West is a little different from the immortal one of Mr. Sponge; and there is no resemblance between Jorrick's hunt and a moose-hunt. In the whole of British North America there is but one pack of fox-hounds—at Montreal—and it is rather a failure. Foxes are shot as vermin everywhere; and top-boots are replaced by moccasins.

The sport in Nova Scotia is various. The larger

game are moose, carriboo, and bears. The moose, with whose ungainly appearance most of my readers are probably familiar, is hunted in various ways. It is either *called* in autumn, run down on snow-shoes in winter, or hunted with dogs. The last-mentioned method is not orthodox. The carriboo, which is, I believe, synonymous with the reindeer, is generally stalked; and is, in point of sport and of flavour, far superior to the moose. The bear of Nova Scotia is the black bear of America (*Ursus Americanus*), and is hunted in summer chiefly at night, and killed in winter when in a state of hibernation.

The smaller game are wild fowl of every description; wild geese, teal, the blue-winged duck, brant, and the eider-duck. The partridge of Nova Scotia is of two species—the birch and the spruce partridge—and has no resemblance to, or affinity with, the English partridge. In size and flavour it resembles an English pheasant; but its habits are peculiar to itself, and will be alluded to more fully as our chapter progresses. Snipe and woodcock need no comment.

After describing simply the method pursued in hunting or shooting the aforesaid animals, I shall make some allusion to the fishing in the province.

But I approach the consideration of these matters with considerable diffidence. I am more of an observing naturalist than a Nimrod, although not practically ignorant of Nova Scotian sport. But I am so unfortunate as to follow in the tracks of one who is at once an accomplished naturalist and a thorough sportsman.

In a book published some years ago by Captain Hardy, of the same regiment as myself, the whole

sport of Nova Scotia was described in a searching and almost voluminous manner. Few have had so much experience as he of the Nova Scotian woods; and, in attempting a similar task, even although merely as a chapter in a work meant to embrace many other details and other subjects, I feel unpleasantly like the ambitious frog of fabulous memory who attempted to equal the ox. My excuses must be that the work referred to is difficult now to obtain, and, perhaps, beyond the means of many who would like to hear a word or two on the sports of our American colonies; and secondly, that I am in a measure compelled to make some allusion to a subject without which—particularly in the eyes of my military readers—a description of a province would be deemed very incomplete.

My first task shall be the description of the outfit required by a Nova Scotian sportsman, and the districts to which he ought to direct himself.

Moccasins are of various sorts. They are made of either tanned or untanned hide; of moose and carriboo-skin with the hair on; or of other leathers, more or less ornamented, according as the fancy of the wearer or the maker may have suggested. They are indispensable in the woods. The best style of garments are those made of the homespun cloth woven in the province, which, in addition to the virtue of cheapness, has also the advantage of being easily dried. It may be lined in winter for additional warmth. A tight-fitting fur or woollen cap, with ear-flaps, is the best head-dress; and for covering at night there is nothing equal to the buffalo robe unlined. For weapons, a double-barrelled rifle, breech-

loading if possible, is best, with a good supply of cartridges in a waterproof-case; and a stout axe is a *sine quâ non.* A large clasp-knife, worn like a sailor's, is also very useful. For provisions, take plenty of biscuit, an ample supply of tea, a little salt pork or bacon, sugar, and a little bread or "Soft Tommy" as it is called.

For camp-equipage, take a tin kettle, a frying-pan, a small saucepan, two or three tin pannikins, and two or three knives and forks. Beginners err generally in taking too many things, encumbering themselves unnecessarily; but the above list includes all that are absolutely required. You should take no spirits; chiefly because of your Indian, who cannot resist liquor, and is helpless under it; but also because tea is a far better beverage for all in the woods. A little ground ginger is not a bad thing to carry, to be used medicinally, if required.

For use about your camp, in addition to your heavy axe, a couple of small hatchets or tomahawks are convenient for lopping off small branches, and many other little matters which will occur to any sportsman. A supply of cord should always be carried.

The Indians in Nova Scotia are a very degenerate race, and there are few who can be recommended for hunting companions. When I was there, the best was a man known as John Williams; and the others most patronised were men of the name of Paul; two men, "Ole Bonus" and "Noel Bonus," for the spelling of whose names I object to be held responsible; and an arch impostor in Cumberland county rejoicing in a name sounding like Barbei, familiarly known as "Bob-my-eye." The wages an Indian receives on a

hunting expedition are a dollar a day, and his keep. They are, as a rule, lazy dogs, and have to be kept well to their work. They are filthy in person, and it is a useful precaution to make them repose on the opposite side of the fire to yourself.

For moose, the districts vary every year. One year, perhaps, the best sport was round to the eastward of Halifax, next year to the westward. During the years I resided in Nova Scotia, more moose were killed in the country round the Ship Harbour Lakes, Sheet Harbour, and Tangier, than any other, although they were frequently met with in Upper and Lower Stewiacke, and even on Hammond's Plains. A good Indian can, if he chooses, almost always ensure your falling in with moose; but during the last year or two there have been gold mines opened round Tangier, so I fancy they have spoiled one's chance of sport in the neighbourhood.

Moose are *called* in autumn during the rutting season. It is done at night by moonlight, and to imitate the calls of the female moose, an artifice employed to bring up the bull moose, you employ a sort of speaking-trumpet made of the birch-bark. The call of the bull is often imitated, as at that season the animal is wild and furious, and is as ready to gratify the passion of combat with another bull, as any more legitimate one. The hunter with his Indian, placing themselves in a good position, commence calling, and should there be any moose in the vicinity, they will be heard presently coming through the woods, crashing and snapping the branches, with a noise like that of fire-arms. Considerable skill is required, as may be imagined, in the modulation of the calls, but should

they be given properly, the animal can be easily brought within range—indeed, within a few yards. So huge does the animal look at this short distance, and by the uncertain light, that firing at it seems—as I heard a sportsman say—like firing into the side of a house.

At this season of the year the hunter's camp is of very simple construction, and is known as a summer camp. It is built much as the unhappy edifice alluded to in the last chapter was constructed, and is floored with a considerable thickness of spruce branches, forming a clean, fragrant, and luxurious bed.

You sleep with your feet to the fire, and covered with your buffalo robe, and it is the duty of the Indian to replenish the fire with wood during the night. The duty I found them very apt to neglect after killing anything; for I remember on one occasion, when my companion had shot a carriboo, our Indians eat so greedily and so abundantly as to become perfectly torpid about midnight, and our fire—to our great suffering—was allowed to go out. I remember on that occasion, that after watching them eat incredible quantities of the meat, from about four o'clock, steadily, till ten o'clock at night, the last thing I saw before falling asleep was the whole brisket of the animal stuck up on twigs in front of the fire to roast, and before falling into their unearthly and loathsome sleep they devoured every bit of it.

The winter camp is in construction perfectly different. It is more like a wigwam—a conical hut, with a framework of poles or branches, and a covering of bark. The fire is in the centre of the build-

ing, and unless you lie down you run a risk of suffocation from the smoke.

In winter, the moose is either run down upon snow-shoes, or shot when in a yard. This latter proceeding is singular.

When the snow is very deep, a herd of moose beat down, by trotting up and down, a considerable space, which is called a yard, and in which they remain as long as they can obtain food from the branches of the trees they thus enclose. Sometimes when the snow is deeper than usual, the yard seems surrounded by lofty walls of snow, and there is no egress. On the discovery of a yard, and its being reported, men go out and shoot the moose in it by half dozens.

To hunt the moose on snow-shoes it is desirable to have a slight crust on the snow, sufficient to support the weight of the hunter on snow-shoes, but through which the sharp hoofs of the animal sink at every step, wounding and lacerating it, as well as making its progress naturally slow. My readers are probably familiar with the appearance of snow-shoes, oval with points behind, and a close net-work of raw hide in the frame. The wearer must use moccasins, and the snow-shoe is attached to the foot by a small toe-band on the shoe, and thongs on the moccasin. The heel is perfectly free, and in raising the foot in progression, the rear part of the snow-shoe is allowed to drag lightly on the snow. There are few exercises more delightful than this, and an adept can perform anything, even the most wonderful feats. A beginner is pretty certain to meet with some falls, and in soft deep snow it is not so easy a matter to rise on snow-shoes.

The moose when brought to bay is a dangerous animal, its most effective weapon being its fore-feet, with which it strikes out furiously. The horns are very large and palmated; and in moving through the woods it carries its head so as to bring the horns parallel with its back. Its most rapid form of progression is a long shambling trot, much faster than it looks. The flesh of the moose is like coarse beef, and is seldom fat; but the choice part, in a culinary point of view, is the mouffle, a long upper lip, somewhat taper-like in appearance, and which makes a soup superior to turtle. The hair is coarse; and a large tuft under the throat of the bull is called the "bell." The colour is a deep brown. The moose is quite capable of being tamed if taken young; and has been used in drawing a sleigh. There was a young moose kept in the Artillery Park in Halifax some years ago, which, *inter alia*, knew the trumpet calls for the various meals, I believe, as well as the gunners. It was very fond of bread; but it died a victim to its appetite for turnips. There having been some difficulty in obtaining moose-wood in the winter, a shrub on which the animals live to a great extent, its owner was advised to feed it with turnips. Its relish for them was so great that it died from distension, arising from over-eating.

In the woods, when after moose or carriboo, as may readily be imagined, all unnecessary noise is to be avoided; so in case of absence of sport one is often driven to extremities for food. If no settlement is near, and one dare not fire off one's gun at smaller game, there are worse substitutes for better food than the porcupine. This small animal generally makes for a tree, and will remain there until you cut it

down, when a blow on the nose will speedily put an end to it. I know few animals that make a more pleasant *fricassée*. They are easily domesticated to a certain extent; I remember two which lived for several weeks in a large tree in our barrack-square.

The carriboo (*Rangifer Tarandus*, I think) is an animal which affords a sport more like deer-stalking in Scotland than any other of the tribe I know. It is of a grey colour; far inferior in size, as it is superior in grace, to the moose; and yielding a venison of delicious flavour. Its antlers are long and slightly palmated; it travels in herds, and from all I have seen or heard, the best district for finding them in Nova Scotia is County Cumberland, and chiefly the barrens between Parrsboro' and Amherst.

The best season for stalking the carriboo is immediately after the first fall of snow, when you do not require snow-shoes, and can track them on the snow as accurately as if you had the best staghounds. On Christmas week, 1857, I was after carriboo in a district about eight miles from Parrsboro', with a companion and a couple of Indians. The reason one goes to a barren for carriboo is, that there is a species of lichen, called carriboo moss, on which the animal feeds, and which is found on these barren plains, even in winter, in great abundance. On the leeward side of one of these barrens, the day after Christmas, with on our left a number of hardwood ridges, we were all crawling on all-fours looking carefully round us for tracks. An old Indian was first, then my companion, then came the second Indian, and lastly myself. Feeling confident that those in front of me would detect any tracks without my assistance, I suffered my eyes to

rove round our limited horizon, and to my amazement I saw, about a quarter of mile to windward, some ten or eleven grey animals grazing so peaceably, that never having seen a carriboo before, I could not for the life of me believe that they were anything but cows.

However, I pulled the Indian in front of me by the leg, and pointed them out to him; giving a grunt which may have meant surprise, but certainly anything but gratitude, he attracted the leading Indian's attention, and soon, trembling with excitement, we were crawling towards them rapidly; nor did they get alarmed until we were within a couple of hundred yards, when, with grunts of terror they made off, and we rose and fired.

That same afternoon I saw a singular instance of tenacity of life in a carriboo which fell to my companion's rifle. We had separated on a large barren, and were some half mile apart when I heard the crack of his piece, and after a few minutes saw him and his Indian running. Concluding he had done something, we made tracks after them, and came up with them, busy in the work of dissecting a fine fat deer. Now it seems that in his anxiety my companion had put both bullets into one barrel, and on firing at the deer he aimed at, he first pulled the trigger of the blank barrel, and then, when the herd was a good deal further away, he fired the second. The animal seemed to stagger, but went on with the herd into a copse of spruce-trees which bordered the barren. They, therefore, presumed that the deer had been missed; however, they strolled quietly over to where the herd had been feeding, and to their surprise they saw large drops of blood on the snow. They started running, and as they ran they saw the crimson stream thicker in the snow; and

in about fifty yards they came on a tree, the trunk of which was covered with blood, where the poor dying brute had staggered against it. Here its tracks separated from the herd's, and they followed them in a circle about seventy or eighty yards further, where they came on it lying dead. On cutting it up we found the heart actually torn in two by the bullets or bullet; and how the poor brute could have managed to run the distance it did, passed our comprehension. It was speedily skinned and quartered, and each of us with our still warm and bleeding burden staggered homewards to our camp and a hearty supper.

I never saw a bear in the woods, although I frequently came on their tracks. I am led, however, by those who have been more fortunate than myself, to believe that the bear is singularly cunning when pursued, and dangerous when brought to bay, or wounded. They often leap from their tracks, several feet to one side, and return almost in the same direction as they came, thus baffling for a time those in chase. They are very annoying about a settlement, destroying sheep and even calves. I remember one about fourteen miles from St. John, New Brunswick, which for a long time annoyed the settlers greatly in this way. The hams are very good when cured; and the skin makes the most beautiful robes for the sleigh.

There are indescribable charms in the life of a hunter in the woods. Apart altogether from the fact of sport and its consequent excitement, there is a singular pleasure and sense of freedom in this life, which require to be felt and enjoyed, before they can be understood. There are so many appeals to

the fancy, to the taste,—ay!—even solemn ones to the soul, which even the dullest mind cannot resist. There are certain irksome cares and ties in civilisation, which do not control one in the woods; and, I half think, of only one profession can it be said, even the hunter's—

Post venatorem non sedet atra cura.

The inexperienced may imagine—not even the enthusiast can fully comprehend until he has actually enjoyed it—the pleasure of sitting round the camp-fire after a good day's work, and a hearty supper, and chatting in that easy unforced way, which one seldom can follow when under the shadow of more substantial roofs, and within hearing of more critical ears. And should you be more wakeful than your companions, and sit later than they, you will find your solitude broken in upon by those grand mysterious noises in the woods at night, which make, to a vivid fancy, the forest seem as an enchanted land. Away in the great darkness, in the circle beyond the little cosy arena reddened and glowing with our merry fire, one hears every now and then—all as if intensified by the solitude and the darkness—the crash of some falling tree, the melancholy note of the owl as he sits "warming his five wits," or the wail of the loon by some small forest lake. Such a moment and such a scene might have suggested to a dark genius, like that of Poe, his gloomy lines on,

The dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir:
—— down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir;

or those wonderful dreamy lines when he sings of—

A route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill-angels only,
Where an Eidolon named Night,
On a black throne reigns upright.

But not to the cheerful spirit will it be a scene as to his dark thoughts—

Where the traveller meets aghast
Sheeted memories of the Past.

Ah! no! to us would those other lines of his come in more truly, we hope—

**
For the heart whose woes are legion,
'Tis a peaceful soothing region:
For the spirit that walks in shadow,
'Tis, oh! 'tis an Eldorado!

But we are getting low-spirited and romantic. We are abruptly recalled from the poetical phase of our reverie by one of those sounds which—whether in the woods or the city—are antidotes to poesy. I mean 'a snore; than which no human utterance is more practical or fancy-dispelling. So, coiling our toasted limbs under the buffalo, and pausing just for a moment to listen to the cry of some wandering lucifée, we speedily exchange our waking dreams for those of slumber, and aid to swell the discordant chorus which rises from our lonely camp.

There are no sluggards in the woods. Early astir, we make for the nearest water, should it be summer to have a dip, and should it be winter to break the ice and lave our face and hands; returning, as Dickens says in "Pickwick," with a good digestion waiting on appetite, and health on both, to our breakfast. This meal, prepared in our absence by the Indians, who seem to have a constitutional objection to ablutions of any sort, we soon despatch, making nothing

of a pound or two of venison, should it be in camp, and stowing away, without so much as winking, as much tea flavoured with brown *sweetening* (as sugar is called by the peasantry) and innocent of milk, as would serve with ease for the morning consumption of a large public school. Arrangements are now made for the direction in which we shall hunt during the day; the singular instinct possessed by the Indian rendering it a matter of no uneasiness even in a strange wood, how far we may wander from our camp. And leaving this point to be discussed by the rest of our party, let us look round at the woods by day. The first thing which strikes one is the singular absence of ornithological life. There is, to one accustomed to the abundant songster world in our English copses, something at first almost painful in the silence in Nova Scotian woods—a silence which, like intense darkness, can be felt. Around Halifax and other places, there are a few varieties of "cockyoly" birds, as small birds are called, but in the recesses of the forest there are none. About the lakes and the small woodland streams, there come out in the grey evenings, the ghostly night-hawks, but there is something bat-like in their flight, and singularly unlike the merry twittering denizens of our old country woods.

In parts of the forest, hundreds of merry squirrels swarm on the trees, and the "mustelina" are well represented. Not a few snakes are to be met, some very pretty, and all harmless. But in the warm weather, the insect world become, especially to the angler, something too insupportable. Two species, the black fly and the moose fly, I will back against any other in the art of disfiguring the human face

divine. I have seen many go on a fishing expedition in all their natural beauty, and come back in a few days swollen into hideous parodies on their former selves, and barely recognizable even to their venerable and anxious mothers. There is only one thing worse, and that is a remedy sold under some such taking title as, the "Angler's Defence," by the philanthropic chemists of Halifax, and which the angler is supposed to smear over his face as a protection against blood-thirsty insects. Some wear veils, and I have done so myself; but in warm weather, I think, five minutes of a veil is, to a man, rather worse than the black hole of Calcutta.

For this reason, and the easier travelling when the underwood is dead, I think the winter is best in the woods, and also the season in which they look to most advantage. The snow lying on the broad green spruce branches—however unpleasant for the locks of your gun should you come up against them—gives an air of fairy-land to the woods; and the carpet of snow on which the trees rise proudly, falsifies one's idea of distance, and alters the perspective in a pleasing way, which keeps up the illusion. The chief trees one meets are the hemlock and pines of all varieties, maple, birch, beech, and the evergreen spruce—the true ornament of the American woods.

The two species of partridge are abundant, as their market price will best testify. They are a stupid class of birds, and when one goes after them, you generally take a dog of the spaniel breed with a bell round his neck to keep you from losing him in the covers. As soon as the dog puts up a covey, they fly to a neighbouring tree, and remain there as if stupefied,

while the dog, barking at its foot furiously, attracts his master to the game. They remain perfectly still, and are therefore shot sitting—rather an un-English, but at the same time inevitable proceeding. Indeed, if you commence with the birds sitting on the lower branches and shoot upwards, you may get rid of an entire covey, the birds waiting in that amiable manner which one had supposed to belong merely to that self-denying bird of nursery legends, which was addressed invitingly, and as if with every confidence that the invitation would be readily accepted:

Dilly dilly duck, come and be killed.

The flesh of the partridge is white and rather dry, but eaten with bread sauce it is extremely good, especially when cold.

At one season of the year, when they eat some poisonous berry, one species is injurious as an article of food. Although, even then, I have heard, if the crop of the bird be cut out immediately after it is shot, the flesh is perfectly wholesome. I have heard of Indians in the woods knocking these birds over with a tomahawk.

It is hardly necessary for me to enter into any details on the subject of the sport afforded by the wild-fowl of Nova Scotia. This sport is much the same all the world over. On some lakes in New Brunswick, and I daresay in Nova Scotia also, although I cannot vouch for it myself, the artifice is employed of covering the bows of a skiff with branches, and then gradually coming within shot of the deceived and unconscious duck. They are generally in such numbers, that, rising in a perfect cloud, many fall victims to

the same barrel. Wild geese are migratory, and, although they fly very high, there is no mistaking the outstretched necks and peculiar note as they pass over Halifax in immense numbers annually. They are so large, that they afford a sportsman great satisfaction as the heavy body comes tumbling down to his fire; but they are of a strong, fishy, and unpleasant flavour.

I shall now devote the rest of this chapter to some words on the fishing of this province. There is hardly a stream, and never a lake, I imagine, in all the myriad lakes of this country, where fish do not abound. Where there is so great an abundance, it seems invidious to make choice of any particular lake or river in a chapter like this. On the spot of course one would be guided by the season of the year very much, some streams being earlier than others. For salmon, Gould River is a good place; also Musquedoboit, and the runs between the Ship Harbour Lakes. For sea-trout, in my day, no place came up to Tangier River, but I fear the gold-diggings have spoiled the fishing there now. Very fine sea-trout used to be taken also at Musquedoboit, good sized, strong, and delicious-flavoured, and yielding the angler as much sport as a powerful young salmon. As for the common brown or lake trout, you may get them anywhere and everywhere, and of all sizes. There are one or two places within an hour's walk almost of Halifax, where one can take out a dozen trout of an afternoon, not very large perhaps, but very good in point of flavour. Immediately behind York Redoubt the angler found Pine Island Ponds, well known to every one who has been in the garrison of Halifax. And just across the north-west arm, buried in the woods, a small sheet of dark

water, called Coal Pit Lake, was safe to yield to the sportsman some exquisite little trout, fit to make a breakfast for an epicure. But these places are mere child's play compared with Ship Harbour Lakes, where I have taken out, as fast as I could throw my fly, two at a time often; and where in pulling across the lake, your fly, dangling on the water, without any exertion on your part, would be snapped at eagerly. I should say the trout of Nova Scotia are rather like the fair sex—capricious, and not insensible to gaudy colours. Some of the flies which are most successful on the Acadian lakes would make the steady-going Izaak Walton of Scotch or English streams stare rather by their brilliant hues. There can be no more useful accomplishment to the Nova Scotian angler than the ability to tie his own flies. The caprice of the trout already alluded to is so mysterious often and unaccountable, that a fly which one day they seem unable to resist, will be scouted by them next day under precisely the same circumstances as regards weather and sun; therefore, unless one has the art of humouring their wayward fancies, there is every chance of the acquaintance of the angler and the angled becoming no closer than the occupation of their respective elements will permit.

Should it be necessary, the sportsman on the lakes and rivers has to use a camp as much as his brother on the plains or in the woods. But very often on account of the greater number of settlements near the rivers and runs, one can manage always to sleep under a roof, a system which if not so pleasant in many things as camping out, has nevertheless its social advantages, and saves a good deal of trouble on a short excursion.

The settlers are very hospitable, although rather primitive, and in their conversation more addicted to "guessing," and other Yankee amenities, than their brethren of the towns. I met with an appalling instance of their rural simplicity, when on a fishing excursion in June 1858, on the Ship Harbour Lakes. As we contemplated a change of ground one day of about fifteen miles, we inquired of our landlord for the time being as to any probable settlement near our new destination, where we could be housed for the night.

The name of a bachelor settler, living all alone, was given us, with instructions how we were to find his hut; and starting after the evening's fishing, it was nearly midnight when we reached our new abode. After a good deal of hammering at the door (for settlers who work hard, sleep hard), we at last heard the fastenings being undone, and a figure with a light presented itself. The figure in question was of a huge man, about six feet three in height, clad lightly in some garment in which he seemed to have slept for many years, nor have dreamt of the necessity of washing it. His hair was reddish, very long, and wildly dishevelled; and his features—as far as they were not drowned with an expression of amazement—seemed more remarkable for the absence of intellect than its presence. In answer to the inquiries of my companion and myself (there were but two of us), he led us into the kitchen with noises, which he may have intended to mean welcome, but which resembled the barks a dog would give, under the united depressing influences of croup and a muzzle. On the large hearth the logs of wood were still smouldering, and were soon made up into a cheerful fire: and then

we made inquiries as to our bed. He scratched his unkempt head a good deal, and at last showed us into a room with a bed, from which he had evidently just risen. We protested against taking his own couch, but he insisted; and imagining he had plenty more in the house, and gave us his own as the best, we dragged in our rugs and buffalo robes, shut the door, and proceeded, according to custom, to toss for the bed, the unsuccessful one making a shakedown of the rugs, &c., on the floor. Having settled this knotty point, we were making ready for our respective resting-places when the door opened, and in walked our host himself, still clad in his mediæval night-shirt, and nothing more.

While we paused to learn his errand, he scratched his head, smiled an imbecile smile, and gave utterance to the following words:

"I guess I'll have to sleep with yez, myself."

Horror, grim, ghastly horror, rushed through our brains, and rendered us speechless for a time; but recovering ourselves, we hastened to assure him that had we known it was his only bed, we would never have dreamt of taking it; that we would lie down in front of the kitchen fire; that we *preferred* sleeping before the kitchen fire; indeed that from infancy we had lived with no other object but that of sleeping before the kitchen fire.

And, not to forfeit my reader's esteem, and my own self-respect, I may add, that we *did* sleep before the kitchen fire.

CHAPTER V.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands.
LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline.*

NOVA SCOTIA, as the Province once called Acadia is pedantically named, is a colony of which it may be safely predicated that its future will greatly surpass its present or its past. And yet there is in the past of this province something which we seldom meet in the past of our colonies. There is a history. Nova Scotia is to our other colonies what Virginia, the Empire State, was, in the days of union, to the United States. We hear of this little country in the escutcheons of many of our English baronets, and not a few of our proudest peers; we read in dry works of history, as well as the sweet lines of Longfellow, of times there of war, and sieges, and sorrow, and exile. We trace in the remnant of a former people, still existing in their fathers' happy home, and more pleasingly in the orchards, and quaint farm-houses, and dyked fields of its fairest counties, the story of the days when not England, but France ruled here;

France, whose colonial history is one of such singular discomfiture and defeat. We stumble on the ruined battlements of Louisburg, which remind us of the wars which brought about this change of government; and as we travel through the province, we can read a disconnected, but intelligible history in the names of its counties and its towns. And it is a species of history which it pleases the Englishman to dwell on, reminding him of stirring times in the annals of his own country across the sea; times which rise forcibly before his memory as he comes upon names like Annapolis, Amherst, Cornwallis, and Halifax.

But this history has been written by one who is a master of the art. It is not for a novice to follow where he has trod. It shall be for me rather to glance at this province as I have seen it with the bodily eye, not the eye of study. But how to begin; here, I find, lies the rub of authorship. It is like taking up a ball of tangled worsted, of which one cannot find the ends. It is like being ushered into a large library, and not knowing what to choose for perusal. It is, to come from the sublime to the ridiculous, like getting a dozen newspapers by one mail, or a budget of uninteresting letters by the same post, and being at a loss with which to commence. Or, it is like getting a bundle of new summer patterns from your tailor, each of which by itself would make a sweet thing in trousers, but which in the aggregate only bewilder. And I have increased my confusion by having devoted a chapter to the capital of the province already! so I am driven, like a beaten ministry, to the country, and like an unpopular member, I do not know what

seat I shall choose in the hope of election. I remember once getting a fortnight's leave, with the intention of making a visit to some country friends. When on the eve of starting, I got a telegram, announcing the sudden and dangerous illness of one of the household, and, consequently, postponing my visit. What was I to do? It was against my principles to give up my leave; and I had no particular choice in the matter of lions, watering-places, or towns. The metropolis had gone to the country; and being quartered within a few miles of it, it seemed hardly worth while to go there on an excursion. I was at my wit's end. I had no sooner thought of one place, than another rose in an alluring garb, claiming my wandering allegiance; and I was like a weathercock at a season when Admiral Fitzroy has prophesied, "Uncertain winds from all quarters." Suddenly, I bethought me of the way the people of old consulted the oracles by putting their finger blindly on a verse of the Bible, or a line of Virgil; and I rushed for Bradshaw. Procuring this interesting volume—which, in point of being difficult to understand, is equal to the most mysterious utterance that ever came from Delphi—I opened it by chance at a certain page, resolving to limit my choice to the places that might there be found. I selected a station whose name ended in "Abbey," naturally imagining that where there was an abbey, there must be something to see; and in two hours I had taken my ticket. You can have no idea how I enjoyed that trip: the excitement as I approached the place; the anxiety to see what it looked like; the ignorance of the name of any hotel in it; and the charming sensation of not knowing a soul

when I got there. I was referred to an inn rejoicing in the name of the "Four Swans," which has always appeared to me the most unaccountable name for an inn, except one in a village, near which I am writing this chapter, which is called the "Five Bells." But, in spite of the name, I found my ornithological hotel a cosy and charming residence; I took mine ease in mine inn in a way which cannot be comprehended by us in these days of mammoth railway palaces, where you lose your identity, and become No. 20. In my little inn I was that important individual, "the gentleman in the parlour," whose bell was never left unanswered; whose dinner was never somebody else's *rechauffé*, nor a cut off a lukewarm joint; and whose bedroom was a perfect museum of cosy relics of our ancestors, which, even though unused, make one feel comfortable; such, I mean, as warming-pans and miraculous samplers, covered with the genealogy of my landlady's family, with a sprinkling of the moral maxims under which she had been brought up in the way she should go, and all concluding with the Roman numerals.

And the little place itself was so quaint and pretty, and the people so obliging, that my fortnight passed as if it had wings, and my sorrow was as great at leaving as my bill was moderate.

Can I appeal to some such chance to aid my selection now? And if I do, shall I give my readers the same satisfaction that I gave myself on the occasion referred to? I doubt it much, and gravely. Let me think but once again: ah! I have it; of course! how could I have been so stupid? of course I must begin with *the people* of the province.

I have polished off the French Acadians in a chapter which I have written before this, but which my reader will not see until he or she has read the present one; so beyond mentioning the fact that there are a few of this people still in the province, I shall proceed to enumerate as the other distinctive classes of the community, the Indians, Highlanders, Germans, a great many Irish, and the balance English and Scotch.

The Indians are getting fewer every day, and more degenerate. They are not a long-lived race, and are subject to many diseases, consequent on their habits of life. They receive from the Government a blanket annually, and, I believe, one or two other advantages, such as the liberty to shoot game for their own use at any season of the year. They are, generally speaking, Roman Catholics, and they may be seen in considerable numbers, on any solemn day in the church of Rome, hanging about the doors of the Catholic places of worship in Halifax. They belong to the Mic-mac tribe of Indians, once a very powerful one, but now becoming gradually extinct. The squaws are very skilful in the fabrication of different articles of fancy-work, in which the quills of the porcupine and highly coloured glass beads form a predominant feature. They also earn a good deal by making moccasins, and torches for lobster-spearing; indeed, the squaws show to their lazy lords a praiseworthy example of industry. They always live in wigwams, on the roadside often, leading a life, in some respect, like our own gipsies; and can be easily recognised by their high cheek bones, their swarthy complexion, and long black hair. The males generally wear

blanket coats, and always moccasins. The squaws usually wear a species of bead-work head-dress, in addition to the usual dress of civilised women, and carry their papooses on their backs in the way familiar to everyone from pictures. Their small camps generally contain, in addition to other objects, one or more canoes, of the making of which they have a monopoly, and in the management of which, both men and squaws, are great adepts. One of the amusing incidents in the Halifax regattas is the canoe race; and the squaw's race is perhaps more so. They talk in a low, soft, and not unmelodious manner, with little gesticulation. Their besetting sins are drunkenness, filth, and a proneness to lying.

I have made a distinction between the Highlanders and Scotch, because there is a very considerable community in Nova Scotia, particularly in Cape Breton, now a part of this province, who talk nothing but Gaelic. It is singular to find this body of Highlanders (chiefly from the west of Scotland) so far from their native land, but so retentive of its language and customs. I was told by a fellow-traveller, that he met an old woman in the Hebrides, who had spent nine years in Nova Scotia, and yet was unable to speak a word of English. The characteristics of this conservative people are too well known to require any comment.

The same may be said of the Germans, who are to be found in considerable numbers all over the province. Their head-quarters are at a town called Lunenburg. At the time of the American war of Independence, a great many Germans, naturally loyal to the House of Hanover, came from the States

to Nova Scotia; indeed, King George sent a ship-load of them, I believe, from Virginia.

When at Ship Harbour in 1858, I met a German, of over ninety years of age, but in unclouded possession of all his faculties, who came from Virginia at that time, and whose reminiscences of those stirring seasons were clear and most interesting. But I am not sure that Germans, although a contented and happy class of settlers, are a class calculated to benefit the early years of a colony, or increase its trade and agriculture, beyond the point at which their individual wants cease.

I need hardly say that in this, and all our colonies, the Irish is a prominent and unsettled element. Some of their good qualities, and many of their bad, seem to be fostered by their change of life; and while often active and useful citizens, they are not the best stamp of men for settlers, or labourers on a small scale. For an Irishman seems to imbibe politics, and the love of them, with his mother's milk; and once in a country, where he has the power of giving a vote—perhaps for an alderman—perhaps for a Member of Parliament, you upset that man for the practical duties of life. As long as he can exercise this long-wished-for privilege, and proclaim his devotion to Erin by occasional triumphal processions and green banners, which he could have shown better when "on the sod" himself by a little attention to his labour, and you will find him quite happy, should he remain for ever a hired labourer on a weekly wage. It seems so great a pity, that this should be true of Irish emigrants, who are a merry, good-hearted, and affectionate class, and in their religion a

devout body; but it is the case with an Irish cottar or labourer, if you place on one side labour, comfort, and prosperity; and on the other politics, the chance of a row, and a hand-to-mouth living, you will find the latter will carry the day. Of course these remarks do not apply to the upper and better educated classes; *they* are to be found in the first ranks, both in politics, literature, the learned professions, and trade. But even in their case, there is an absence of the "cosmopolitan" which you find in the English settler; and in every class and station, the Irish settler has his nationality as distinct as the German or the Gael.

The English portion of the Nova Scotians includes the descendants of the oldest settlers; men who came from England with the Puritans, and all who came under the noble title of loyalists, from the United States at the Declaration of Independence. I wonder a theme so noble as this has not been selected for some work of poetry or romance; for there are none so worthy of immortality—so far as our poor histories can confer it—as those who would and did give up a home and happy associations to come to a strange and, it might be, bleak and inhospitable land, and all for loyalty to a sovereign whom they had never seen, but whose crown was the centre in which they and their brethren of the old country met, under the proud name of Britons.

The Scotch portion of the community are almost equally faithful to their nationality and their country's customs as the Irish. They are best defined as a singularly *respectable* constituent of the Nova Scotian people—an adjective after a Scotchman's own heart.

So much for the people; now for their internal government. In old times, before Reform was heard of, Nova Scotia was governed by a governor in council. This council consisted, I think, of twelve members, all men of approved honesty and position, and with a stake in the province sufficient to ensure their looking after its interests.

But this simple and almost patriarchal form of government—a form which has always seemed to me particularly adapted to the infant and smaller colonies—was rudely torn asunder, and the poor country was presented with that dreadful eidolon, representative government. If the province could have spoken, it would have said: "Save me from my friends," or "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;" but as it could not, it remained silent, while the people commenced, one half to amuse themselves like children with a new toy, the other and more sensible half to make the best of a bad job. There are two pictures in old numbers of *Punch* which always remind me of the giving representative government, with all its forms and follies, to unhappy little nations, like those of Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The best was a sketch of Lord Palmerston receiving Lord Clyde, after the mutiny in India was crushed, and being at the same time presented with a fine Bengal tiger, allegorical of that presidency. Backing behind a chair, the Premier mutters his thanks, but exclaims:

"How about keeping the brute?"

With some such feeling must the respectable and property-owning part of our colonists have received the gift of representative government. And their

worst fears have been realised. No apple of discord could have been devised more certain to set a peaceable and happy community by the ears. And its existence has given birth to a class which could not exist in a country rich enough and old enough to be ready for self-government. I mean the class of professional politicians, men to whom to be in office is luxury, to be on the opposition benches is beggary. And need I say a word on the fearful temptations to a politician such a state of affairs must beget? It is unfair alike to the man and to his country.

It is, too, reasoning on utterly false principles to imagine that every colony should at once be made self-governing. It has taken England a good many centuries, and a heavy discipline of blood and adversity, to produce our present system of government. Is there, then, to be no youth, no time of preparation in our colonies? It has taken us a long time to prove certain mathematical truths, but we do not hesitate to make our youth go through, as a wholesome discipline, the processes of reasoning by which we laboured out what, if we chose, we might tell them, as axioms. And, although God forbid that we should drag our colonies through the stern lessons of blood and rebellion, as a preparation for self-government, yet there are preliminary stages which it behoves a country, as an individual, to traverse. It does not give a young colony fair play to cut the leading strings too soon, even although like a spoiled or precocious child, it should cry out to be released from the parental authority.

And it is unfair to the wealthy few who have a heavy stake in the country, to raise, by a system of virtually

universal suffrage, all and every, those whose stake may be *nil*, to an equality, as regards the administration of government.

Perhaps in these enlightened days, when Bright and Cobden hail an approaching time of democratic revelling, and the ballot is hung, like the sword of Damocles, over the heads of honest, easy-going members, whose sole wish is to do their country good, it may seem antiquated and prejudicial to write as I have done. But I write from what I have seen. I reason from no theoretical premises, but from existing facts, and I know I am borne out by men far better able to judge than I am of the pernicious results of our present colonial system. Witness one who, from a seat in one of our Australian Houses of Assembly, came to sit in our Imperial House of Commons; see what *he* said of representative government in our young colonies; see what *he* thought of universal suffrage and the ballot. It is like setting children to play with edged tools; they cut themselves, and they dull the blades they sport with. Liberty degenerates into license, and the politician has to pander to the interests, or inflame the passions of the voter, in order that he may rule him.

And as representative government is meant for men, not for acres, it is no answer to say that the territory of even our smaller colonies exceeds that of many kingdoms in Continental Europe. The ridiculous fact remains, that we have for communities, not equal in number to the population of our third-rate towns, all the forms and ceremonies attending a House of Lords and a House of Commons.

And, as in petty debating societies we find boys

passing solemn votes of censure on the conduct of countries they never saw, and politics they never studied, so we put in the power of these mimic parliaments to censure with all the solemnity of a mighty senate, acts of the Imperial Government, which they probably have traced to some non-existent cause. True, we have reserved the power of a "veto" to the sovereign; but would a young colony, intoxicated by the excesses of self-government, yield without a murmur to such a prerogative; would not its exercise be deemed despotic, and probably be resisted?

And is it not a farce, that in colonies which we call English colonies and possessions, which we garrison at Imperial expense—as we ought, which we guard in war and give a prestige to in peace; is it not a farce, I say, that in these colonies the Imperial authorities, by giving them this entire self-government, should place themselves in so false a position as to have to submit Imperial questions to them, if they relate however distantly to the colony, and run the risk of defeat too, as I have seen. It is outrageous; we call it no breach of freedom, if, at home, an Act of Parliament rides rough-shod over the privileges of an individual, a city, or a county, because the good of the majority takes precedence of that of the minority. And such should be the state of things in our colonies, if they are to retain the title of English possessions. Let me give an instance which shows the evil results of this system of dual government.

It is connected with the position of the British troops in Nova Scotia. As every one knows, thanks to Mr. Goldwin Smith, these troops are paid wholly by the Home Government; they receive not the

slightest colonial remuneration, although conferring a great benefit on the colony by the money they circulate. At this I do not grumble; we garrison Nova Scotia for Imperial purposes, and it is but just that we should pay for it. But I object to one arrangement.

In Great Britain there is an allowance made to the troops, called Regent's allowance, by which the officers' mess wines are cheapened. Now, in our colonies, this is not given, because—with the single exception, I believe, of Nova Scotia—the colonial authorities permit wine for the troops to enter duty free. And this was the case in Nova Scotia in the good old days of the Governor in Council. However, being self-governing, the Nova Scotians have an undeniable right to regulate the taxation of their province, and further than regretting to see them guilty of so ungracious an act, one would say nothing were this all. But the fact is, that the Imperial Government have submitted proposals to and represented, and wheedled the colonial parliament to continue the old system, and have been systematically rebuffed: an instance of the evil arising from separating our colonies too far from the parent stem.

And above all this, there is a gross injustice perpetrated by the Nova Scotian Government in this matter: *for they tax in this way the military, a portion of the community, which is unrepresented, and has no political rights in the province.*

So much for the evils existing: now for a remedy. If universal suffrage, as it virtually is in our colonies, *must* remain, then let property carry additional votes. It sounds very well to say that the poor man and the

rich man have an equal stake in a country, because they each have their all; but the legislation of those who have nothing to lose is very different from that of those who have much to forfeit. To the former, revolution and destruction of rights have not the same ghastly appearance as to the latter. To the former, laws which benefit the individual will have a popularity which will not be granted to a prudent, far-seeing legislation, whose tendency is to raise the commercial, agricultural, and political status of the country. And those who have little or no property will levy with great unction taxes on those who have much. To use the immortal words of Mr. Weller, "It's unekal, Sammy, it's unekal," as he used to say when his brandy-and-water was not half-and-half.

But another remedy to apply might suggest itself in a way as flattering to our colonists as conducive to the suavity of our relations with them. Let them have some local form of legislation, but let them also have representatives in proportion to their population in the Imperial Parliament. If advisable, let each colony have an Under-Secretary of State to offer explanations concerning his province, and to attend to its rights. Above all, let nothing be spared in moderation, which, while giving the colonists all the privileges of a constitutional government, shall also tighten instead of severing those bonds which connect them with the parent country.

One of the worst things in the Houses of Assembly in a small colony, is the paucity of questions of importance for discussion. The result is, that the time of the members is prostituted too frequently to trifling and personal debates, in which they do not

show to advantage in the eyes of their constituents; and public works are carried to a height of jobbery, if one is to credit the successive oppositions, which seems incredible. The railways of Nova Scotia, which are built by Government, not by a company, have, in addition to burdening the province with debt, furnished food for debates and inflammatory editorials, which, if collected, would equal in size a very large library. Now all this brings constitutional government down to a succession of storms in a saucer; it is as if Macready or Kean were to act in some children's charades. And it tends to keep out of public life many men of talent and position, who are too sensitive to allow their private life to be assailed and laid bare. Yet it is wonderful to see the talent which one *does* meet in these Houses of Assembly, considering the difficulties which are thrown in their way. I have heard speakers in the Nova Scotian House of Assembly, who would hold the ear of our own House of Commons, even on a budget night; and when hearing them I always felt a deep regret that talent such as theirs should have so circumscribed a sphere of action; for a mind cannot deal with petty matters for ever, without a danger of becoming petty in its faculties.

There is one hope for such men yet; it is that all our American colonies may be united, and in a new House of Assembly wider and nobler subjects may call out the nobler minds—and in these minds call out the nobler faculties. May that day soon come.

But I must leave this subject, into which I have been carried at greater length than I had intended. And in reading over what I have written, I am con-

scious of an abruptness, and, so to speak, jerkiness of style, which generally accompanies one's opinions on subjects which have been strongly considered, and on which strong views are entertained. Should this irregularity of style displease the reader, let me hope that the sincerity of the writer, of which it is a symptom, will in some measure atone for it.

I have spoken of the people and their government. Let me next allude cursorily to their towns. In addition to Halifax, the metropolis, we have on the sea-coast Annapolis, Digby, Liverpool, Lunnenburg, Yarmouth, Guysboro', Windsor on the Avon near the sea, Pictou, and in Cape Breton we have Sydney. Of inland towns, Truro and Amherst are among the most important. Annapolis is what is called a royal city; and the general commanding the forces in the province draws a considerable salary as its governor.

Digby is situated on a pretty bay, and is celebrated for its trade in a small herring, known as the Digby chicken. Sydney is celebrated for its coal mines, which are very extensive; but are not the only coal mines in Nova Scotia. If I remember right, it was in some coal mine in Nova Scotia proper, that Professor Dawson, the eminent geologist, found such excellent fossils, particularly stigmaria and sigillaria. There are, in Cornwallis, two other pretty little towns, Wolfville and Kentville, the latter of which is situated in a hollow, and is painfully warm in summer. I cannot recapitulate the names of all the little villages and towns in the province; but in their appearance, and in the monotony of the lives of the inhabitants, there is a great similarity. With re-

gard to the former of these features, the houses are all of wood, painted white, and looking always clean and comfortable; the shops have as incongruous a medley in their windows as our shops have in country villages at home. There are always an abundance of churches in the little towns, of different denominations, but rather a scarcity of them in the thinly settled districts. I came upon a settler's family near a lake in the woods, who had been there some twenty years, without a church to attend within many many miles. Some of the children had been baptised by a travelling missionary; and some were waiting for a similar chance. There is a dulness in these villages, which I presume the inhabitants do not feel, but which I confess weighed heavily on my spirits, when I had occasion to spend any time in them. Among others, I spent some days in Truro, at various times, and had opportunities of studying the life and idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants. Being a terminus of one of the lines of Nova Scotian railway, there was a little more excitement in it than in most others; but, as far as I remember, the following was the routine pursued daily by the male inhabitants; and as the town is built in a square, in which the hotel where I was staying, and its neighbour the post-office, occupied a prominent position, I had excellent opportunities of studying their proceedings. After a little badinage among themselves in the early morning, they adjourned regularly *en masse* to meet the first train from Halifax. This must have been a more exhausting process than it looked, for the next proceeding was invariably to adjourn to the bar of my hotel for refreshment. There they remained until

the letters were sorted at the post-office, when each secured his own. Every one got a penny daily paper, which, according to his politics, was the *Morning Chronicle* or *British Colonist*, or any of the many issued in the metropolis; and I observed with amazement that all the letters were enclosed in yellow envelopes. This is the token, generally, of a bill in Nova Scotia; and I speculated as to whether Truro subsisted on credit, or had an accumulation of back debts unpaid. The time, until the arrival of the second train, was spent in digesting the news; and on their return the second time from the station, they congregated to fight the political battle in person, varying the performance with constant refreshments. The food at the Nova Scotian inns is good, but monotonous; being on the "Toujours perdrix" system. One day you had roast lamb and boiled fowl; next day, boiled lamb and roast fowl; and so on, *da capo*. I was particularly amused with the waitress at one of the country inns, where I staid some ten days, and had the everlasting bill of fare. She was a sort of general slavey; made the beds, cooked the dinner, and then, putting on a large collar of glass beads and bugles (the only change in her costume, but in her eyes I have no doubt a gorgeous livery), she brought our food up and attended on us. But her attitude, and the look on her face before uncovering, were most ridiculous; she looked as if defying you to guess what new delicacy there was to-day, just as if, from knowing yesterday's dinner, you did not too well know to-day's. Have you ever seen the cunning look of a thimblerigger, as he defies a bumpkin

to tell under which thimble the pea is? Then if so, you know the expression of my waitress friend in Acadia.

Amherst is a pretty little place, and I should like to have seen more of it. I was so unfortunate as to pass through it three times at midnight, when going overland to New Brunswick, so I could not judge much of its merits or deficiencies. The only time I passed through it by daylight, I was more struck by the abundance of turkeys in the fields round the town, than by anything I saw in it; because, if I remember right, I was prompted by a keen appetite to devote the greater part of the time at my disposal to a substantial meal in the hotel.

This same overland journey to New Brunswick from Halifax, which is the only route one can take in winter, owing to the impossibility of keeping up the summer steam communication between Windsor and St. John, is a novel and not unromantic style of travelling. You go as far as Truro by train, and then, after dining, you mount a large sleigh, and make yourself as comfortable and warm as an abundance of public buffalo robes and your own private wraps will admit of. Should the weather look unsettled, you will find a double-sized spirit-flask a great advantage.

The journey by daylight is same enough; it is at night that the novelty of the position asserts itself. Particularly is this the case after leaving Amherst which one does about two o'clock in the morning, exchanging a blazing fire and cheerful room for a dark, freezing night, an open sleigh, and a number of fellow-passengers, wrapped up to an extent that makes them look mammoths, not men.

Shortly after reaching Amherst, I think you come on the wide, bleak marsh of Tantamara, which, in the darkness, looks like a level white and trackless plain, across which it seems impossible that any living coachman could steer living horses. Should you get off the track, or come upon a drift across the road (such as you often find, many feet deep), the male passengers have frequently to get out, and tread down the snow in front of the horses, to enable them to move on. But before Amherst and Tantamara, you come to the Cobequid mountains, the crossing of which is an exciting and laborious task. The sharp turns in the road; the dark forest through which the road seems like a white and waving thread; the utter and deathlike silence, save the noise of our own horses' bells; the absence of any signs of human habitation until you reach the summit of the mountain, where there is a small house called Purdy's, where you change horses; all this impresses you most forcibly, and I found acted as a certain antidote to sleep. But Purdy's itself is the most charming little house I ever met in my travels; not from any architectural or luxurious appliances, but solely from its idea of what constitutes a good fire. I never saw such fires as always are to be found there; the fireplace itself is as large as a good-sized parlour, and it is piled with perfect trunks of trees, round which the flames wander merrily, and the red sparks ascend in clouds to a chorus of crackling, which is as sweetest music to the half-frozen travellers.

I used to wonder what a Parisian housekeeper would say on seeing such a fire, contrasting it with his high-priced and miserable little *fagots*. We rushed to it on arriving, toasted ourselves thoroughly, and hung

up our wraps to be thoroughly warmed while we should be at our supper. This meal being soon announced by our landlady, whose merry face was a counterpart of the ruddy fire for cheerfulness, we would attack it with relish, first pouring into our tea —which, as a matter of course in Nova Scotia accompanied our supper—a couple of teaspoonfuls of brandy to keep the night-air out; no bad precaution, I can tell you, Father Mathew. By the time we had finished, we could hear the sounds of the horses' bells, as the sleigh was being got ready; and putting on our smoking coats and comforters, pulling down our ear-flaps, giving another warm to our toes, and, perhaps, lighting a congenial pipe, we would go out into the night, and mount into our seats with as great comfort as if by our bedroom fire.

The amount of caloric we laid in at Purdy's lasted us the whole of the next stage; and as a general rule, after looking very fiercely awake for half an hour, we would commence nodding, and soon be in a sweet, unconscious sleep. This would be disturbed by the sudden stoppage of our sleigh at Amherst, and by finding our head in the pit of our opposite neighbour's stomach. Our next stage would be Sackville, an uncomfortable halting-place, and at Dorchester we would breakfast; but to compare Purdy's with Dorchester, would be to compare Hyperion with a satyr. After breakfast, we would trot merrily on to Monckton, a station on the New Brunswick railway; but, compared with the night, daylight and everything seemed flat and tame; our fellow-passengers were cross, our venerable noses blue, and our feet cold.

A propos of the railways of Nova Scotia, I must

say that there is a Scotch proverb which exemplifies the relations between them and the province, namely, the proverb relating to "Muckle cry, and little woo'." There is a little over a hundred miles of railway in the province, but owing to some cause which is unintelligible to an outsider, and many less important reasons, which are easily understood, this undertaking has burdened the province with a heavy debt, and consequently heavy taxation, while it has irritated opposing politicians, and been a cause of deferring—perhaps for ever—many important acts of local legislation. The primary error, undoubtedly, was the making it a Government work, instead of leaving it to a company. Heavy sums raised at *six per cent.* on provincial debentures, make sad havoc with the revenue of the country. And the next great error—patent to all—is the custom too prevalent in our colonies under the system of representative government, of changing every official, however petty, at every change of government. Ruinous as this system has always proved in the United States, it bids fair to be equally so in our colonies; for no greater mistake can be committed than to displace an official as soon as he is perfect in his duties, merely because another party than that which appointed him comes into power, who have other objects for their patronage. I am afraid, however, that unless some change is made in the law or in human nature, things will remain as they are; for however sensible the opinions of a party on such matters may be when in opposition, they undergo a woful change when in office.

The evil effects of the present system are palpable in the generally inefficient way in which the lines are

worked. For slow rate of progression, I think the Nova Scotian lines of railway are as bad as the Grand Trunk, and I can say no worse; while for indifferent accommodation at the stations, and for want of taste in the route selected, I think, in Yankee phraseology, they whip the world. I am led also to believe by the statements of successive governments on taking office, that the roads and the rolling stock are neglected and starved, in order that the returns of revenue and expenditure may appear favourable to the public.

Leaving the railways, let us go to the shipping of the province. This is in a fair way of becoming very extensive, and should the threatened separation of the Northern and Southern States take place, I have no doubt that a great part of the carrying trade of these countries will fall to Nova Scotia. Ship-building, if I may judge by recent journals, is making a rapid progress, and the vessels built are of no despicable tonnage. Steam communication is kept up between Nova Scotia and England, as well as the United States, Bermuda, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick; and sailing packets run regularly between the province and the States, as well as New Brunswick, and, during the seasons, England, Malaga, and the West Indies. The fish trade of Nova Scotia, although injured by our treaty with the States, is still very extensive, particularly with the West Indies. A good many coasting vessels are employed in the coal trade, and the coal brought from Sydney is of a very fair quality, although inferior to English coal.

There is a considerable trade from Prince Edward's Island to Halifax in potatoes and oysters; and be-

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tween Cornwallis and the States in potatoes and fruit. A system of agricultural exhibitions—patronised by the government, and well attended—bids fair to raise the agriculture of the province to a much higher position than it now occupies.

But there are many bleak and rocky districts in Nova Scotia which forbid the softening hand of the agriculturist, and which can never be wrinkled by the toiling plough. Here, what nature has refused in one respect she has made up in another; and the mineral riches of Nova Scotia may form a more brilliant, if not a more valuable feature in her future career, than the slow and sure riches of agriculture.

The Nova Scotian gold mines are now very extensively worked, and although accounts vary as to their remunerative qualities, there is a strong evidence in their favour in the numerous companies and private speculators at work in every direction. On this subject, however, the best information can be obtained readily from the provincial authorities—so dry details may be spared in a work like this. But there are other mineral sources of wealth, which, if not so fascinating, are no less real and important. Coal, limestone, grindstone, granite, even marble, are items which are welcome on a nation's capital account; and in addition to amethysts there are rumours, approaching certainty, of other precious stones being found throughout the province. In some of the small rivers of Cornwallis, pearls are found, although I believe not in sufficient quantities to entitle the dealings in them to be called a trade.

But as, to people in England, it is the agricultural—not the mineral—wealth of Nova Scotia which is un-

known, I must recur before concluding to that point. There is land, and there is climate in Nova Scotia, equal to the best at home; and what is equally important, there are plenty of markets. For the capitalist there are certain returns in the farms of many parts of the province; and for the labourer there is no lack of high wages. And what Nova Scotia needs, and needs badly, is an influx of capital and of skilled labour. Not a speculative capital, but such as will be sunk in the province, and will do it and the capitalist both good; and not a supply of needy and ignorant workmen, but of artizans and stout-limbed farm labourers. With the internal resources of Nova Scotia properly worked, and the fisheries maintained at their present height, there would be bright days in store for its inhabitants.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE TRACKS OF LONGFELLOW.

Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grandpre.
* * * * *
Still stands the forest primeval, but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another nation with other customs and language.

I make no apology for asking my reader to step aside from the observation of more practical matters, to the contemplation of a scene which the genius of a living poet has rendered hallowed ground.

It is the proud gift of poetic talent to animate with its own fire, and render sacred by the power of its own associations, even dull, uninteresting localities, and ignoble and miserable subjects. But when the theme it selects to adorn, and to paint in glowing verse, and in undying colours, is one aided by a background of natural beauty, and by a tale of gallant endurance and unmerited suffering, then, indeed, poetry speaks to the heart of man more surely than the most impassioned direct appeal, and inspires every little relic, whether of scenery or history, belonging to the subject, with a value such as hovers over the

memorials of a lost friend, the toys and garments of a dead child, the letters and sayings of a lost love!

I know no poem which more readily reached the hearts of all classes of readers, than the beautiful one of Evangeline. It does not owe an adventitious success to its peculiar metre; for in English verse the hexameter is an unwieldy and halting rhyme. It owes all to the plaintive beauty of the story, and to the simple mode in which the poet tells it. Its heroes and heroines are humble, their only nobility being that derived from their sufferings, but there is no inconsistency in the description of their lives and language, and the very *similes* of the poet are borrowed from the scenery and every-day circumstances, amid which, not he himself, but the subjects of his poem dwelt. And yet what analogies could be more simply beautiful, or more successful in their appeal to a reader's fancy? Take, for instance, that beautiful illustration of the farmers' lives in the opening of the poem:

> Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
> Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven.

It is a marked feature of the best poets of our day —Tennyson, Longfellow, and also in a high degree the author of a "Life Drama," that they shower over their poems, like gold-dust, a sprinkling and abundant supply of images borrowed from the scenes of nature in the midst of which their own and their readers' lives are spent. And as it is too common with us to leave to posterity the task of analyzing the poetry of our age, and of marking its idiosyncrasies, one can picture the fond students of these poets learning—owing to this their characteris-

tic—that not merely to sing of men and arms has the Genius of Poetry come among men, but to paint with undying tints the every-day life of a people in all their little joys and sorrows, while showing side by side all the beauties in their rivers and woodlands which charmed them, with all the domestic habits which ruled them. Thus shall we see return, even in these practical ages, something akin to the manners of old, when poetry was the vehicle in which history descended to succeeding generations, or when it wandered about with aged minstrels and hoary harpers alike into the halls of the great, and the cabins of the poor.

There is always something sad in the dispersion of a people or a family. There is a melancholy cadence in the words of Scripture, "The land that knoweth them now, shall know them again no more for ever." Even in applying these words to the case of a family leaving their native land for a far one with a certainty of bettering their condition, it still sounds mournful; for there are ties between us and the land of our birth which sit lightly, until strained by absence, or tightened to irksomeness by circumstances which forbid return. But when, as in the story of Evangeline, we see a simple people warned at a short notice to leave the land of their birth, and that land so fair; to abandon their happy homes with all their primitive household gods; and, what to a simple people is more trying than all, to forsake their dead, and leave their ashes to sacrilegious hands; and all this for the stern prospect of strange lands and poverty—ah! then the poetry secures our warmest sympathies, and every step in the tale, every scene associated with their sufferings, becomes as it were our own, and is

classified with everything we prize or feel for most strongly.

The beautiful village of Grandpré! To be near it, the place read of so many thousand miles away in the long winter evenings, until our fancy had rebuilt it in our minds, sometimes with the old father blessing the children in the streets, sometimes as it was in that gloomy day of the mournful exodus to the sea-shore and the cruel ships. And yet to find, when close to it, that gaping peasants and ignorant shopmen stared as we asked for it, as if we had spoken in Greek; or "guessed that they did'nt know; it war'nt to thereabouts."

Quaintly does Bacon, in talking of the vicissitudes of things, say that after any great destruction at a place "it is further to be noted, that the remnant of people which hap to be reserved, are commonly ignorant and mountainous people, that can give no account of the time past, so that the oblivion is all one, as if none had been left." And although there may be much of romance in the tale of Evangeline, and the historical value of the leading circumstances be somewhat doubtful, still, coming to the scene of what is among us in England a household word, and finding it less familiar than to a Hindoo, would have been most depressing, had it not been aggravating.

It was but the other day that, running over a collection of favourite poetical quotations, I found the great majority were culled from this identical poem; and yet here, in the continent where Longfellow was born, within a few fields of where the opening scene of the poem is situated, to be greeted in answer to our eager inquiries with the open mouth and listless man-

ner of stolid ignorance, *did* seem—perhaps unreasonably—somewhat hard to bear.

And my ultimate informant was a Yankee skipper, who, like his countrymen when they travel, as they almost all do, had travelled to some purpose. It really makes one blush sometimes, in conversing with an intelligent Yankee, to find how much better they know the places of historical or other interest, even in one's own country, than oneself. And though it may be said, and often truly, that these Yankees merely *do* these sights, yet *we* do not even do that.

Grandpré is, or rather was, on the left bank of the Avon, a small tidal river falling—if so small a river can be said to fall—into the Basin of Minas. The latter is more properly called the Basin of *Mines*, and in it rises the tall crest of Blomidon, a large island-mountain, whose rocky sides abound in amethysts.

The Basin of Minas is merely an extremity of the Bay of Fundy, and like it, undergoes that enormous tidal influence so well known to physical geographers, and reaching to fifty or sixty feet.

Windsor, the head-quarters of the tourist to Grandpré, is a small, pretty town, also on the Avon, but more inland than the scene of Evangeline's expulsion; it is now the terminus of a line of railway from Halifax, a little over forty miles in length, which communicates with steamers from New Brunswick, plying about eight months in the year, and thus economising time and space to the traveller, in comparison with the overland route which is elsewhere described. If I remember right, the fare from Halifax to St. John, New Brunswick, by this route, is about twenty-six shillings sterling.

Owing to the enormous ebb and flow in the river Avon, Windsor must be described as a startling place to an unprepared traveller. You arrive, perhaps, in the afternoon, and while dinner is preparing you go down to the wharves, a few paces from the door, and see a broad sheet of red, muddy water, a steamer unloading with great bustle, schooners getting ready to go out with the tide, and every sign of commercial prosperity and maritime tumult. You then dine, spend an hour over the paper, adjourn to the bar, which in America is the lounge for the male part of the community, and then *while* away another half-hour with your coffee or unpacking your portmanteau, until, catching a glimpse of a splendid moon through the window, you resolve on a cigar by the water-side. Away you go, strolling towards the wharf at which you saw the steamer—reach it; you stop in amazement and rub your eyes, for lo! no steamers, no noise, no schooners, and above all, *no water!* You pinch your arm to see if you are in a dream; but no, it gives you immediate evidence to the contrary; so there you stand for a good half-hour, cigar in hand and forgotten, looking at a red field of mud sixty feet below you, and extending far on every side, with a little thread of water stealing down the centre, hardly broad enough to reflect the moon to your astonished vision!

Such being the case, it is a matter of no surprise that frequently, owing to fogs or head-winds, passengers on board the steamer losing one tide have to wait twelve hours in impotent anger beyond the river's mouth. And until modified by the introduction of new boats, I know few places where, even under

favourable external circumstances, one could spend twelve hours to greater disadvantage.

Let me go back a few years to my first weary night on that dreadful Bay of Fundy, and recal some of the discomforts of a venerable steamer which, thank heaven, is now affording state-cabins gratis to the dwellers at the bottom of the bay, who are in this respect more fortunate than their superficial brethren. Her name was the *Creole*, and in every respect was she out of place in those rough seas which are to be found generally between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Let me see, too; I think the creature had a history of some sort—had been a pirate, or was engaged in some Mexican expedition; at all events, the steward made some such assertion in his communicative moments; and to judge by the creaking and groaning of its aged timbers, the vessel seemed considerably distressed for the sins of its youth. I believe that for years before she went down, people would have felt no surprise if the usual announcement in the journals of her sailing had been replaced by one to the effect that owing to her expected decease having come off at last, there would be no trip this week: so there was a spice of suspense and excitement in going on board her, which tended at once to relieve the monotony of the voyage, and to deepen the warmth and affection of one's adieux. I have been told that a class of brigs, which in old times carried the mails between Falmouth and America, rejoiced in the soubriquet of "His Majesty's Coffins," and I am sure that this would have been no misnomer in the case of the *Creole*. In the moments during which the unhappy landsman is, by a wild

stretch of fancy, supposed to be sweetly sleeping on board ship during a short voyage, he is too often listening, with not a little uneasiness, to the dull hammer of the waves against the two or three inches of plank which separates his pillow from the cold grey water, and on board the *Creole* there was no doubt about this being the constant occupation of every cabin occupant.

The waves thundered against the crazy beams on which the tea-trays, called state-berths, were suspended, until you felt them give, and expected every moment the cold plash of water over your uneasy carcass. I forget whether I was sea-sick or not that voyage; but I remember attempting to partake of a meal on board. This may have been done as a cure for the malady, for constant stuffing is supposed, by some heathen, to be a remedy; but whether it was so or not, of this I am sure, that even to a sound and healthy digestion, a meal on board the *Creole* would have acted as a most violent emetic. Down, far down, in a part of the vessel where nothing but rats and parboiled stewards could exist with comfort—in a cabin whose sides were lined with the berths of gentlemen in more or less advanced stages of illness, you saw, by the flickering light of a suspended lamp, the meal which was to entice your appetite or charm away your sufferings. *And* that meal! Those cubic inches of steak, heated over and over again to succeeding lots of passengers until no trace of their original juiciness remained; those awful little dishes, containing about three sections of a potato, arranged as if to display in a concise form the more advanced stages of the potato disease; those warm, yellow

squares of Indian meal-cake, whose appearance and taste so strongly resembled brown Windsor soap, that one expected every moment to see the assembled company produce their razors and attack their neglected beards. The tea and coffee—Scylla and Charybdis, for you were allowed your choice of evils—and the horrible accompaniment to every méal served in Yankee fashion—eggs, in almost a raw state, beat up in a tumbler, as if for a pudding, by travellers of both sexes, and then, impregnated with pepper, swallowed wholesale. *Who* can give a just description of the horrors of the scene?

Away! away to the cold deck, up that faithless, unsteady companion; and now, like a dream, dreamed in bygone years, rises grey and slowly the picture of this first night on the tossing Bay of Fundy. Wrapping my plaid around me, and crouching on the stern of the vessel, I watched the heaving sea, and the dull leaden sky, where no star had yet hung out its silver lamp, and whence no ray of the moon had commenced to search in glittering path among the crests of the tumbling waves. Every now and then I would catch a glimpse of some bleak point of the shore, where, like champions held back from combat, the lowering rocks with stately pride, scowl at one another over the restless waters. And like a ghost in the night-watches, out comes Blomidon the Mighty from his robe of mist, and more deeply darkens the sky before us,

——away to the northward,

where, as Longfellow sings:

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic!

And so, after this circumlocution, we come back to it and Evangeline and Grandpré.

Of course we do not expect to find the village of Grandpré now. We have not forgotten that wild description of the hour when

> Columns of shining smoke arose, and flashes of flame were
> Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr!

Such a day as this, as might well be described in the nervous language of Sallust: "Rapi virgines, pueros, divelli liberos a parentum complexu, matres familiarum pati quæ victoribus collibuissent, fana atque domos spoliari, cædem, incendia fieri, postremo armis, cadaveribus, cruore atque luctu omnia compleri."

But still, although desolation succeeded these happy homes, like wandering through the study or favourite haunts of a departed friend, one fain would linger among the fields where the village was, or by the shore of that bay where on that day of sorrow

> The ships with their wavering shadows were riding at anchor.

Or, when the stormwind is up and blowing, one would fain hear in the voice of the turbulent waters, the same wail

> Which, with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,
> Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges,
> 'Twas the returning tide that afar from the waste of the ocean,
> With the first dawn of the day came heaving and hurrying landward.

The fields are green there now; and the sea speaks the same; and the story must linger in the poet's words, where the Acadians were not permitted to linger; but the forest is gone, and the simple homes,

and the pure hearts. And hush! as we look, the clouds part, and as of old to Evangeline—

> We see serenely the moon pass
> Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
> As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

But the original Acadians are not extinct even in Nova Scotia, their former home. Scattered in different parts of the province, but not mingling with the English settlers, retaining their religion, their primitive manners, their picturesque costume made after the fashion of old Normandy, whence the French Acadians originally came, they live a peaceful, subdued, and primitive life, their men honest, their women singularly chaste. A good many are to be found in Annapolis county, and a small colony of them live at Chezetcook, not far from Halifax. Any morning the Acadian women may be seen in the streets of the town with baskets of fruit, or knitted stockings or comforters, which they expose quietly for sale, without importunity or haggling. Their costume is a thick blue flannel petticoat, reaching to a little above the ankles (not a vestige of crinoline, ladies), a short blue jacket, a gaudy neckerchief tied bonnet-like over the head, thick woollen stockings, and heavy-soled shoes. Their manners and countenance are quiet almost to melancholy; and though the dark faces of their young women are often very beautiful, and the black eyes of all are bright and sparkling, I never saw anything approaching to coquetry among them. Indeed, as I have already mentioned, they always struck me as being a sad and subdued people; and if one could fancy a whole people *dazed* with some sorrow, as we so frequently see an individual,

such a people does this French Acadian tribe seem to be. They are very much influenced by their priests, but I am glad to say that this influence is not turned to any evil political end. Their domestic habits, I am sorry to say, are not of the cleanest, and too many crowd under one roof, as among the French Canadians; but no impropriety of conduct, nor looseness of morals seems to result from their crowded homes, and the necessary mingling of the sexes.

Among the districts surrounding Grandpré from Windsor to Horton, a distance of about twelve miles, there are many traces of the original French settlers. As in Canada, this is shown by the long lines of poplars, so in Nova Scotia they are to be traced by the abundance of orchards. From Windsor all round the shore to Annapolis through Cornwallis, we find these orchards at different points, and the high reputation for fruit which Nova Scotia has obtained is to be attributed chiefly to the original French settlers. To show the value of Nova Scotian fruit, I may mention an anecdote which was related to me. A gentleman in Halifax anxious to get some remarkably good apples for some dinner, sent to the New York market, commissioning a friend in that city to procure him the very best, totally regardless of expense, but he stipulated that the place where the apples were grown which might be selected, should be mentioned to him on forwarding them. The friend complied with the conditions, and considering the numerous fruit-growing districts whose produce finds its way to the New York market, the Nova Scotian gentleman was both surprised and pleased to find that the apples

which bore off the palm, were grown in his native province, in the county of Cornwallis.

This little village, Horton, which I have mentioned as being in the district round Grandpré, is situated on the Basin of Minas, and is divided into Upper and Lower Horton. Not being so high up a river as Windsor, it is more convenient in many respects than the latter for embarkation. On one occasion, being anxious to cross the Basin of Minas on a sporting expedition to Parrsboro', I found on my arrival at Windsor that the river was blocked up by ice, and that, therefore, the steamer could not enter. I was warned that my only chance was to drive on to Horton, which I did, and fortunately persuaded the proprietor of a small schooner to put me across. In later times, the little village of Horton was honoured by being made the port of embarkation for the Prince of Wales, when en route from Halifax to New Brunswick.

It may not be uninteresting to some of my readers to learn, in connexion with the little town of Windsor, that in addition to its being the site of the university mentioned in another chapter, it was once on a time a garrison town, and even yet contains the remnant of an old blockhouse, dignified by the name of a fort, but now, like the skull of poor Yorick, "quite chapfallen!"

In Windsor, also, resided for some years the immortal Sam Slick; indeed, the inn in which I stayed on my first visit, now succeeded by a mammoth railway hotel, was part of that comic judge's property.

CHAPTER VII.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

HAVING been sent in command of a small detachment of artillery scattered over this province, I had opportunities of studying it thoroughly, and some of my impressions I propose giving in this chapter.

New Brunswick is a larger, and in an agricultural point of view, a finer province than Nova Scotia; although the latter contains one county—Cornwallis—wealthier by its natural advantages than any part of the former. The distinctive superiority of New Brunswick lies in the size of its rivers, just as that of Nova Scotia lies in the splendour of its harbours. The chief rivers of the former are the St. John, the Restigouche, and the Nipisiquit; the first of these being navigable to steamers for more than one hundred miles from its mouth, and constituting, when frozen over in winter, a large natural highway, which opens up the resources of the country. The other two are

more famous than it for the excellence of the fishing they afford, the tales of sport on them being almost incredible to those who, like most of us, consider a salmon or two a very good day's work. I knew one party of three rods—not very good sportsmen—who in one day took thirty-five salmon. The great value of rivers in a new country, is the facility they afford for bringing out of the interior the timber procured from the woods as they yield to the encroachments of the various clearings. The trade in this timber, or, as it is called, lumber, is one of the chief items of the entire trade of the province, and the harbour of St. John is surrounded by saw-mills, and wharves for loading vessels with deals. This harbour of St. John affords a melancholy instance of human discontent. For, be it known to my reader, this city is the commercial capital of the province, although not the seat of government, and between it and Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, there has always been a considerable emulation and rivalry. Being of much the same size, and within a short distance of one another, as distances go in America, the rivalry produces a little ill-feeling, fostered on both sides by the remarks of a thoughtless press. Now, to a disinterested individual, each city seems possessed of so many advantages perfectly different and peculiar to each, that quarrels seem out of place. But, instead of St. John being satisfied with the magnificent river at whose mouth it is situated, whose waters are equal to all the running waters of Nova Scotia together, they must needs claim credit for their harbour being equal to that of Halifax. This seems so ridiculous to one who has no personal feeling to gratify either way, that

we hesitate whether to wonder most at the audacity of the New Brunswickers, or the folly of the Nova Scotians in condescending to argue the point. But it is often argued, and sometimes in the most ludicrous way. I remember, on one occasion, the people of Halifax invested in a steam-tug for the aid of their shipping. Owing to the width of their harbour, even at its mouth, this investment was somewhat superfluous, for the largest vessel could beat in and out with ease; and while the tide is far from strong, it is also unimportant, on account of the ample depth of water throughout. The tug has, therefore, had to eke out the profits from its legitimate traffic by making pleasure-trips up Bedford Basin, and along the coast to the various gold-diggings now in operation. However, when the Halifax press announced the intended purchase of the tug, the delight of the St. John papers was unbounded. Rushing into extravagant leading articles, they announced with yells of triumph that the harbour of their good city boasted of about a dozen. There is nothing like making the best of an evil; and the St. John editors commenced by ignoring the evils of their harbour, and then boasted of the remedies they had found requisite!

So might one deny the existence of headache, and yet proclaim the number of pills it had rendered necessary. For the harbour of St. John is a tidal one, the tide flowing to the height of fifty or sixty feet with all the force of an impetuous stream, and hard work would it be for any ship to beat against that tide, or even to sail against it with the fairest wind that was ever let loose from the caves of Æolus. Hence their tugs; and feeble must have been their

reasoning powers who hurled, by way of boast, their existence in the teeth of their rivals. Truly it was a foolish proceeding; for even in the harbour itself, apart from the magnificent river, there are not a few causes for just pride. That very tide which sweeping in and out in such volume leaves the mud at the foot of the wharves bare twice a day, constitutes thereby a natural dry dock, whose virtues go far to make up for the other disadvantages. Had the editors boasted of this instead of their steam-tugs, they would have shown themselves as wise in their generation as that Mayor of their city, who, learning that Her Majesty's ship *Hero* with the Prince of Wales on board had grazed off Quebec, telegraphed at once to offer the harbour of St. John as a dock for inspection and repair. Such an advertisement would be worth a year of inflammatory editorials. Unfortunately, the press on the other side is far from blameless; for it uses the presence of our large North American squadron every summer as a taunt against their neighbours; whereas the sole reason, I believe, for selecting it in preference to the other is its geographical position; the inducements and facilities for desertion to the Yankees being greater at St. John, and the British tar not having yet attained that height of patriotism, which would enable him to despise the dollars which go hand-in-hand with the stars and stripes, even while himself serving under that haughty banner which has braved so many things a thousand years.

The presence of that ill-fated ship, the *Great Eastern*, in Halifax harbour was a sad blow to St. John; but as, owing to some preposterous mistake on the part of the Nova Scotian authorities, the great

ship left in a few hours boiling with rage, it was not made such an occasion of boasting by the Haligonians as it otherwise would have been.

But a soothing and eke a proud moment was it for St. John when under the stimulus of the "*Trent*" affair, transport after transport landed its living freight on their wharves *en route* for Canada; and right well did they earn this poor reward for their staunch patriotism, at a time when the outbreak of hostilities with the United States would have ruined their commerce, desolated their hearths, and made a shambles of their fertile territory. After the sight of their volunteers of all classes shouldering with ready glee the baggage of the troops who had come across the sea to fight by their sides, and with the recollection still fresh of banquet after banquet in their honour, until one began to fear that in St. John the English army would find a Capua—one would be glad if, instead of an occasional gunboat in their harbour, they might have a squadron for evermore; and in place of a single battery, and half a regiment, they might have a second Aldershott hutted among them by the green shores of the beautiful Kennebecasis. And the writing of this long and breakneck word reminds me that I am at my old trade of wandering from the subject more immediately in hand.

Now, in commencing a description of a province, I consider it best to begin with its capital. And although *de facto* the capital of New Brunswick is Fredericton, yet *de jure* St. John undoubtedly deserves the title. For although the former contains the seat of government, the governor's residence, &c., yet it is but a village some eighty miles up the river,

while St. John is a city of some forty thousand inhabitants, and any street in it could buy up the whole of Fredericton. Undoubtedly the last-named is more picturesque; St. John having few claims to be considered so; and perhaps it is desirable in a new country to use such levers as the presence of the governor, and Houses of Assembly, for opening up the interior; but in reality, Fredericton is no more the capital of the province than Windsor or Osborne, compared with London, is of England.

St. John is built with considerable irregularity on a hill, but contains a good many tolerably large streets. The chief business thoroughfares are Prince William-street, King-street, and Dock-street; and the favourite streets for private residences are Germain, Charlotte, and Sydney-streets with Queen's-square. There are several good banks, the most handsome being the new Bank of British North America, in Prince William-street. At the corner of this last-named street, near the reading room, and not far from the Post-office and Telegraph-office, it is the custom for business men much to congregate for the purpose of deep and earnest conversation. I have an impression that this is the Stock Exchange of St. John, but I always regard with awe anything of that description, and have a painful feeling when near such a group, of being an irreligious and uninitiated interloper. I would rather have plunged into the Maëlstrom to pull a friend out, than have attempted to extricate him from the solemn group that always seemed to stand at Chubb's corner. If I could not avoid passing near this spot, and felt called on by the courtesies of life to say, "Good morning" to any of the indi-

viduals there assembled, I would do so hysterically, and feel as if I were guilty of a commercial sacrilege. Had I been told afterwards that my flippant remark had done something injurious to exchange, or played the old Harry with deals, or that by interrupting the remarks of some capitalist I had done something offensive to ships' bottoms (a most important item, I understand, in this good city), I should have felt no surprise, but much penitence. In fact, so cheap did I hold myself when near this corner, that, but for one circumstance, I should have for ever forfeited my self-esteem, although that is no easy faculty to knock out of a Scotchman. The means of its rescue was as follows: Weather permitting, it was my custom once a week to march my twenty men into the country in the very heaviest marching order possible. I would have gone miles out of my way then rather than avoid that corner. I felt at these moments that though my band was small, still they and I were representative men of a body which has created panics among stocks, as well as foes; and not deals, not grain, not King Cotton himself, would have lowered my pride there.

When away from the scene of these grave and solemn meetings, I could not help marvelling at these gentlemen selecting "Sub Jove" to transact their business, when so many spacious halls were languishing empty around them. Could it be that it was to enable Mr. A. to rush unnoticed to telegraph if the millionaire, Mr. B., smiled, or to enable Mr. C. quietly to draw his last dollar from that neighbouring bank if he detected gloom on the face of one of its directors? Or, is it that speculation is, physi-

cally as well as mentally, a feverish pursuit, and that the investments of capital are made no less in a draft than by a cheque? One thing I know, that it happening one winter night to snow so heavily that, aided by the wind on the following morning, some six or seven feet deep of snow were banked on this important spot, and all standing room was thus prohibited, I never saw so sad a sight as the countenances of the desolate merchants at every door and window, their agonised features revealing harrowing tales of speculations suppressed, and of undertaken transactions left involuntarily in *statu quo*. Truly, if everything is vanity and vexation of spirit, to me *maxima vanitas* is Chubb's Corner!

The hotels of St. John are numerous and tolerably good. For one making a hurried visit perhaps the best and most convenient is Stubbs's; but, if a long visit is proposed, the comforts of privacy and good attendance are to be met with at the Waverley. Cabs are abundant in St. John, and comfortable; but here, for the first time, I met with the custom of turning cabs into omnibuses at all the steam-boat landings and the railway stations, and of compelling you to pay for four seats if you object to have any one thrust into the vehicle which you fondly hoped was your own private property for the time. They have all a pair of horses, and, being built in the States, are all covered with a preposterous amount of plating and ornament, the tendency of which, in a stranger's eyes, is to make the Jehus appear, if possible, more vilely attired than they really are, and that implies a bathos of degradation in dress which is almost incredible.

The fortifications of St. John are not in so good a

state as they would probably have been, had our Government kept up a decent garrison during the last few years. An island called Partridge Island lies off the mouth of the harbour, and constitutes a strong natural defence. It has a powerful armament in very weak batteries; and on the island there is in addition a lighthouse, a powerful steam fog-whistle—producing the most appalling noises ever heard by man—and a quarantine hospital. The name, Partridge Island, is not uncommon along the eastern shores of the lower provinces; and the two of the name with which I am acquainted, afford the most glaring cases of *lucus a non lucendo* I ever met with.

Partridges, indeed! You are as likely to meet an apteryx or a dodo!

The barracks are very good for their size, and are situated to the south-east of the town, with a large green parade in front reaching to the sea, and bounded by three batteries, rejoicing in the names of the Dorchester, Mortar, and Graveyard batteries. The latter gloomy title arises from a tradition that beneath the ground on which it is built were huddled many years ago the bodies of those who fell victims to a severe epidemic. These barracks were rather permitted to go to seed when the garrison was reduced to a few gunners; but the influx of troops at the time of the *Trent* affair, caused them to be freshened up a little, although they proved far inadequate to the demands made on them by the troops pouring through. Across the harbour, on an eminence, is an old block-house called Carleton Tower; and on a neck of land to the south of the harbour, the authorities are at present engaged in erecting powerful batteries, to

be called, I understand, the Negrohead Forts. The remains of an old fort, now used as a magazine, and called Fort Howe, situated at the head of the harbour, completes the catalogue of our defences for what in case of war with the Yankees would prove a priceless situation to retain, and constitute an irreparable loss if captured. It would be a great matter for our prestige, for the safety of our shipping, and the advantage of our colonists, did each of our chief colonial harbours contain a permanent iron-clad blockship moored across, as an offensive and defensive weapon against an enemy's fleet. Sea-going qualities need not be insisted on; even rigging could be dispensed with; for there is no reason why they should not be built in the harbours they are intended to protect; and yet in their *armed inertia*, they would be a powerful addition to the land batteries, and a rallying spot for merchantmen.

I had almost omitted, however, to mention, that there are on charge, and in the hands of the volunteers, a good many field-pieces complete, and, from what I saw of the volunteer artillery of New Brunswick, they could not be trusted in better hands.

The public city buildings are not very numerous. There is, however, a tolerable Mechanics' Institute, where courses of lectures are delivered every winter, and which contains a library, and the nucleus of a museum. The Roman Catholic cathedral is a very handsome building; nor has it a rival in the form of a Protestant one, the latter building being at Fredericton, the bishop's see. The chief English churches in St. John are Trinity, St. James's, the

Stone church, and the Valley church. There are here, as in most American cities, an enormous number of dissenters.

There is a large building corresponding to the Palais de Justice, a prison, and across the river, near the suspension bridge, a large lunatic asylum. It is painful, although not astonishing, the number of lunatics in the lower provinces of British North America. It arises much, I believe, from constant intermarriage; and I have no doubt is aided in the towns and villages by habits of constant intemperance. When will our colonists throw away the vile and too prevalent habit of "nipping" spirits from morn till night, and take, like their fathers, to beer?

The first object to which you would be driven by a native, is the Suspension Bridge over the rapids of the St. John river. This is a fine specimen of workmanship, but although much larger, is not I think so picturesque as the bridge at the Grand Falls, some one hundred and fifty miles further up the river. The whole of the road traffic to Gagetown and Fredericton passes over this bridge; and in summer, notwithstanding the steamers plying day and night on the river, this is by no means inconsiderable. The rapids over which the bridge is swung, are at low water considerably beneath it, and almost merit the name of a waterfall. But an amusing circumstance, although useful withal, is that at high tide the water rises so much that the current actually runs the other way; the inequality of the river's surface disappearing, the falls invisible, while steamers and sailing vessels ply up with ease. I was stupefied the second time I crossed the bridge, having seen it first at low water,

and now at high, without having been warned of the peculiarity.

So much at present for the city itself, and now a word or two on the inhabitants.

Were, in these days of competitive examination, the various bishoprics offered to the public, and were the subjects chosen those which, in the Bible, are considered the proper characteristics of a bishop, I believe that on the single ground of their absolúte perfection in the Episcopal virtue of hospitality, every see from Canterbury to Sierre Leone would be awarded to St. John.

The genial and uncalculating kindness of the whole community, rich and poor, gentle and simple, is imprinted on my recollection in ineffaceable characters. Nor is it that dreary hospitality that dwells in Bloomsbury and in provincial towns at home, where dinners are given in the same spirit that debts are paid; and an evening party is always associated in one's mind with a daughter to marry. The St. John hospitality is after this wise; and in no way can I better describe it: You are met in the street by Paterfamilias; after a little preliminary conversation, he suggests luncheon, dinner, or a rubber in the evening as the case may be; and you know the custom of the house, and do not dread a sour or gloomy welcome to an unexpected guest, while thoughts of cold meat rise in your hostess's discontented mind. Verily, I have seen cold mutton assume the guise of a royal banquet under the influence of genial smiles and cheerful welcome; and never was the merry rubber for sixpenny points unaccompanied by the cosy jug of steaming punch. Not that I by any means insinuate that the usual life is one of cold

meat—far from it; let me tell you, good Mrs. Simpkins of Baker-street, or you, Mrs. Scraggs of Little Paddington, that your grim feasts, with wines from a new company, joint from a bad butcher, and attendant sprites whose nature and name is green-grocery, would, in these colonies of ours, pale away into merited insignificance beside the dinners I have seen, and—thanks to thee, O star of my nativity —have tasted.

What think you of this for a dinner in the dead of winter, in a city whose name mayhap is strange to you, or, if known, has always been associated in your mind with Indians, and bear-meat, and mouldy biscuits? Let me recal part of the *menu:* there were quails from Virginia, prairie-fowls from the Far West, canvas-back duck from the New York market, and hare come all the way from England wrapped tenderly in ice! These with joints beside which your inevitable roast and boiled looked miserably tame; fish as good as you ever bought in Billingsgate; soup not made with the *debris* of a week's housekeeping; and sweets that would have done credit to Gunter or Verey. But above all these luxuries there rises in my mind the recollection of a hock, whose bouquet and flavour would open the eyes of those many wine companies (limited we hope in their dealings as well as constitution), which are now inundating our metropolis. And yet higher than it, embracing feast and feasters in one sweet atmosphere, was that feeling of genuine hospitality, beneath whose surface you felt that the host was not counting the cost, nor the hostess scoring off your name from her list of creditors *in re* dinners and entertainments! To

some such genial host on some cold winter's night would Horace have sung those cosy and epicurean lines:

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponeus: atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina
O Thaliarche, merum diota!

I never knew a town in whose society there were fewer cliques; the result was, that any joint undertaking was generally eminently successful. I entertain most delightful recollections of pleasant sleighing parties to a spot on the Kennebecasis some seven miles from town. The sleighs used to parade in a square in the town, or in the hollow by the Valley church, and mustered as a rule pretty numerous. Generally a four-in-hand containing some eight or ten passengers would lead, and another bring up the rear; the others, pleasing in their variety, descended through the several grades of unicorn, tandem, the domestic pair of stout coach horses, even to the sled with the fast trotting pony. The gay robes and skins more varied than the coat of Joseph, the merry tingling of many-toned bells, the joyous shoutings and laughings, combined to render the effect on a stranger, such as to make the pretty faces in these same sleighs most dangerous and inflammatory in their influences; while to one past the impressionable age, it seemed not unlike some gay travelling circus, and beat Wombwell's menagerie all to nothing. Several times we attempted music *en route*, but the frost either split the reeds or froze up the cornet, and the result was, that we kept the music for our dancing after luncheon. On one melancholy occasion I brought a corporal who was believed to be very strong on the cornet, and a temperance man to boot; while

in power of lungs he was supposed to be more than a match for Jack Frost himself. Whether he got an absolution on that day, or imbibed it medicinally, I cannot say; all I know is, that the arch impostor required so many stimulants of the very strongest spirits to keep him up to time, that on commencing to dance at our destination, it was found that he was only capable, in his part of the orchestral performance, of interpolating an occasional unearthly wail, and was speedily removed drunk and speechless. When driving home in the evening, our Orpheus was strapped to the boot of the leading sleigh, and kept muttering the whole way a most courteous wish "that we should not go out of our way to drop him first!"

We generally had luncheon at a small hotel called "Watts's," and danced till twilight, returning in the grey evening, merry and too frequently *spooney*, often finishing at some house in town with a rubber, perhaps a second dance and supper. In the vicinity of the above-named hotel there are many pretty cottages, the summer residences of the wealthier classes of St. John, whose windows command a beautiful view on the Kennebecasis, a large lake or reservoir from the St. John river, whose further shores are bounded by ranges of picturesque purple hills, forming altogether a picture more like our Scottish lakes than anything I saw in America. It is a favourite spot for boating, although subject to severe and sudden squalls, most dangerous to the inexperienced.

A melancholy accident which occurred on it when I was in St. John, was the means of bringing to my notice a superstition perfectly strange to me, and I

daresay to many of my readers. Preparatory to a small yacht race, a gentleman, the owner of one of the yachts, and also one of the wealthiest men in St. John, had gone in a small skiff on the lake, and through its being upset in a sudden squall he was drowned. This happened in the afternoon, and at about 6 A.M. on the following day, I was awakened by a request for the services of a gun detachment to fire over the spot where the body had gone down, in the expectation that the concussion of the water, or some such cause, would make it rise. Of course, however much I might doubt the efficacy of such a proceeding, yet under the melancholy circumstances I could not but grant their request; but although my anticipations were verified by the barren results, I was surprised to find in many instances a belief in the utility of this method, and from more than one individual I received anecdotes which were supposed to be corroborative. Still, while unprepared to refute them, I fancied that other and more natural causes could be brought to account for them.

While on the subject of the relaxations and amusements of the St. Johnians, I cannot but express my surprise and regret that in no other town in British North America, Quebec alone excepted, with which I, at least, am acquainted, does the noble English game of cricket meet with so little encouragement. There are difficulties about a good ground, certainly, but these would vanish before an energetic community like this, were they in earnest in a desire to foster the game. It may be, too, as I hint in another chapter, that the absence for so many years of a garrison has had much to do with the fact, but still there must be

some other latent cause, or one, at least, not superficially visible. For little Fredericton is one of the keenest places for cricket I ever saw, and would beat many an old country village of twice its size all to nothing. And in the neighbouring province as I have already shown, the love of cricket always great, is now waxing stronger every day.

Before entering on a few details more connected with the province than the city, I shall give to the best of my recollection the current market prices of most articles of food at the time I was there, and I understand these are generally unaltered now. Beef and mutton in the open market average about 3d. a pound, and less if bought by the quarter, which in winter every one can do, keeping it frozen until required; potatoes, about 1s. 6d. to 2s. sterling a bushel; partridges, 1s. a brace; rabbits, 5d. a couple; woodcock and snipe, 2s. to 3s. a couple; carriboo venison about 4d. per lb., and moose meat the same, or 1d. less; salmon, 6d. per lb.; sea-trout, less; and lake-trout, 2d. or 3d. a dozen: tea is from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per lb. of the very best; flour varies, and also oat and Indian meal; the beer of the country is tolerable and cheap; coal is generally about 18s. a chaldron, and wood 3½ to 4 dollars a cord. All vegetables are cheap and good; but everything in the form of cloth or dry goods, except the homespun cloth of the province, is indifferent. House rents are high; furniture dear and bad; and there is a sprinkling of the rowdy element from the United States in the city; but with these exceptions you may go far before you will come across a more cheerful residence than dear old St. John.

Although the lumber trade of New Brunswick affords more employment than any other to its inhabitants, I am disposed to think that it would be better for the wealth and welfare of the province, and infinitely more profitable in the long run for the settler, if the agricultural features of the province were more studied than they are. The immense tracts of well-watered and fertile land which are found all over the province, seem to cry out for labour and cultivation; and the value of land when reclaimed and offered for sale, shows that the colonists are not ignorant of the agricultural richness of their soil. The lumber trade is capricious, and even if not so, is exhaustible; and while it is wrong in the light of political economy to see a province, or even a county, liable to the sufferings incidental upon the depression of any one article of trade, with no other item to counterbalance their losses, it is surely even more than folly, actual suicide, to continue living, as it were, not on a regular income, but eating into a capital which one or two decades will exhaust utterly. The emigrant who would turn his hand to agriculture, would find in New Brunswick not merely the advantages of soil I have mentioned, but also good roads and rivers, which, winter and summer alike, are so many highways ready-made for him; he will have numerous and excellent markets, with great facilities of communication, and he will reap the advantages resulting from a well-managed and tolerably extensive system of railways. And in colonies like our British American colonies, where as a rule railways are inefficient, and too often are gigantic political jobs, it is pleasant to be able to state that we find exceptions, at least, in New Brunswick.

One line from St. John to Shediac, a port on the east coast, about one hundred miles in length, is one of the best built and most ably managed lines I have ever met with; and another line connecting St. Andrews, a port on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, near the State of Maine, with Woodstock, a moderately large place, about forty miles higher up the river St. John than Fredericton, although unfortunate as yet financially, requires only time to make it as good a speculation as it is beneficial to the province. For I am certain, and I do not say so without knowing that I speak the opinion of no mean authorities on railway matters, that a railway will always create its own traffic, where it does not already exist. Run a line through the Desert of Sahara itself, and I am not sure that you would not have villas springing up in a few years alongside, with occasional hospitals for victims to pulmonary or other diseases, to which moisture is antagonistic. Therefore, although I once spent the most miserable twenty-four hours of my life on the line of railway alluded to, I do not hesitate to say and to hope that its success will be in proportion to its merits, and when they are, may I be a shareholder!

For farming, I should prefer the land around Sussex Vale, Gagetown, Fredericton, and Woodstock; or if prepared to rough it, I should commence clearing any of the land on the river St. John. But there is a district in New Brunswick, with which I am unacquainted, away towards the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and generally talked of as the "North Shore." The sportsman would like this, but the

agricultural emigrant as well might fall there on his feet, if report speaks correctly. I am the less disposed, however, to make particular selections on my own responsibility, as I know that every information can be obtained from the provincial authorities and their agents, both in England and in the province, far better than could be given by one of limited experience like myself.

'I should here like to mention, *par parenthese*, the advantages of the long dreary winter which seems so serious a drawback in English eyes. And, first, let me say that, to a certain extent, nature herself rearranges the apparent disproportion of the seasons, if we are obliged to take the English arrangement as the standard. It does so by supplying an infinitely greater rapidity to vegetation, without producing rankness or coarseness. This it is that enables districts whose fields are covered with snow from October to June, to produce and ripen well in the open air, grapes, peaches, and fruits, which one associates with climates extremely temperate if not nearly tropical. I would next say that this heavy blanket of snow which in winter covers the ground, is highly beneficial to the soil, acting as a protection against the keen frosts, which would otherwise penetrate many feet into the earth; and in the spring, by its melting, fertilising the soil and preparing it for its summer crops. And, lastly, I would state that to this long winter, the sellers owe more than can be described by the facilities of communication by sleighing over the country where there may be no roads, and where transit in summer would be wholly

impossible. By this means also, they can take their horses and oxen into the forest with ease, the underwood being dead, and draw out the huge trunks of trees which form so important an item of their trade.

The shipping of New Brunswick is pretty extensive, and owing to their cargoes being chiefly timber, and therefore bulky, the vessels are generally of considerable tonnage. In this respect they differ from the Nova Scotian ships, which being chiefly employed in the West India trade, or others where the cargoes are not so bulky in proportion to their value as timber, such as sugar, fish, fruit, &c., are themselves also very small in comparison with the value of their contents.

The fisheries of New Brunswick are not extensive. In the Bay of Fundy the chief fish is shad, a bony but delicious fish.

Shediac is famous for oysters of an excellent quality, although larger and a little coarser than English or Leith oysters; but one's palate soon gets accustomed to the difference, as ye may well bear witness, O noctes multæ ambrosianæ, when this little shell-fish provoked the merry quip, the pearls of jest and repartee, and begat again and again the thirst for that mighty and refreshing fluid, beer!

And, lastly, I have to make the same sad statement as in my chapter on Nova Scotia, as to the cruel evils resulting to the province by its possession in this, its unfledged youth, of representative government, and almost universal suffrage. I speak not merely of the preposterous fact that some quarter of a million

people should have their upper and lower Houses of Parliament, with the many forms and ceremonies which, although appropriate and dignified in England, are a mere travestie there; nor do I speak of the folly and danger of intrusting in the hands of a few men, too often ignorant and unprincipled, the destinies of what ought, with fair play, to be some day a rich and happy country; but I do protest against the moral evil the system begets among the inhabitants, —the loose habits of life and of thought which almost invariably accompany, among the lower orders, the use of political power and the contemplation of political dishonesty and traffic! In my mind, to ruin an honest labourer, the best thing you can do is to give him a vote: it unsettles him utterly, and deprives him of those characteristics which, I think, are his chief virtues. I have drawn a conclusion from what I have seen in six years of American politics, and it is this: that for the purpose of gratifying a prejudice, for it is nothing else, you periodically unsettle the trade of a country, and the order and discipline of its inhabitants, and that there is no man so unbearable and so thirsty at election times as your independent voter. On the question of the justice of universal suffrage, I speak elsewhere; but in concluding this chapter, which I do while fresh from the perusal of a new pair of orations at Rochdale by Messrs. Bright and Cobden, I would say that, in the contrast these gentlemen draw between our voting colonists and our non-enfranchised peasantry, they are either greatly misled, or sinfully misleading. The state which they term liberty in our colonies is de-

generating daily into unbridled licence; and the interests of the provinces instead of being in the hands of the few who have a stake in them, are in the power of a mob who cannot comprehend the great principles of a nation's prosperity and liberty, and who would not probably if they could. No! no! educate first, and then enfranchise; do not enfranchise in order to get a more extended system of education, as these gentlemen propose to do.

CHAPTER VIII.

HALIFAX TO MONTREAL.

Per mare, per terras.

In the end of September, 1857, I resolved on taking a run of a few weeks in Canada, taking a glimpse also at the Northern States. To see many places was impossible, owing to the limited time at my disposal, and the great distances in America compared with England. By means, however, of Appleton's Guide, I sketched out a route, which seemed to include many places of interest, while it was at the same time feasible as regarded the time at my disposal. My intention was to proceed to St. John, New Brunswick; thence by sea to Portland; from the latter city to Montreal, by the Grand Trunk Railway, and then up the St. Lawrence to Kingston and Toronto. From Toronto I proposed crossing Lake Ontario to Niagara, and, after a short stay at the Falls, I should come home by Albany, Boston, and St. John, or from Boston to Halifax direct, should I hit off the Cunard steamer between these ports.

This is a route, the greater part of which has been more than once described by able pens; but, as few people look at a place with the same eyes, I do not think there is much danger of monotony in description. Besides, although this particular journey of mine was hurried, and my observations necessarily superficial, I purpose embodying in this place, information which I afterwards obtained, by frequent journeys, and prolonged residence in several of the places, through which I passed very hastily in my first expedition. And, as travellers are apt to note either the "*mores hominum*" or the "*urbes*," as their minds may happen to be constituted, but seldom both thoroughly, I trust that having lived more intimately and thoroughly in our American colonies than a mere traveller, more, indeed, like a resident, I may give a tolerably accurate account of both these subjects of travellers' contemplation.

In 1857 the railway from Halifax to Windsor was incomplete, being open for ten miles only, as far as the head of Bedford Basin, leaving the remainder of the journey to be done in a coach. This coach, and its fellows all over the province, were the most amazing specimens of carriage architecture ever beheld. The roads of Nova Scotia, to which, by the way, I should have alluded in my chapter on the province, are a disgrace to the country, and a source of extreme discomfort and irritation to passengers in any conveyance, public or private, with springs or without. In huge vehicles, like the old stage coaches to which we have alluded, springs were utterly out of the question; so the body of the conveyance was hung on gigantic leather bands, long enough to allow of considerable

oscillation, and, in a sharp turn of the road, to give the outside passengers a practical conception of the power of centrifugal force. The interior was roomy, and passengers sat three deep, through an ingenious arrangement of leather bands, which without blocking up the ordinary two seats of a close carriage, formed a movable back to a third. The horses were wretched, the coachman important, the coach coated with the mud of ages, but allowing, nevertheless, sufficient antique gilding and ornaments to peep through, to awaken in one's mind the idea of a Lord Mayor's coach under a cloud. There was a reckless way of piling passengers and luggage on the top, which must have appalled the nervous insides; indeed, old ladies seldom took their eyes off the interior of the roof, but remained gazing, with a devotional aspect, as if they hoped to prevent accidents by keeping the top of the coach in a mesmeric trance.

The method of driving was one calculated more to display the sure-footedness of the team than to reassure timid passengers; the coachman generally driving furiously down hill, so as to get sufficient way on to carry it up the incline which generally follows a descent. At these moments, the compressed lips and fixed look of horror to be seen in the elderly passengers served to divert one's attention from the loosening baggage and the extremely precarious tenure of one's private portmanteau. I remember on a later occasion than the one referred to in this chapter, the long-expected break-down came off, but fortunately without injury to anything save a wheel; but we had a walk of some *five or six miles* in consequence, as well as a great deal of that mental anxiety which

afflicts the travelling Briton whenever he is separated from his personal baggage.

The first twenty-five miles from Halifax to Windsor is as sterile and unpromising a drive as the last ten or fifteen is the reverse. On all sides there is nothing but a stunted forest of sometime hardwood, sometime pine, whose wretched growth speaks volumes about the poorness of the soil, and whose monotony is only varied by the occasional bleached forms of ancient giant trees, which rear themselves above the surrounding foliage with their dead branches covered with sweeping moss, and stretched wildly to heaven, reminding one of those beautiful lines in "Evangeline," speaking of these forest patriarchs:

> Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and pathetic,
> Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Every now and then you come on a small clearing with a wretched hut on it, or some miserable shed by the roadside for the sale of spirits to the men working on the railroad; but to the farmer, or the immigrant, few spots can be conceived more uninviting than those through which we drove in the old staging days for the first two or three hours of our journey. But, as far as scenery went, there is, to the artist, no lack of wild and beautiful subjects—forest scenes, or water scenes, for the whole country is covered by continuous chains of lakes, in whose dark waters are mirrored with striking effect the trees and the heavens. And there is something so different in the little world of passengers on a coach, from the six silent individuals in an English railway carriage, each with his *Times*,—so much heartiness, so abundant a conversation, that when the country was more than usually uninterest-

ing, we were not left to twirl our thumbs in stupid silence. I have meditated on this singular difference between coach and rail, and have decided, to my own satisfaction, at least, that the superior amenity and cheerfulness of the passengers by the former, is due to the presence of the coachman, who, acting partly as a master of the ceremonies, partly as a speaker of this little assembly, and partly as a species of host, begets an ease and a conversation among the passengers unknown in railway travelling. For instance, who ever saw an outside passenger by the mail reading a newspaper? or who ever knew a couple of outsiders sit together a mile without seeing them exchange information as to their destination and other matters, to ask about which in a railway carriage would be deemed an impertinent intrusion?

The first private residence of any consequence is Mount Uniacke, a place more like an English manor-house than any I have seen in the province.

But the first place which when found is to be made a note of, is the hotel known as the Halfway House. Alas! as to many of our best inns in England, the now completed railway has brought desolation and silence on this hospitable hearth; and the landlord may well wring his hands and mutter, "Ichabod, Ichabod." But in the days I talk of, twice a day did a coach disgorge a hungry load of passengers to do justice to breakfasts whose equal I never shall see again. Rise yet again in our memories, O vision of clean room and blazing log fire, where, on snowy linen, the juicy steak reposed by the sputtering chop, or the brown spatchcock was spread, as if in mockery, *vis-a-vis* to a huge dish of eggs and bacon, while every

corner saw rolls and toast, Indian meal-cakes with delicious butter, and excellent tea and coffee. Rise, too, ye dear old waitresses, with snowy caps and ruddy faces, whose welcome was as hearty as if we were the only travellers you ever saw, or ever should see again! The charge, too, was so moderate, only eighteenpence, or in American parlance, three York shillings; and a very good eighteen penn'orth we always took, thanks to the oxygen imbibed on the top of the coach; and plenty of time were we allowed to do our duty by it.

Ah me! when I went to Windsor by train, and made an effort at one of the stations to obtain refreshments, how sweetly did the memory of the old Halfway House come before me, as I stood in a long wooden shed, contemplating some cups of a thick, dark fluid, mingled with plates of apple-tart, cut in geometrical sections, and somewhat fossil-like in appearance. I dropped my shilling in my pocket again with a sigh, and, as I turned away, I thought that, perhaps, after all, in these racing days, we paid somewhat heavily for rapid locomotion.

But I am waxing maudlin, and on a subject which should appeal more to the feelings of Joe, the immortal fat boy, than to any respectable traveller. However, not to come too suddenly from the description of a meal to that of scenery, let me pause to mention a fact connected with the diet of the Nova Scotian peasantry—I may say, the peasantry of the greater part of our American colonies and the Northern States. As among our Australian brethren, but with less reason, *tea*, among the peasants and domestic servants, is an invariable concomitant with every meal, completely taking the place of beer. One

reason may be that tea may be had from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a pound; and another, that the beer of the colonies is decidedly inferior to that which can be procured for the same price at home. For such of the settlers as live far from any town or village, beer, even if good, would be out of the question, on account of the impossibility of transport. So tea offers the easiest means of avoiding cold water as a beverage, a drink to which I think the labouring man has a wholesome antipathy. Good beer, I have heard many medical men declare, is far better for working men than tea, which, taken in such enormous quantities, must have an evil effect on the nervous system, while conferring, at the same time, no nourishment. But this is a trifle compared with a much worse habit, which is gaining ground very rapidly in our American towns and villages. I refer to a custom, imported from the United States, called "nipping," or dram-drinking, which, without actual intoxication, keeps the nerves under the continued influence of stimulants. Although domestic servants in the towns have the same habits, as regards tea, as the country settlers, it is to be deplored that this abominable system of nipping is acquiring a prevalence among the lower classes—and even the young men of the middle and upper—nearly as great as in the Northern States. The quality of the spirits within the reach of the poor is infamous, rendered so by the fiery, poisonous ingredients which are used to produce a cheap and intoxicating compound. One vile drink, composed largely of vitriol, and known variously as "White-eye" and "Razors," is so cheap that it has been truly said a man can get drunk on it for twopence. This

filth is the ruin—physically and morally—of a great portion of our soldiers and sailors in America; and it is disgraceful to the colonial governments that the infamous traffic in it should be allowed to continue. In six years' service in America I have seen many of our finest men fall victims to its poison; have seen healthy men dwindle into consumption and death; and have known wretched men under its influence commit unmanly suicide. I have seen sober men become habitual drunkards; happy families made miserable by its desolating breath; and men who, in their reasonable moments, loathed their drunken habits, I have seen unable, in the cold climate, to resist its temptation, and go speedily down that ladder of vice whose last step is in the grave. No intoxication is more bestial than that produced by this vile compound. Men under it are carried away screaming and howling like devils. No other drunkenness is followed by a reaction so dreadful as this. Physical anguish, intense mental depression, burning thirst, all combine to drive the wretched victim back to his enemy for an hour's forgetfulness. Although the good things of life are meant to be used in moderation, and the soldier who takes his beer is as good, and better, than the man who inflates himself with unwholesome ginger-pop, or curdles his blood with lemonade, still there is a limit which the private soldier is too easily led to transgress. And, although Shakspeare remarks that

> A soldier's a man and life's but a span,
> Then come let the soldier drink:

yet he must not become a beast, either by drinking to excess, or bad, unwholesome liquor. And where

advice will not deter men, nor is power given to individuals to check the consumption and sale of such poison as demoralises our garrisons in the west, surely the government is bound to interfere, and assumes a grave responsibility, as well as incurs an awful risk, when it declines to do so.

But while we are moralising the coach has changed horses at Martin's, and is speedily lessening the distance between us and Windsor, which we approach through a beautiful, well-cultivated, and fertile district. Ere long we see the University, and the many spires of the village, which speak as much for its sectarianism as its religion, and we are not long in embarking on board the steamer *Creole, en route* for St. John. This unhappy vessel, to which allusion is elsewhere made, was one of those singular-looking American steamers universal on the rivers and lakes of the continent, with whose appearance we are rendered familiar from childhood by the vignette on the first page of the *Illustrated London News*. They are bad sea-boats, from the amount of top-hamper they carry; but there are plenty of harbours along the coast, where, in event of rough weather, they can put in for shelter. On leaving St. John, a city elsewhere described, which we did on the morning after our arrival, I found myself on board a larger vessel of the same description as the *Creole*, with a motley crew of passengers.

One great beauty of these steamers is, that from all the cabins being above water in tiers, with large windows and balconies, one does not suffer from that abominable sour atmosphere which one associates with steamers on this side the Atlantic. There is a pleas-

ing attempt at decoration in the saloons, and a general cleanliness in the sleeping berths of vessels of this description belonging to American companies, which tend greatly to lessen the discomfort usually attendant on a short sea passage. We found, in this respect, a marked superiority in the journey from St. John to Portland, over that melancholy night on the *Creole*, between Windsor and St. John.

The presence of negro stewards and stewardesses on board the Portland steamer reminded us of our approach to Yankee land, for in that free country "a man and a brother" generally is to be found in the most menial offices. There was a bar on board—that great American institution, and the attendant sprite was an active young mulatto, who varied the monotony of his spirituous duties by shaving the passengers for a small consideration. It is singular in the States to see the numbers who are dependent on professional artists for this simple, and with us domestic, duty. Every hotel of any size has its barber's shop attached; and hundreds, not merely the residents in the hotel, troop there daily to have their lank yellow cheeks shaved, and their beards trimmed and pointed. The shaving and hair-cutting establishments of New York are conducted on a scale of magnificence, which make them well worth a visit; and in every petty river or lake steamer you find, as a matter of course, a small den for similar purposes, with almost invariably a coloured barber.

Early as the hour was on the morning we left St. John, I found the bar well filled with gentlemen having their early bitters—their gin-sling, phlegm-cutter, or morning glory, or some other of the drinks to

which an ardent fancy loves to give startling names. And here for the first time I witnessed the custom, afterwards so familiar, *of standing treat for drinks.* No matter if wholly unacquainted with those around him, the first thing a true Yankee says is, "Strangers, lets liquor!" And as a matter of course the strangers accept the invitation, and during the day most honourably does each one reciprocate the compliment. The result is a life of stimulants, a disordered stomach, a diseased appetite, and an unwholesome complexion.

In small inns, particularly in the country, where the landlord is his own bar-keeper, he often avails himself of this custom in a way that redounds highly to the good of the house.

Being on one occasion, when travelling alone, obliged to spend the night in one of these small hotels, I went for company to the public room. Here I found a considerable assemblage of the village males engaged in that desultory conversation which generally precedes liquid refreshment.

A stranger, and particularly a Britisher, was an unusual treat for this group, and in a moment I was helpless in their hands, commencing to suffer that course of cross-examination in which the Yankee excels. The landlord was a sharp fellow, and had an eye to business; and seeing that it was an advantageous moment, he announced his intention of standing "*free drinks*" all round to commence the evening's entertainment. Whether it was the unusual charm of drinking a landlord's liquor gratis, or not, I am hardly prepared to state, but the hearts of the company were at once opened.

His example was followed by each in succession—

and as there were some twenty of us, I looked forward with some horror to having to accept the hospitality of them all. After an hour or so, therefore, I pleaded fatigue, and retired to rest; but just before I got into bed I heard some one stumbling at the door, and, on looking, I found one of my friends from below with a steaming glass of something in his hand, which he pressed me hard to take, hiccuping out "only sleeping drops—that's all."

The natures of American drinks are rather startling to an Englishman at times. There is a small town called Eastport, on the borders of the State of Maine, at which we made a short stoppage on our way to Portland. Here I accepted the invitation of a fellow-passenger to go on shore and "licker" at a *rare* place with which he said he was acquainted.

This choice house of refreshment was in the main street of the place, and seemed a species of small wine merchant's. My hospitable stranger gave his orders in a low tone, and presently two large tumblers of a dark fluid were presented to us. Watching his movements with some anxiety, I saw him chuck the contents of his glass down his throat as calmly as if it had been a thimblefull.

Naturally concluding that it was some cooling drink, I proceeded to treat mine in a similar manner. In my haste I had swallowed half before I could check myself; but conceive my horror on finding, while this autumn day was still young, that I was drinking *port wine* in tumblers; and no soft mellow wine, but a good fiery mixture of raisins and brandy, which reminded one more of the snapdragon of early youth than anything else. And while doubled up by

internal burning and remorse, insult was added to injury by my companion remarking with a complacent air:

"I reckon, stranger, you don't have no such stuff as that down east where you was raised!"

Down east, O gentle reader, is the Yankee synonyme for our country, whose flag &c. &c.

Long before my dismay had subsided, the steamer was ready to continue her journey, and we went on board.

There was little to do there but to lounge on the deck or in the saloons. Though rejoicing in the name of *The Admiral*, our vessel was a shocking slow coach, and night coming on found us still some nine or ten hours from our destination.

As we move over the swelling waters, where, like the seagull, the shadows of the night are nestling closely down, we can distinguish the clouds thronging dark and gloomy above us, and the wind wails, as in a lonely house, whose corridors are haunted by memories of the dead. A rough night seems imminent, and our boat may have to struggle with the winds and waves for her gaudily-painted carcase.

And thought, like the sea, takes its hue from the clouds, and is stormy and dark and troubled.

I am led to believe that at certain states of the mind there is no greater luxury than a good cry for the fair sex.

A *good think* (if I may so utterly disregard Lindley Murray) may be made an equal source of pleasure to the male part of the community. Instead of yawning and grumbling, when one happens to have nothing in the way of active employment, a solitary seat on deck,

or under a tree, with a perfect abandoning of the mind to thought, may yield to a healthy mind a calm but intense enjoyment.

Thought may be considered the atmosphere of the universe, and as our terrestrial region of air is troubled with clouds and eddies, mists and whirlwinds, so also is the kingdom of thought; but in both these are soon surmounted, and far above, through all infinity, stretches the calm, illimitable ether.

Thought is, too, as a ladder to heaven: on silent feet, and with noiseless wings, the spirit clambers up its steps, and strives to reach the infinite! And as of old to the patriarch at Bethel, so to many of us there appear angels, ascending and descending, whose bright forms are but rays glancing from the great sun of all truth and all knowledge.

A life of thought is the life of angels, for we can free ourselves from earth and body, and, soaring away into space, and back into vanished ages, can gaze on the mysterious and hold intercourse with the dead.

Verily, at times it is a good thing to dream and encourage reverie! The mind will surely never linger long in voluntary reflection on what is foul and sinful; let us ascend above that layer of the atmosphere of thought, which, as in the earth, alone contains the odours and impregnations of filth and crime; let us ascend, never wearying, to that calm blue ether of thought, where we shall find that strange and pleasing repose which, to the mind, accompanies pure and profitable action.

* * * * *

"Ease 'er!" "Stop-p 'er!" "Back 'er!" are the familiar sounds which, at early dawn, wake me from

a brief but sound slumber, and announce to me our arrival in the harbour of Portland. This, one of the finest harbours in the world, was selected two or three years after, as the harbour to which the *Great Eastern* should make her maiden voyage. On the strength of this, the Mayor and Corporation built a fine large wharf, and the hotels let apartments at enormous prices weeks in advance of the great ship's promised arrival. Mighty was the wrath, and loud the cries for legal vengeance, in the good city of Portland, when, without assigning any cause, she went off to New York, and in their fair harbour made no sign. And as if heaping injury still further on them, although the sea monster is now as familiar as a household word in New York, and has visited also Quebec and Halifax, she has never thrown her mighty shadow over the still waters of Portland harbour. Therefore, and it is useful to know it, few things are more calculated to *rile* the inhabitants of this fair city, than any allusion, however distant, to the leviathan steamship.

I landed about 6 A.M., and walked about an hour or so, until the time should arrive for the train's departure. I need hardly say that the first house I asked to see was that rendered sacred by the name of Longfellow. How little did I dream then that the next time I should visit these now quiet streets I should find them filled with recruiting parties, and booths erected in the squares and market places with gaudy flags of invitation to the young men of Maine, to serve their unhappy country in her mad struggles for empire in the swamps of far Virginia. More dread sight than their own poet's skeleton in armour is this

the skeleton of a great republic, donning the garb of war, and hurling its mad weapons against its own bosom.

The first hotel in the city, I believe, is the Preble House, and I can answer for its comfort from my own later experience. The city is a fine and clean looking one, large, busy, and populous, and with many pretty drives. Its magnificent harbour is the winter port for the Canadian line of steamers, when the freezing over of the St. Lawrence makes it unnavigable. An Englishman, on visiting Portland and the magnificent state of which it is the capital, cannot but regret that, owing to the superior sharpness of Yankee diplomacy, or our politicians' ignorance of geography, we were cheated out of a district which would have been so fair a jewel in our colonial diadem.

Being my first landing-place in the United States, I confess to a strong temptation to give a few of the ideas which impressed me with regard to Yankees and Yankee land. I am only deterred by the feeling that whatever I could say, would be merely a feeble endorsing of the clever sketches of such men as Dickens and Trollope. For it is a singular thing that when an Englishman visits the United States for the first time, he falls into one of two extremes; either the extreme of admiration of everything in the institutions and people before his eyes, like Messrs. Bright and Cobden; or the other extreme of depreciating or ridiculing everything and everybody.

I confess, to so conceited a being as John Bull is when out of England, the latter extreme is more natural and general. And, unfortunately for the

Yankees, there are so many points in their national customs and institutions which are assailable to ridicule, that the traveller, predisposed in this way, may be a long time in the country without exhausting them, and ultimately leave with the impression that there is nothing admirable in Yankee habits, institutions, or country.

But although almost every traveller in the Northern States carries away with him a feeling that the natives are, without exception, the most unpleasant people in the world; yet, it would be a blind prejudice which would induce one to deny the existence of magnificent natural advantages and of some social customs, which might be engrafted on the old country with considerable profit. There is but one thing in the United States which is utterly wrong—and of which one's most fervent wish is, that it may never cross the Atlantic in even the smallest item—and that is their entire political system as to be seen in city, county, state, and union, in individual character, or in national results. Even in the palmy days of the Union, before its hearths and plains were desolated by war and death; before its rulers became insane and irresponsible tyrants, and its people unresisting slaves, there was nothing amiable or lovely in the system of mob government which prevailed in every department. The pandering to electors' private interests at an election time was only less despicable than the inflaming of their passions, when it was desirable to conceal from the public any political job or government error. No! we in our constitutional freedom and under our happy government, can afford to pity our unhappy transatlantic brethren; but may the

day be far distant when any one—save ranting Democrats or Chartist orators—shall suggest to an English government to borrow even the most trifling ingredient in the system by which the United States are ruled.

But, as I have said, there are some social customs which we might adopt with advantage. And among these may be included the hotel arrangements provided for the travelling public, in all cities of any size in the Union. And first, and to the Englishman most satisfactory in its novelty, is the fixed tariff of charges, by which you are enabled to calculate your bill to a cent, however long you may stay.

The charge at the best hotels is always ten shillings a day; equal, before the days of greenbacks, to two dollars and a half. This included four meals a day; the free use of magnificent saloons, reading-rooms, smoking-rooms; the entrée of billiard and hair-cutting-rooms in the premises, with good bedroom and excellent attendance. In the best hotels in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, the cooking and bills of fare were superior to anything even in Paris, and you were not limited to fixed hours for your meals. Dinner was to be had from two to seven o'clock; and the tables in the *salle à manger* were of a size just large enough to accommodate parties from four to eight or ten.

In country hotels the unpleasant system of dining at a fixed hour at one long table prevails; and it is there that one sees most forcibly the unpleasant customs of the Yankees, who, if a disagreeable people at most times, are particularly so when eating. But in the first-class hotels, this inconvenience is modified,

and one may have privacy to a great extent as well as luxury. The extras, which in English hotels are the mysterious and heaviest part of one's bill, are reduced to certain and known sums, and may be *nil* if the traveller chooses; for all *fluid extras*, save what are called for at table, and which are checked by wine-cards, are paid for in ready-money at the bar, which is in these hotels always a large, well-frequented, and comfortable chamber. I confess, on looking back to many visits to the States, that I derived more pleasure and comfort from their excellent hotel system than from any other of their customs; and while unwilling to make invidious comparisons, I feel called upon to award the highest honour in point of comfort and luxury, to the Revere House in Boston. This hotel, which was beautifully fitted up for the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit to America, belongs to a man who owns also the best hotels in the other large cities of the States, and has the supplying of travellers' wants, and the administering to their most luxurious wishes, reduced to a system the most perfect, and yet the most unobtrusive.

And, oh! English reader, in America, the waiter is reduced to his proper sphere. No smirking idiot brings you your bill, and remains hovering round you till you pay him his share of the plunder, although you have a large item for attendance staring you in the face on your receipted bill; no chambermaid finds it necessary to be sweeping your bedroom-door at the last visit you make to your chamber; no boots deserts his duties to hover with the porter and page on the door-steps, in the sure hope of douceur. No; in the States you receive and pay your bill at the hotel

office to an individual who expects a tip about as much as your banker; your waiter appears, like your chambermaid, when wanted, but they are not obtrusive when you leave, nor strive to ease you of superfluous half-dollars; and the boots cleans your boots, and nothing more. Your wishes or complaints are attended to promptly at the office; and your deposits there are as safe as in the Bank of England. You are welcomed on arrival; looked after while staying; and not neglected when leaving. Is there nothing in all this which might be taught to the British bandit of a landlord, greatly to the traveller's advantage?

I have delayed thus long over the subject of American hotels, notwithstanding my resolution to avoid committing myself to any detailed reflections on Yankees and Yankeeism, merely because no subject more nearly concerns the traveller in any country than the question of his accommodation. Therefore, although in one sense the perfection of Yankee hotels may seem purely a national matter, yet in another sense it may be considered a cosmopolitan one. And apart from the mere considerations of comfort for the wearied traveller, or luxury for the delaying one, there is an undoubted pleasure to the old traveller, and an encouragement to the intending one, in being able to calculate to a fraction almost his probable expenses. It is commonly said that in America one can travel with comfort—including everything in the form of fares and hotel charges—for an average of 1*l.* sterling a-day. And this is perfectly true, provided you are moderate in the point of wine, &c., stay a week at a time at a place, and do not include boxes at the theatres, or innumerable cabs,

under the head of travelling expenses. Now, where in England can you travel at that rate? You pay some 4*l.* sterling for the occupation of a seat in a first-class railway carriage from King's Cross to Scotland, from nine o'clock in the evening of one day to four o'clock in the afternoon of the following. And if you hint at a dinner such as you get in America at any good hotel, why, your 1*l.* a-day will not carry you as far as the cheese. No! there is no doubt about the matter. England is the most delightful country in the world to spend money in—but for the poor man or the traveller let him rather go to Jericho.

But it is time to proceed to the station of the Grand Trunk Railway—a most unimposing edifice—and take our tickets for Montreal. And as the Grand Trunk is no Yankee institution, but wofully a British one—a shame to its contractors, and a sorrow to its shareholders—I may, without breaking my resolution, vent on it a few well-merited imprecations. Not that I am an indignant and suffering shareholder. I am thankful to say I was never trapped into lending money on the debentures of this unhappy company; nor did I ever see shares of mine descend rapidly from a premium (if those of the Grand Trunk were ever at a premium) to a horrible irrecoverable discount. I speak my wrath merely as an outraged traveller—not a disappointed speculator—and that my anger is justifiable, I appeal to all who have ever been compelled to travel over its lines.

The rate of travelling is miserably slow, not exceeding, I should think, an average of ten miles an hour. The stoppages are so numerous as to make one

imagine that the adventurous spirits who planned the stations must have studied a map of the district similar to that immortal map of Eden, prepared by Mr. Scadder for the information of Martin Chuzzlewit, and such like immigrants.

If an average of one traveller to every station be allowed, it is as much as can be done by even the most liberal computer, and surely this is not compatible with dividends. But the chief delay in travelling by this line, the greatest job of even Grand Trunk jobs, is that infamous imposition—Island Pond. Would you believe it—oh! reader accustomed to fly in easy express through the long hours of night by silent York and slumbering Carlisle; wont to dine in Edinburgh and breakfast in London; or dine in London and breakfast in Paris—that travelling a short distance from Quebec or Montreal to Portland, leaving late in the afternoon, and with no plea of exhaustion to offer, this good company of ours shunts its trains of passengers about ten o'clock at night into a desolate station called Island Pond, in the midst of an uninhabited country, and thus drive you and yours into a second-rate hotel—*nolens volens*—where you are fleeced of your dollars for infamous fare, although, fortunately, clean beds; and then shot out at 5.30 A.M. to complete your miserable journey by noon, whereas you might have been easily at your destination by sunrise. And should you be so unfortunate as in your ignorance to take your ticket by the Grand Trunk on a Saturday, you will be dropped at Island Pond that night, and not allowed a chance of escape until Monday morning. And oh! who can do justice to the horrors of a Sunday at Island Pond?

I do not know what consideration the company receives from the proprietor of the hotel for thus goading into his arms the passengers by both up and down trains, but it ought certainly to be something very handsome. The fare is of the rudest, and the independence of the attending damsels would make you swear, if it did not make you laugh; and while waiting for your turn you have the satisfaction of seeing the guard of your train attended to at the same table most obsequiously, and evidently considered the greatest man of the company.

The guard, or conductor as he is termed, is a very important official compared with our civil and decent guards at home. Only when the train is in motion does he bind on a small label, "conductor," as a badge of servitude; and to save himself trouble he issues to the passengers supplementary tickets inscribed on which—*inter alia*—are his own christian name and surname. But although so high and mighty a man, our American conductor occasionally condescends, and should there be a vacant seat among your party he will not insist on an invitation, but will sit down in it, giving you unasked the benefit of his conversation, and *guessing* enough for a dozen less important characters. A lady in the position of an unprotected female was put in the same carriage with me, and in the seat immediately next mine, by a gentleman, who was too young for her father and too attentive for a husband. After covering two or three of the nearest seats with small parcels, bonnet-boxes, and the other small *et cetera*, which the fair sex consider too valuable to trust out of their reach, he mentioned that he

knew the guard, and would ask him to look after the lady. Presently he returned accompanied by a stout party whose form was not yet degraded with the label proclaiming his office; he led him up to the lady:

"Mr. Smith," "Mrs. Brown;" "Mrs. Brown," "Mr. Smith." Then, with as much solemnity as if two dignitaries had been introduced by an official M.C., Mr. Conductor Smith held out his hand, and, as he shook that of the lady, mentioned that he would be happy to keep an eye on her during the journey. Oh! Mr. Weller, sen., what would you have said to this? Oh! decent guards on any line at home, would you rather have gone through this dignified ceremony or accepted sixpence?

In addition to his legitimate trade, the innkeeper at Island Pond drove a thriving trade in exchange since the war commenced. Being situated just on the border between the States and Canada, this sharp fellow used to make Canadian passengers pay him their good dollars at par, while from Yankee travellers he would only accept the Greenback at its current rate of depreciation. The company was to be blamed for all this, not the man in whose way they threw the temptation; and they will soon find that this iniquitous system of delay on a short journey will affect their passenger traffic. As it is, hundreds of travellers who would otherwise use the Grand Trunk, go to Boston from Montreal by the Vermont Central and Lake Champlain Railroad, a comfortable and very fast rival line.

Another fault in the Grand Trunk arrangements is the infamous nature of the refreshments offered at the

different stations: Stale biscuits, disgusting beer, bad tea, with independent ruffians, male and female, to sell them. Can the company do nothing to remedy this? But the recalling the different items of discomfiture in travelling by the Grand Trunk so swells the burden of my discontent, that I get incoherent in attempting to recapitulate them. I can only say that I have made many, many a journey, since my first on that line, and equally many on other lines, both Yankee and colonial, and the result has been to make me dislike the former more, and to raise unreasonably the merits of the latter, when compared with the Grand Trunk shortcomings. Even in the celebrated winter of 1861-2, when the whole energies of the company were called forth, and the remuneration they received was great in proportion, there were too many instances of neglect and want of foresight and preparation. Witness the 63rd Regiment, on its way west from Montreal, snowed up helplessly, when a little anticipation and care would have so easily prevented it.

The redeeming point in the line is the wonderful, unrivalled Victoria-bridge at Montreal, although, by the way, a company threatens this session to build across the Forth an equally magnificent structure. The melancholy feature in the Victoria-bridge is that it was the crowning point of the company's financial ruin, and dissipated for ever the first faint shadows of future dividends, which highly imaginative shareholders may have seen in the dim regions of possibility.

But to return. The course of time brought me to Montreal, in spite of the Grand Trunk, and there I spent a few days. As I was destined some years

afterwards to spend some months there, I shall, in describing it, talk of it as it is, not as it was in 1857, when only a few piers showed where the great bridge now is.

Montreal is the commercial capital of Canada, and the military head-quarters. Its population is, I believe, over 100,000, and the present garrison—I mean by this the garrison in 1862, only altered in 1863 by the substitution of a battalion of rifles for the 47th Regiment—the garrison present when I was quartered there, was composed of an Armstrong field battery, two garrison batteries of Artillery, a company of Engineers, a battalion of the Military Train, a battalion of Grenadier Guards, and another of Scots Fusilier Guards, the 1st battalion of the 16th Regiment of Foot, and the 47th Regiment. These, in addition to the staff, the commissariat, military store, and army medical department and corps, formed a tolerably large garrison, and was placed under the command of General Lord Frederick Paulet. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Fenwick Williams, with his staff, also had their offices in Montreal.

Although a fine city, and containing many wealthy and hospitable inhabitants, Montreal is about the least popular of our garrisons in the West. Almost all the amusements of the military are got up and maintained by themselves, and there is not the same sympathy between the civilians and the troops as exists in the Lower Provinces, and in such cities as Quebec and Toronto.

There is a sad deficiency of public places of amusement, and such as are there are but indifferently patronised. The theatre is very poor, and there are

not so many means of evening enjoyment or improvement as in towns quarter its size in the other provinces or in England. A holiday, therefore, witnesses the people thronging away in thousands by the various steamers which ply on the river in all directions, or the trains which ply east, west, and south, to places where novelty affords the wearied labourer a charm.

The city itself is situated on the southern side of a large island on the St. Lawrence, and slopes gradually up from the water's edge to a mountain, from which the city derives its name. By a strange piece of dishonesty, the poor mountain, in giving its name to the city, lost it for itself, and is only known as "The Mountain." The drive round it, and the view from the summit, are well worthy of the traveller's attention, but would be more so were he not so persecuted on the subject by every native of the place. The houses are chiefly of white granite, and roofed with tin, so the appearance of the place in a bright day is remarkably clean and cheerful. The new streets are broad and handsome, the old ones are narrow, and remind one very much of the streets of old continental towns. The street of Notre Dame is the most important of the latter, that of St. James of the former.

The public buildings are numerous, and some of them are beautiful. The most imposing one is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, built in granite, a little in the style of its Parisian namesake, and containing, it is said, the largest bell on the American continent. The market of Bonsecours is a large and commodious building, where one can obtain food for the mind, as well as nourishment and clothing

for the body, and the most beautiful flowers. A crowded market morning is a picturesque sight, the fanciful dresses of the French Canadians mingling with the more sombre garb of ordinary citizens, and the blue and scarlet of the military, all combine to produce that pleasing effect, which is often the result of involuntary confusion.

The courts of law, the English cathedral, and the various convents, are among the other most prominent and attractive buildings.

The various barracks are commodious, although most of them are buildings hired and improvised for the purpose at the time of the "Trent" disturbance; and the public offices are respectable and roomy. But there is a considerable lack of accommodation for the officers; so much so, that most of the regimental messes met at first in the various hotels in the city, while the members lived in lodgings. A propos of hotels, Montreal has not much to boast of in this respect, compared with Yankee towns. The best are the St. Lawrence Hall, Donegana's, the Ottawa, and the Montreal House. But these pale away into insignificance, beside the many palatial mansions in the States; the only point in which they resemble them being their charge; and were these reduced, instead of the comfort, one might pardon them. The great point of inferiority in a Canadian hotel, is the style in which the meals are served.

The best residences in Montreal are in the outskirts, near the mountain; and many of them rival the best English villas in style, comfort, and elegance. There are many very wealthy men in Montreal, and to their public spirit are the inhabitants indebted for

the well-supported educational institutions, as well as most of the objects of interest in the place.

The majority of the inhabitants are French Canadians, and of the balance not a few are Irish, so the Roman Catholic religion is the general creed among the people. At night, walking in the streets, it is difficult to fancy oneself in an English town, so much more French is overheard than English. The streets have both the French and English names printed up; the law courts conduct their business in both languages; and the very Houses of Parliament in this most indulgent colony, carry on their debates in a double tongue. The wealth of the Catholic Church is enormous, and this, coupled with the indulgences concerning their own laws, are good guarantees for the loyalty of the French Canadians. He would be a rabid republican, who would dream that a government, like that of the United States, would allow these indulgences to remain unrepealed, or that wealth uncoveted, were they in a position to attack the one or rob the other. But of this we hope to speak more fully in another chapter. The French element, however, breaks out in many singular ways in the community; not the least striking of which is displayed in the national enmity, which has prompted the defacing of a large monument, erected, in one of the squares, in commemoration of Nelson and his victories.

There is a large, but only partly turfed cricket-ground in Montreal, rendered famous by having been the first arena on which the All England Eleven confronted their Transatlantic brethren. The game of cricket requires fostering in America; and the

best nurses in our colonies there are the army and navy. The impulse given to this sport in Montreal by the recent large increase in her garrison is very apparent, and will, we hope, tide it over many years. But to make it as national a game in our colonies as in England, we must trust to the schools and colleges taking it up in the same spirit that our public schools do at home. Last season the annual match between Eton and Harrow was played on Lord's Ground, in the presence of twelve thousand spectators. When such a day comes in America, we at home will have to look to our laurels; and the progress of our National Eleven will change from a procession of easy victories, to a succession of anxious and hard-fought combats.

There are two strong objections to Montreal. They are the heat and consequent dust in summer and autumn, and the mud in spring. They are both equally abominable, unendurable, and any other protesting adjective which the reader's invention can apply. I am afraid to say how high the thermometer went, sometimes out of sight, I should think; and, by way of contrast, the mud was sometimes so deep in spring as to put the passengers almost out of sight.

There are many pretty drives round Montreal; and through the suburbs—where, by the way, you will meet that excellent university, known (from its founder's name) as the McGill College, whose present principal, a colonist himself, from Nova Scotia, Dr. Dawson, is well known to the scientific world as an eminent geologist. Out of consideration for your driver's scruples, you will have to drive round the mountain first, but if you are then allowed an option,

allow me to recommend the drive to Lachine, the western extremity of the island. In one of those bright autumn days, so well known to American tourists, warm without being tropical, clear and bracing without a chill for even the most sensitive woman, there are few journeys can repay the tourist so well. As you drive along the river's bank, you meet it sometimes pouring along silent and sullen, sometimes as by magic changed into a laughing, leaping thing, full of life, and joy, and song. By-and-by, you come on islands of marvellous green, between which you get a glimpse of the rapids of Lachine. Ere long, you see them in their majesty, tumbling in volumes as of white impetuous foam, and sending up to heaven, as incense from an altar, gay columns of glittering spray.

Surrounding them is a varied panorama of great beauty, which fills the heart, and stills the voice, with emotions well known to the lover of nature. Unless, indeed, emotion gives way to excitement, as a steamer heaves in sight, ready to run the rapids; and we utter shouts of half wonder, half amusement, as the throbbing vessel, half driven, half a free agent, rolls and tumbles among the heaving waters, like a porpoise on the sea in a summer day.

And then you enter the little village of Lachine, with its thousands of logs lying in the river at its doors, waiting a purchaser, ere they shoot the rapids. There is a terminus here for a small line of railway from Montreal; but as far as hotel accommodation goes, for the tourist, I would advise you to carry your own basket, and return to your own bed.

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH THE THOUSAND ISLES TO KINGSTON.

> A sudden splendour from behind
> Flushed all the leaves with rich gold-green,
> And, flowing rapidly between
> Their interspaces, counter changed
> The level lake with diamond plots
> Of dark and bright.
>
> TENNYSON.

LET me commence this chapter by cautioning any traveller in Canada, who desires either economy or enjoyment of the scenery, to avoid on every possible occasion the railways, not so much from their discomfort, as from the unhappy routes they take, giving you a minimum of landscape beauties at a maximum of charge. As a rule, steamers, which are built for passenger traffic on the lakes and rivers, are remarkably comfortable, and the fare on board is equal to what one generally gets at Canadian hotels. The charges are moderate; and one is saved frequently, in long journeys, the expenses of nightly hotel accommodation, without the usual discomforts attending night-travelling by rail. You may get a clean, airy state-cabin for a trifle extra, and be just as comfort-

able as in a hotel; while the saving in expense, and in time, will be worthy the attention of even the more wealthy tourist.

If it be a judicious advice, generally speaking, which recommends steamers in America in place of railway, there can be no doubt as to its worth and value, when applied to the particular route which it is intended to describe in the present chapter.

As a rule, river scenery is monotonous. Now, do not let my English readers flare up at what they must consider a heretical statement. I do not by the word "river" allude to the streamlets which in Great Britain are dignified by that name; whose length is not great enough to weary, and whose banks are adorned with all the charms which the highest art can bring to assist nature. I mean those rivers which are the main arteries of continents, such as the Mississippi, the Amazon, the Ganges, and the Volga, whose wild banks are rank with a vegetation which is tangled with age, and stunted to the dwarfdom of a second childhood. On the waters of rivers like the Mississippi you are carried for days and nights past precisely the same style of scenery, beautiful at first to the eye, but soon sadly wearisome—so much so that your attention is eagerly attracted by some miserable log-hut, whose crazy timbers may vary the monotony of your limited horizon. There is really less sameness in a sea-voyage than in a journey on the Mississippi; for, in the former, the waters themselves show in the same day an infinite variety of mood and countenance, and reflect faithfully the changeable heavens.

But the St. Lawrence is the exception, which,

according to universal precedent, proves the asserted rule as regards the scenery of large rivers. For by its green waters, we have, alternately, noble efforts of man and the wildest grandeur of nature: here we come on a mighty city, in an hour we pass through the silent forest. Nor do we find here the dull sluggish waters of some rivers, nor the muddy hue of others; this noble river is now calm, now laughing, now flowing peacefully between wide banks, anon compressing its silent and earnest waters in a deep dark channel; sometimes studded with islands, sometimes like a wide sea sleeping.

Now-a-days, the class of tourists is so enormously increased, that, in addition to the many other inconveniences consequent on this fact, the old and once limited class of travellers cannot, on leaving home, escape from the worry and annoyances which are often attendant on domestic life and home acquaintances. There is no seclusion now, even among Alpine glaciers! and you may meet your tailor *en famille* in a Swiss valley. Belgium is becoming another Boulogne; and you find your old neighbour in the western postal district, rearing his family in seclusion in the Quartier Leopold, on the rent of his London house. Paris is becoming a suburb of London, although S.M. L'Empereur thinks, I have no doubt, that it is the other way; and that singularly English locality, the Palais Royal, with the institution yclept, even in Paris, Tattersall's, serves to remove the idea of a foreign country from the artless traveller's mind. Oxford men pull their four-oars on the Danube; and your boot-maker takes Mrs. Balmoral and the little Balmoral's on a cheap family return ticket up the

Rhine from Rotterdam.' Ladies go head-long into the interior of Africa, and the House of Peers may be found poking about the Nile; while subaltern officers write quarto volumes about Circassia and Georgia. Every owner of a boat over ten tons carries a party to the Mediterranean, and brings them back in six weeks with a thorough confidence in their knowledge of Italian politics, and a wrinkle or two on the state of Greece. Even Spain itself, land of the sullen hidalgo and vile cookery, cannot keep out the Saxon; our A.R.A's. go there with as much regularity for subjects, as of old they went to the British Museum; and, by way of contrast, we find merry Irish peers cracking their jokes within a few degrees of the Pole.

A military tailor thinks less now of sending his young man to Malta and Gibraltar for orders, than he did formerly to Edinburgh; and I defy you to name a cathedral in Europe, where, hour after hour, open-mouthed John Bull may not be seen gasping over its beauties. As for the delightful fiction of going to the Continent to learn the languages, one has about as much chance of becoming a linguist by attending Sam's Coffee House, or the London Shades.

Therefore—for there is a Q.E.D. contemplated after all these seemingly irrelevant premises,—as all Europe, and not a little of Africa and Asia, are exhausted for the traveller who wishes to have change of the scenes and acquaintances that greet him daily at the doors of Piccadilly, or by the railings round the Parks, why not strike out for another and fresher continent; where you can study grander scenery in a

day than at home in a year? and where, if you do meet pretty often with unpleasant Yankees, they have this advantage over unpleasant Englishmen—you will find a novelty in them, and they will appeal to your organ of dislike by new and untried methods; although, I warrant you, with abundant success.

It is so easy now to get to America: the Cunard boats, and the *Great Eastern* deposit you in Nova Scotia or New York in *eight* or *nine* days; or in a day or two longer you can be deposited on the wharf at Montreal by the Canadian packets. If time be no object, a lift from a friend on board a man-of-war, or a run in a fast sailing-vessel, like the *Roseneath*, will land you in three weeks at Halifax. You may, when once across the Atlantic, vary the occupation of mere travelling, or sight-seeing, by occasional fishing or shooting excursions, for there are no game laws in British North America to prevent you, and as it is too large a district to preserve, it will be long ere the shadow of a gamekeeper falls across these hunting-grounds. The few regulations with regard to sport, which are enforced, are favourable to the sportsman; as, for instance, the laws regarding sawmills, to prevent their injury to the fishing, and, of course, those relating to the seasons in which one may follow the various species of game.

But should the object of the traveller merely be sight-seeing, he will find few trips more agreeable and compensating than a run up the St. Lawrence to Niagara; and to a description of this our more immediate journey let us return.

The steamers run in about twelve hours between

Quebec and Montreal, and continue their journey to Kingston and Toronto. I am wrong, however, there is a change of steamers at Montreal.

Without any hurrying, and for a few dollars, you may travel thus in three days to Niagara. I think the best time is the end of September or the early part of October, when

> The maple is donning his scarlet robe,
> To usher the winter in:
> And the hemlock is stripping his garments green,
> While the birch shines out in a golden sheen,
> My love to win!

The autumnal tints of the American forests are too well known to require much repetition here. The best way I can describe them is in the language used by us all on first seeing them, that they would not be believed in a picture. The maple passes through every stage from green to the deepest crimson; the birch has a yellow outrivalling Aberfeldie itself; the underwood has the many hues of brown peculiar to the different eras of decay, and behind all, the deep everlasting green of the spruce forms a background worthy of the picture.

But although for these reasons autumn is the best time on the St. Lawrence, the other seasons have also their charms. Nay, winter itself is not the same dreary season that it is at home.

One may be worse off than under a good buffalo robe behind a fast-trotting horse, and as the sleigh glides smoothly along the surface of the frozen river, the bells ringing out on the horse's neck make a merry peal in unison with our own thoughts; for our train of thought is keenly sensible to the physical influences which affect the body. Thanks to the abun-

dant spruce the eye does not rest on an expanse of bleak snow varied with bare trunks of melancholy trees; you meet few scenes in your lifetime more beautiful than a green forest with a white carpet, and perhaps the branches frosted with some recent fall of snow. Were it not that the thermometer contradicts the idea, you would fancy it like some picture from a "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Still I return to my first love—the green river in October. I started from Montreal by train to Lachine, there to take the steamer up the river; for although the rapids between these places allow of the steamer coming over them in her downward trip, she has to return humbly and ignominiously by a canal. Between Montreal and Kingston is undoubtedly the most beautiful part of the St. Lawrence. It is above the Island of Montreal that the junction of the Ottawa takes place, a river on whose bank a considerable way up, is in course of erection the future capital of Canada. By this city hangs a tale illustrative of human weakness.

Owing to the great superficial extent of the province, Canada has many towns of tolerably equal size, each the capital, as it were, of a district. None of these towns, however, are so large as to be independent of the benefits accruing to their trade from the presence of the Governor and Houses of Assembly. Naturally, therefore, there arose a rivalry among them, equal to that among the three goddesses of classic memory. Of all the rivals for the honour and the dollars belonging to a metropolis, the three most important were Quebec, Toronto, and Montreal. Quebec has an ancient prestige, powerful fortifica-

tions, and its position as a key to the river to offer in its favour. Montreal had wealth, population, and commerce on its side; and Toronto had a more central position, and—well, it is difficult to say exactly what were the claims of this good city, although I have no doubt they were very great in her own estimation. For a long time they squabbled among themselves, and in Montreal some serious results followed; so, as a temporary measure—as they were unable to apply to His Excellency the Governor-General the argument employed by Solomon with regard to the disputed baby—an agreement was made by which the sweets of a capital might be enjoyed in succession for, I think, four years at a time. The result was that there never could be any decent and permanent public buildings in any city, and the dignity of the governor was seriously compromised. When in Quebec in the beginning of 1862, I found His Excellency living in a house which, on first entering it, you imagined must be a post-office instead of a palace. What an unfortunate position for the representative of royalty! confounded in the public mind with letters paid and letters unpaid. It is devoutly to be hoped that he has not come in process of time to be regarded as a *dead letter*. At last, however, the eyes of these keen rivals were opened to the evils of the system, and they agreed to refer the case to the arbitration of a disinterested party. Now, with the three goddesses a good-looking young man was called in, and the decision of this quarrel was as satisfactory as that of any woman's generally is—to wit, smiles without, and venom within; to which was added in their case no

end of trouble to the unhappy arbitrator, Paris. Taking warning by this, I doubt not, for Canada reads the classics, mark you—and Montreal and Toronto have their universities, and good ones—the story goes on to say, that they resolved to throw the *onus* of selection on a woman, and that woman the Queen. Poor Queen! how she must have wished that the wisdom of Solomon had been hereditary, and come down with the crown jewels and the family plate. But no; her poor head had to puzzle over the claims of a number of places she had never seen, for a dignity she could hardly appreciate, and with a certainty of offending the majority.

At last, with wisdom characteristic of her life, she took the atlas, and probably putting a pin into the centre of Canada—not the geographical centre, but the centre of civilised and commercial Canada—she resolved to ignore all other claims, and give the coveted honor to the town which should be found nearest the puncture.

This happened to be a small place called Bytown, situated on the Ottawa, and at the farther extremity of the Rideau Canal, two circumstances which of themselves made it probable that the town would ultimately be large and important, even apart from any unexpected impetus such as it has received from Her Majesty's decision. From the way in which the appointment of Bytown, now Ottawa City, as metropolis, will open up the back country without injuring the remainder of the province, there is no doubt that the decision will prove worthy of the judge, but I fancy it staggered the most potent, grave, and re-

verend seigniors of the Privy Council who witnessed it—a style of action not to be found in Vattel or Delolme.

We now come, however, to the point of the whole as illustrative of human weakness. The disappointed candidates, wild with anger, dismissed *pro tem* their mutual hatred, and turning in concert on innocent and hitherto unknown Ottawa, commenced to rend it as dogs worry some unhappy cat. Loyalty and self-respect prevented them turning on their judge, but never did vicious school-girls take it out of a favourite at school more venomously, when the mistress' back was turned, than did, and still do, these beaten rivals take it out of poor Ottawa. The new capital of Canada may be called the Cinderella of the colony, and Victoria the good fairy who threw it in the way of the glass slipper.

The public buildings now rising in Ottawa will cost, it is said, more than a million, another of the straws likely soon to break the back of the camel of Canadian finance, unless they get more population and less politics.

But we are always flying off at a tangent from the river, and behaving as no cabin passenger with any sense of propriety should. The junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence is marked by the different colour of their waters; for many miles they run side by side in the same channel, and can be readily distinguished. The colour of the Ottawa, owing to the immense amount of decayed vegetable matter it contains, is of a rich brown; while that of the St. Lawrence—particularly as one approaches Kingston, where it runs over trap, is green. It may be as well

to mention here, that the distance from Montreal to Quebec is one hundred and sixty-eight miles, from Ottawa three hundred and thirty-five miles.

The scenery along the river is varied by many pretty hamlets, and even towns. Prescott and Ogdensburgh are *vis-a-vis* to one another, and belong to England and the States respectively. As the river is the only line of demarcation, it is needless perhaps to say that when we had troops on the English side, desertion, stimulated by Yankee dollars, was easy and frequent. On the south bank of the river for some distance west of Montreal, near all the French settlements, the usual sylvan scenery is varied by poplars, whose tall, compressed forms afford a pleasing contrast to the pines, maples, and birches which are everywhere abundant. And it is to be remarked that the French Canadians, different although they are in many respects from their sires, still retain their taste in decoration; so that, although the interiors of their cottages are more conspicuous for the absence, than the presence of cleanliness, yet the exteriors are easily distinguished from those of English settlers, by the gay flowers and creepers which surround them, and the other indescribable minutiæ, whose sum total leaves the impression on the visitor's mind of great taste, and of considerable labour bestowed in its gratification. But alas! however picturesque and admirable all this may be from the road, or the deck of a steamer, your feelings receive a sad shock should circumstances compel you to seek accommodation within. The smell of roses and geraniums may be exquisite, but hardly reconciles you to the stuffy and fluffy smell of the inhabitants and their apartments;

and however graceful a creeper may be on a portico, they are irritating and loathsome in a bed, when they assume the form of—but oh! spare me further recital.

The Thousand Islands, as they are called, occupied no small portion of a day in passing; and even at this distance of time that vision of beauty rises before my mind with a clearness and vigour, such as attend the impressions left on the mind of childhood by startling events of great joy or sorrow. Could one imagine a beautiful dream or poem realised in nature, one could more easily conceive this marvellous scene. There are passages in Tennyson which reminded one of these islands, and in some of our Scottish lakes they are faintly shadowed forth, but not Helen's Isle can approach in beauty the simplest of those bright jewels, which are so profusely scattered over the surface of this proud river.

Truly the beauties of that day were a brighter dream than one could hope to dream in slumber. Our vessel, as it threaded its way through the maze of islands, almost touched their steep green sides, and the branches of the trees which crowned them almost brushed us, as we leant over the bulwarks in silent admiration. There were many varieties of waterfowl in the river round us; but not the least pleasing part of the picture was the utter wildness of the islands, the absence of any signs of man's handiwork or habitation, the untouched purity of their pristine beauty. For there is a strange calm comes over man as he finds himself with nature alone.

Now, to many this idea will be designated by the

title "bosh." Your eminently practical man will say that a turnip-field is a far more picturesque and soothing sight than a bramble-covered rock; and, buttoning up his pockets, will say that, for his part he always considers sentimentality and swindling to be twin-brothers. Your unimaginative friend of another class, that class, I mean, who have but one idea, one care, and one study, and that is "ego"—will say that "Haw! for their parts, haw! This sort of thing was all doosed fine in books, but haw! my dear fellow! where *do* you get your gloves?" And pretty little Minnie, she will say, clapping her hands:

"Oh! mamma! what a charming place for a picnic! and I could wear that new muslin, and the hat that Charles liked so much, and you could put your dear old feet in rubbers, and we would have such a hamper! But oh! it would be so stupid without any gentlemen, so I am afraid we should have to make these dear islands '*man's habitation*' for an afternoon at any rate!"

Well, in answer to all this, I have merely got to say, that if I could get these two gentlemen and the charming Minnie on board a river steamer in the Thousand Islands, I would wager that, for half an hour at least, Mr. Consols would cease to be practical, Mr. Butterfly would feel a tightening across the chest different from any ever produced by a tailor's misfit, and even chattering little Minnie would be quiet for a minute or two, and forget that such a thing as muslin existed in the world.

There were many, many hard-looking men on board with me that day, and many of the other sex, whose hearts had been sadly tried by this life's worry, and the

cares of daily bread, which look so small on paper, but which are sad things for aging us, and knocking the romance out of our nature. But I doubt if there was one among them all who did not feel softened by the scenery around us; whose face did not lose for a moment the look of anxious worry, and wear something approaching the calm, placid look, which Death leaves when he draws away the soul. All their souls had gone out, as with a great longing to Nature the great mother, as a lost and weary child falls on the loving maternal bosom, which yearns over her refound treasure. And in some eyes, whose daily sparkle is due to keen, hard love of gain, I am not sure I did not see a tear. You have seen, reader, in a crowded, festive room, one quiet pensive face, whose spirit is far away in thought, and whose owner is for the time all unconscious of the throng, and the music, and the dance; so on the deck of that plodding steamer, we stood gazing our souls out in unconscious love and admiration of the beauty before us, and recking not that we were units in a motley crowd of passengers.

In the prairie territories of America there is experienced by the traveller and the hunter, a strange sensation which has been called the prairie fever. It is a sweet and exhilarating feeling, absorbing for a time all recollection of the past, and killing all anxiety about the future. It is a maddening enjoyment of the present, arising from lightened spirits, and the grandeur of surrounding nature. In the more settled parts of the continent, where the advances of civilisation have furrowed the wild meadows, and the flowery prairie is wrinkled with the cares of toil, yet in the forest and on the lakes, something approaching to this

feeling is entertained. In tracing out the origin of this state of mind, a metaphysician might discover properties and faculties of whose existence he was not formerly aware. We doubt whether any mental philosopher has devoted his attention to the subject; or, if he has, whether he has not merely attributed it to some excitement of the perception of the sublime and beautiful?

But, may it not be otherwise? Is it rash to say, that away in great solitudes, fresh from the Creator's hand—where man's toil has not defaced, nor his dulness polluted—the mental faculties may acquire a higher power over the body, and somewhat loosen his faculties? Is it rash to say that in the flowers of God's garden, in the trees and rocks of his untouched mountains, there may be left an impress of His hand which affects the spirit of his creature? As the sound of the trumpet inspires the old and weary war-horse, or the strains of some melody heard in youth affects the hardened sinner in the midst of crimes, may not this music of nature, pure and fresh from God, inspire in some way the soul of man?

Thoughts of God's majesty, and of infinity, make our giddy brains reel; yet with these same spirits we are to enjoy or endure eternity. Must there not, then, be some latent faculty, which, when the soul is freed from the body, shall better comprehend all these; and which, even now at odd times, in disease or delirium—or as of old in inspiration—throws glimpses into us of the mighty unknown and unfathomed?

May not prophecy or inspiration, be merely the momentary loosening of this mortal coil, to let some mysterious dormant faculty have play? And may

not some such loosening come by the sudden sight and enjoyment of a portion of God's works, as they lie before our vision, fresh and unsullied?

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But this sort of thing must be put a stop to; once let a Scotchman back to his metaphysics—and you require a heavy bit to hold him. O, outraged public! you shall be that bit: so, after this little specimen of what the Yankees would call "high-filutin" composition (I don't answer for the spelling), I shall come back from mental faculties and prairies to my camp-stool on the deck of the river steamer.

Let me look back and see where I was when I mounted my metaphysical Pegasus. I see, yes; we had alluded to some water-fowl. Now, considering the dearth of ornithological life in American forests, to which we alluded in a former chapter, these wild-fowl were not the least pleasing part of the picture we studied. I have often thought that the transatlantic woods realise beautifully in one respect, what England will be, when—according to terrified correspondents of the *Times*—the small boys shall have shot the last sparrow. And yet, with all this lack of small birds, what will these same correspondents think when they are told that in Halifax there exist not a few ornithophagites, whose prey is a bird whose name is Robin, although in point of nature, wise men put it among the *Turdinæ*?

The trees, even on the St. Lawrence, are not large, save where now and then a bleached trunk has thrown out its dead limbs to heaven; naked, except where here and there some drooping moss, of the nature called old men's beards, is floating about them in the

wind. Rearing themselves in hoary majesty above the younger forest, these ancient monarchs remind us of some Lear, whom storm and hurricane have stripped of his garments, leaving but some bleached and tattered fragments hanging about his withered form.

The fires in America are so frequent, more especially in the woods round the settlements, that one may travel miles and miles without meeting any tree larger than you meet in our English parks. I grant you, when you do meet a genuine forest giant, he does *out-Colossus* your home experiences; but, as a rule, the hand of fire and of the woodman are too desolating to spare any such for your admiration. For days and nights, ay, even weeks and months, you may see in our American colonies the horizon darkened with clouds of smoke by day, and illumined with lurid glare by night, from the burning woods. Should the scene of the conflagration be near, it amply repays the inquirer to go and inspect it, keeping cautiously, however, to windward. There are few sights more wildly beautiful than the flame dancing and crawling with forked tongue among the brush and the dry grass, till, coming on a fresh spruce-tree, it glides like lightning up among the branches, whose resinous spines offer its cruel maw a dainty morsel; and soon all that is left is a black and charred trunk.

But the steward is going his rounds to ascertain who propose dining. The ladies are first stowed away at the dinner-table—no extraordinary or superfluous precaution with a number of hungry male Yankees on board—and then the gentlemen are disposed of. I was more impressed with the inferiority of the Yankee

to all other nations, in point of manners at table, on this occasion than on any previous. We had certainly one or two outrageous specimens on board, and to one of them I was indebted for learning the origin of a custom in the States which had hitherto bewildered me. I refer to the arrangement by which each guest at a table d'hôte, however extensive, has a saltcellar to himself, but *no spoon*, the true Yankee preferring to use his knife. The circumstance was as follows:

Immediately opposite me was a Yankee of virulent vulgarity in point of eating, and on his right a timid, nervous, but gentlemanly Canadian. By some accident, the timid gentleman's saltcellar had got adrift, and he was at his wit's end to get one, knowing the manners of the country better than I did. He seemed diffident of asking his voracious neighbour, whose knife and fork were generally three or four inches deep in his mouth, and whose whole soul was devoted to the solution of the problem of devouring the greatest possible quantity in the least possible time, and without any effort at mastication. At length, goaded on by the insipidity of his diet—boiled veal, or some such delicacy—our timid friend addressed the Yankee:

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir, but if you will excuse me, will you have the kindness to pass the salt?"

What do you think, reader, was the answer of our polished Yankee, crushing and prostrating our nervous little friend?

"Sir," said he, with mouth full of viands, "I guess there's sarvants!"

As bad this, is it not, as the Yankee who, seeing a

solitary dish of peas on the table in some hotel, anticipating every one else, reached over, and, seizing the dish, emptied the whole on his own plate, remarking at the same time, in a cheerful voice,

"I reckon I'm a whale at green peas!"

I shudder as I recal some of the awful scenes I have witnessed, in my travels, at American public tables. Some are too fearful to commit to paper. One individual near me, on one occasion, having been longer over his soup than his neighbours, saw with horror that a dish of potatoes in his immediate vicinity was in a fair way of being out of sight before he should be ready to help himself. What do you think he did? Ladling the soup to his mouth with his right hand, he reached out his left towards the vegetables in question, and, selecting two or three of the best, placed them on the table-cloth beside him ready for use.

I collapsed—I could hardly go on with my dinner; and there he sat alternately gobbling his food and chuckling over his 'tarnation 'cuteness. From the pace at which Yankees eat, I was generally a shocking laggard at meals, but on this occasion I was worse than usual; yet I can honestly say that never was sweeter compliment breathed by lover into his mistress's ear than the words uttered to me through his nose by that Yankee brute, with a smile of complacency and satisfied superiority:

"I reckon, stranger, that you hail from down east."

O dear country in the east! O land of courteous men and well-ordered houses! May I never forget—even in the midst of the beauties and temptations of

other lands—the proud feeling that swelled my heart that day, when I thought that indeed I *did* hail from down east!

There were the usual Americanisms at the table that day—little dishes of sweets and of pickles, eaten as they were arranged, promiscuously, and the cheese eaten invariably with tarts of all sorts. The absence of beer and wine at dinner, at most American hotels and on board their boats, seems odd at first to an Englishman; but it is not to be taken as an evidence of national temperance: for as surely as these gentlemen drink water now, so surely, in about five minutes, will they be in the bar, swallowing hot drinks and iced drinks, with many names, but one purpose—to stimulate. However, *chacun à son goût*, I remember I called for beer, to the amazement of my neighbours, and drank it to the satisfaction of myself; nor did I find it interfere with my enjoyment and appreciation of the scenery when I returned on deck. But, having some national prejudices in favour of mastication and salivation, as being conducive to digestion, I and some good Canadians were left speedily to ourselves, while the Yankees rushed from the table to undergo, I should think, the worst description of heartburn, acidity, and indigestion. No wonder that in the States quacks prosper, and that every newspaper is filled with testimonials from eminent clergymen, all residing in places ending with *ville*, recounting an immediate cure, by one box of somebody's pills, of indigestion of thirty years' standing.

There is something positively awful in the way and the pace at which Yankees eat. It was long before I could so concentrate my thoughts as to be indepen-

dent of my neighbour at the dinner table; and until I could do so, I found myself daily getting into a regular fever at meal-times, so much did the violent hurry of Yankees eating flush and flurry me.

By the time I got again on deck, evening was fast closing in, for there is little or no twilight in America; and we saw in the grey sky, the night hawks darting about with their swift and bat-like flight. And we saw the last light disappear in the West as we entered the sleeping Ontario, a fit end to so glorious a river; appropriate after its alternate rapids and calms, its gay scenes, and silent blanks, as is the great sleeping sea of death, after the alternate joys and sorrows of that ceaselessly flowing river, which we call Human Life.

As we gaze, gradually the struggling moon and twinkling stars awaken smiles and rays on the surface of the lake, as when on a sleeping infant's face, flit dreams, and smiles, and blushes; while the low hum of the wind among the tress sounds like some subdued. "Kyrie eleison," in the vast temple whose roof is heaven, and whose walls are the ends of the earth! By-and-by as we near Kingston, we see, as stars on the border of some great cloud, the lights peeping out from some student's dark chamber, or the windows of some House of God.

And then we are abruptly recalled to everyday life, by the falsetto voice of the boy, through whom the captain communicates his wishes to the grimy men who regulate the heart's palpitations in our now gently moving vessel. *Now* we can distinguish, in frenzied conclave, the yelling cabmen of Kingston, trying with their whips to mesmerise the passengers

while yet many yards from the wharf. Falling a ready victim to the blandishments of an awful ruffian, who overcharged me to an extent unheard of even in the annals of cabmen, I found myself ultimately in the interior of some house of entertainment in Kingston, if such a word as entertainment can be applied, save in mockery, to so sad and depressing a city. With a word or two on this abode of melancholy, I shall conclude this wandering chapter.

Kingston, like every housekeeper who seeks an engagement in a widower's family, has seen better days. At least, for the sake of its inhabitants, we hope this frequent assertion of theirs is true; for it could hardly fall upon worse or more gloomy days. I do not know the exact period in the history of Kingston when melancholy marked it for its own; but if one may judge by the length of grass in the streets, it can hardly be within the recollection of the existing generation. A walk in its most exciting localities is about as cheerful a proceeding as a lounge in some of the dismal streets in Marylebone near the New-road, where the only individual you ever meet belongs to the class whose energies in life are devoted to relieving their burdened brethren of the upper classes, of their "old clo!" The merry people of Kingston (if there are any) must keep strictly indoors, and confine their jocularity to the back rooms; for all you meet in the streets are as dismal as, I was going to say, *undertakers*, but they are proverbially merry, so I shall substitute school-boys the first week after the holidays, or lovers when they first know they love. I reached my hotel with a horrible feeling that I had no right to be happy, if, indeed, I had any business to be alive; and Lord Lovel, in his first appearance

in public, is a cheery and jovial fellow compared with what I must have looked when, in a meek voice, I asked for a bedroom candle. As for any fluid refreshment on that occasion, I should have felt no surprise had I been informed that vinegar was the usual beverage in Kingston, and their most intoxicating drink a black draught.

Since those days of my melancholy visit, Kingston has been again included in the list of "Our Garrisons in the West." First, the 62nd, and now the 47th Regiment have been sent to warm the cockles of the Kingstonian heart. And if it be true that one body cannot emit caloric without losing it itself, then, knowing what I do of the fathomless abyss of that city's cold gloom, I shudder when I think of the sufferings there of Her Majesty's troops. No wonder that my old friends of the Wiltshire Regiment could stand it no more than a year; the wonder was that suicide had not become a daily occurrence among them after the first week. It speaks well for the internal heartiness and cheerful souls of the Sixty-second that they stood it as they did. And if I have any inquisitive reader who would like some details of the great melancholy that enwraps this good city, let me answer him by illustration. Concluding that there must be some city sights, at all events, if no city joys, I asked what I should find most worthy of inspection. After some hesitation, I was told "The Market." I shivered; for well I know that where this is the chief thing in a city, that city is to be shunned. In ten minutes my brushes were restored to my bag, and the echo of my footfall fell on Kingston no more.

CHAPTER X.

A SHORT CHAPTER, REFERRING MORE ESPECIALLY TO TORONTO AND HAMILTON, BUT WITH A WORD OR TWO ON THE LAKES.

From the great lakes of the north land.
Hiawatha.

BEING heavily depressed with my brief stay at Kingston, I was hardly in a fit state to appreciate the scenery of Lake Ontario. Fortunately, being night, and the moon rising late and dimly, one did not feel so imperatively called upon to remain on deck and study the beauties of nature. So I was amusing myself, after two or three hours, in the saloon, of silent wretchedness, by arranging my rug and great-coat to look as much as possible like a large collection of magnificent robes, and by placing my portmanteau so cunningly as to upset any midnight assassin who might think of making a permanent blank in my family circle. Having succeeded, as I fondly hoped, to an admirable degree, I was regarding complacently my handiwork, when I was unexpectedly allowed a

proof of the success of my labours. The door suddenly opened, and my little nervous Canadian, of the last chapter, with whom I had sworn eternal friendship, plunged headlong into my cabin, and, falling artlessly into my trap, and over my portmanteau, was soon lost as to his head under the pillows of my berth, and left behind him no sign, save a couple of quivering legs. As soon as my laughter subsided, I extracted him, as a dentist might a stubborn tooth, and placed him, end on, on my indiscriminating luggage.

As he sat there, gasping and flushed, and unable to give any connected utterance to his ideas, I was horror-struck to hear him half scream, half whisper, the word "Jupiter" several times, but always in a succession of hyphens, "Ju-ju-jup-iter," as if he were endeavouring to name a favourite sweetmeat of British youth.

I thought of Quintus Curtius Rufus, with his favourite oaths of "Mehercule," and those referring to one Jupiter Ammon, and I wondered whether my little friend had been at McGill College in his boyhood, and therefore became classical in his blasphemy and imprecations. But, as his breath came back, he kept raising his finger in a devotional aspect, as he referred to the premier of Roman Mythology, so I began to think of Wilkie Collins's novel "Antonina," with the enthusiastic Pagan, and wondered whether, in my then prostrate condition, my small friend—Pagan himself—saw in me a fit subject for conversion to the worship of the cloud-compelling deity. At last, after shaking him, hitting him in the back, and waving mystically in his face my brandy-flask, he be-

came more intelligible, and was enabled to state that the cause of his commotion was the brilliancy of the planet Jupiter, as seen from the deck of our steamer. Poor little man! I do not know if he knew one planet from another, but he dragged me on deck to show me one which he seemed certain was the individual whose name stuck so in his throat. It certainly was a most brilliant one, throwing a wake like a young moon, and my admiration was so unfeigned as to make him dance round me in his glee and pride, as if instead of being a planet it were a private firework let off by himself, and one whose brilliancy was entirely due to him. Having feasted my eyes on it, I turned them, as a second course, on the dark horizon which bounded the great lake, and became so absent in its contemplation, that I hardly heard the conversation of my excited little friend, who, as if astronomy were a thirsty science, kept muttering the word "Licker!" There was not so much to occupy one's mind in the actual scenery, as in the thoughts to which our situation inevitably gave birth. Here we were on a mighty inland sea, a magnificent fresh-water ocean, in the very heart of a continent, raised many feet above the level of the sea itself, but suffering from the same species of disturbances, in the form of storms and tempests. There was something grand in the sight of these mighty lakes, something elevating in the ideas they gave birth to. But how could a man think of scenery with a little creature dancing round him, as if a victim to St. Vitus's dance, and using every means short of force to drag him to the bar—not of judgment, but of drinks.

What use would it have been attempting to elevate

with grand thoughts the mind of a being who preferred being elevated with a mint julep? The very woods round Ontario, and the night breeze rippling its waters, echoed mournfully "Cui bono?" There was a miserable owl giving vent in the woods, near which we were steaming, to a melancholy hoot, and I might have as well recited Martin F. Tupper to it, in hope of its detecting some poetry in that dreary writer, as called my clamorous little friend's attention to the silent poem written in the scene around us. So, as the next best thing to winning is losing with a good grace, I yielded to his solicitations, and we adjourned to the bar. Here, while watching the concoction of a *sling*, I listened with some amusement to the boasting of two or three Yankees, who, as is usual when drinking, were talking of their country. Every sip of spirits they swallowed soon steamed out of their mouth in the form of grandiose bunkum, so outrageously preposterous, that one could hardly help smiling, if not laughing outright. One amusing feature in the Yankee character is, if you are drawn into an argument, as I regret to say my bump of combativeness frequently did with me, that in talking of the United States, they always call it "*my* country," with the accent on the pronoun instead of the substantive. One would think they each claimed credit for having made their country what it is, or that they were afraid a stranger might offer to claim some property in it. If the latter, may I assure them that such an idea is the furthest from an Englishman's mind, who has once known the vices and follies which they imagine virtue and wisdom.

The Yankee style of argument is in a high degree

entertaining, and ends either in a passion or some wildly characteristic statement. I was engaged in an argument with an intelligent Yankee on one occasion, the subject of which was slavery. Being before the day of secession, he thought it his duty to defend this domestic institution merely because it was recognised in some parts of "*his*" country, and, considering the weakness of his case, he fenced and parried admirably. As a clencher, I ventured to remark that the Bible was rather against it—a remark I made with some diffidence, because, really, there is very little in the Scriptures against slavery. Fortunately for me, my disputant did not know his Bible so well as he did the number of stars and stripes in his country's banner, so he assumed from my statement that it was dead against him. How do you think he got out of it?

"*Wall*, sir; the Bible ai'nt a bad book: no! *sir!* but it was written at *a* period when the world was a kinder young and slow. Niggers were meant to be slaves all along; but it were left to the 'Merican mind to find it out!"

What could I do after such a statement? Just what you would do, reader—laugh and give it up.

However, this chapter professed at starting to be descriptive, in a small degree, of Toronto, Hamilton, and the lakes; so we must not stay in the bar all the time. We reached Toronto, which is at the other extremity of Lake Ontario from Kingston, early on the following morning; but just too late to catch the steamer *Zimmerman*, which crosses to Niagara from that city; I had, consequently, some little time to spend in Toronto and inspect its lions.

Its lions—like the serpents of the Egyptian magi,

which were made a mouthful of by that of Moses—were swamped utterly by one of their number, at least in my eyes—the devouring fiend being the University of Toronto. This is the institution *par excellence* of Canada, and would confer honour upon any country. Scholars at its head producing scholars in annual batches, and circulating by their means a lofty tone, a chaste learning, a cultivated intellect throughout the whole of Canada. What destiny or purpose, save one, can be nobler in a country? Alas, alas! in the vulgar eye, the phrase, "the schoolmaster is abroad!" is associated merely with a wider suffrage and a broken tenth commandment; literature is made a stepping-stone to a vote, and the education of the poor is intended to be a first step towards the spoliation of the rich? Let us turn away from such a system of schooling; let us turn into classic shades which shall not be an ambush for the spirits of revolution, and chartism, and anarchy; let us step into the calm abode of pure learning, of beneficial communion with the Past, of healthy preparation for the active Future.

Oh! dear Homer, and genial Horace! oh! quaint Curtius, and eloquent Thucydides! oh! dear, conceited Cicero, and artlessly-exaggerating Herodotus! better a year with you and yours than a bustling lifetime in the Little Peddlington of our working lives, if we wish to store our minds with great truths, and not weaken them with a thousand little drains in the Present! Oh! my brethren in the West! do not let your boys be men ere the down is on the lip, and the iron in the soul; they will age soon enough, and the rust will be in their spirits, and the sorrow will brood crushing in their hearts.

For a year, a year yet, or more, let them sit at the feet of these grand old masters, whose very sentences ring out in young ears like the blare of a war-trump: let these large eyes, whose sockets know yet no crows-feet, and whose tears pass swiftly away, let them gaze yet awhile into the Past, along whose corridors shall be found the noble lessons that make the Present—honour, and the Future—hope! Ah! these days in college halls, these hours of generous emulation, as between children rivals for a father's love, how soon they pass away!

Not school-days, with their petty tasks and tyrannies, are the summer-time of youth, but those gentle, dreamy days when one is led—not driven—to the fount of classic learning; when one begins to understand what has been as yet but a method of dreary discipline, and a melancholy alloy in schoolboy joys.

Alma mater!—sweet and kindly words—what a cruel day it seems on looking back, when from thy gentle arms we were thrust into the seething whirlpool of life, to struggle without sympathy, to sink without a word of sorrow from those around, or—ah! worse yet!—to succeed amid envy, and heart-burnings, and chilling hatred. Which is worse in our weary life—success or failure? The one looking out on a sea of beaten and angry rivals, the other gazing up from a dark abyss of blighted hopes and thwarted energies? None, none of this was there in the genial circle that studied at the feet of the mighty Past, instead of toiling in the littleness of a circumscribed Present; that long-remembered circle in those long-regretted halls, that pure-souled company of the young

in their wanderings through the solemn-speaking chambers of the Past!

* * * *

Toronto is pleasant in itself, but pleasanter when placed in contrast with Kingston. It is a bustling and wealthy city, with a community which is a happy mixture of the professional, the literary, and the commercial. There is an element in it which might be spared in this as in most of our colonial towns—I mean the political element. The press of Toronto is able and well-conducted; but in political matters it is highly virulent. It leads a large party of the voting public, and one of the papers is, I believe, the organ of a large party in the House of Assembly. Although naturally somewhat blinded by prejudice in matters relating to Canada, the Toronto press has frequently issued articles displaying wide, liberal, and most truthful views on the subject of our colonial system generally.

The city itself, as viewed from the water, lies very low; but is a clean and cheerful, as well as an imposing, place. As a military quarter, it is much liked; and it is at present garrisoned by an Armstrong field-battery, a garrison battery, and the 30th Regiment of Foot. Its importance as a garrison, in event of war with the States, would be very great, owing to the importance to us of the command of the lakes.

From Toronto to Niagara, one may proceed by two routes—one direct across by steamer to Fort Niagara, with a rail journey of a few miles to the Falls, and the other going round by land on the rail to Hamilton, and on to Niagara. The former of these routes was the one adopted by me, so any remarks I have

to make on Hamilton, will be brief and second-hand. This city has acquired a most unpleasant notoriety, within the last year or two, by some repudiation of which it was guilty in the matter of debts incurred chiefly to English creditors, for the enlargement and beautifying of their streets and buildings. The circumstances are not well known to the author, but it is sad to see a system which was considered as peculiar merely to Pennsylvania and other parts of the United States, gaining a position in an English colony. It is a foolish and expensive measure in the end, even apart from all question of honour, as the good city of Hamilton will discover the next time they have occasion to borrow money. The present garrison of Hamilton consists of an Armstrong field-battery, and a battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

Before saying a word or two on the lakes, it may be as well to mention that the only other garrison in Canada of any importance, always excepting Quebec, to which we shall allude in another chapter, is London, Upper Canada. This garrison, once a favourite quarter, and even now not destitute of attraction, contains an Armstrong field-battery, the 63rd Regiment of Foot, and the head-quarters of the Canadian Rifles. This last-mentioned corps—a most useful as well as trustworthy body of old soldiers—is scattered over Canada, more especially in stations such as the Red River, where no other regular troops are stationed, and as a nucleus for volunteers and militia in event of war would prove invaluable.

The chief advantages to the men are certain indulgences in the way of working at their trades, liberal rations for their families, and no limit to matrimony.

Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and Lake Superior, are a group of lakes more or less connected with one another, and all of great size. Erie joins Ontario by means of the Niagara river, just as Huron communicates with Erie by the river St. Clair. They are, it is needless to say, all navigable and of great depth, but as they are subject to sudden storms, there is a long annual list of wrecks and loss of life.

Their importance in the event of a war between us and the States was long ago recognised, as is manifest by the terms of a treaty between us, by which the maintenance on the lakes during peace of vessels of war is forbidden. If rumour may be credited, the Yankees keep this treaty to the letter, but break it in the sense, having gunboats ready to launch at a moment's notice, which would at once destroy our commerce and endanger our lake cities. Whether they do so or not it is evident that they have rather the best of the bargain, as they could always have the start of us in point of time. At the time of the *Trent* affair, gunboats were sent out to Canada in pieces ready to put together, thus showing how important in the eyes of our Government was the command of these lakes. As yet, Lake Ontario is the most valuable to us, on account of the more abundant settlements scattered on its margin. But as the tendency of emigration sets always to the west, where lands are cheaper, this preeminence will soon disappear.

CHAPTER XI.

NIAGARA.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
SHAKSPEARE.

NOW-A-DAYS no man sees the Falls of Niagara save at a disadvantage. When you are anxious to be left alone with them in contemplation and silence, you find a couple of insane photographers at your elbow, ready for a quarter-dollar to give you a picture of the Thunder of Waters with your own wretched figure in the foreground by way of contrast. Should you succeed in escaping these ruffians, you run into the arms of some touter for the *camera* establishment, which enables you to see the Falls from the interior of a dark room at the low price of twelve and a half cents, while you can see them for nothing to much greater advantage outside. Should you be so self-denying as to resist these two temptations, you will not find yourself by this means exempt from further blandishments.

It soon dawns upon your bewildered faculties that the sole purpose of the remaining part of the trading residents at Niagara Falls is to prevent you from seeing the object, to view which you have travelled it may be many thousand miles.

Just as you have made up your mind to lie down quietly on the Table Rock and drink in the beauties of the tumbling waters before you, you are tapped on the shoulder and warned imperatively that a visit to the Falls is incomplete without inspecting the celebrated menagerie of wild beasts from every clime; or half an hour after, just as you are seated where you combine a view of the rapids with a glimpse of the green semicircle in the English Falls known as the Horseshoe, you find some wretched creature with a tray suspended from his miserable neck containing petrifactions and mineral curiosities which have occurred, goodness knows why, to the vendor as appropriate reminiscences to carry away with one.

Should you make up your mind to go under the Falls, you are implored to come and see the Sulphur Springs; or should you resist this entreaty, you are informed that it is a matter of urgent necessity that you should go down the river some mile and a half to contemplate that most uninteresting of sights—a whirlpool. Should, again, you evince a desire to go down the rocks to see the bottom of the Falls, you drive the trading public frantic if you refuse to go down a species of underground railway, extremely uncomfortable and hideously dangerous. And if you make up your mind to retire to the Lonely Tower on Goat Island, to escape persecution, you are recommended before doing so to invest to a large amount in Indian

work, as if a parcel of beadwork moccasins and birch-bark canoes would enable one more fully to appreciate the scenery from the new point you have selected for your observations.

You can go nowhere without advice, and do nothing without suggestions. A large population have adopted the Falls, as if they were some private dancing bear or talking fish; and you dare no more break through their dreary routine than you would venture to violate the etiquette of a court. If you go under the Falls, you are presented with a certificate as if you were taking a degree; although it is difficult to conceive any reason why a traveller should require any diploma, in a matter which hardly suggests deception or falsehood.

Your hotels are conducted on the gay and noisy principle, as if with the object of driving the waterfall out of your head. Bands play, and all conceivable inducements are invented to keep the traveller from what should be his legitimate purpose. In fact, so far from one being left to a contemplation of some of nature's greatest and most imposing scenes, every device of man is called into play to drown the very fact of their existence. So much for the disadvantages of Niagara, now for a few words on the best way of seeing it, in spite of all these drawbacks.

To begin with the point of accommodation; there is of this no lack. Hotels have sprung up like mushrooms, and the traveller has no difficulty in selecting an excellent one on either side of the Falls, or should he prefer it, at some little distance from them, and near the railway terminus and Suspension Bridge.

The Clifton House is the best on the English side,

and is quite close to the Table Rock and Horseshoe Fall; the corresponding one on the other side being the International or American. Near the Suspension Bridge on the English side was the Great Western Railway Hotel, when I was there in 1857, and on the other side was a hotel called the Mounteagle House. All of these are good, clean, and comfortable houses; but for an English traveller, the preference should undoubtedly be given to the Clifton House.

The season of the year at which it is best to visit the Falls varies of course with the taste and disposition of the tourist. While July and August are fashionable months, the heat is very oppressive; and, on the other hand, while October is a perfect month in point of climate, you run the risk of finding the best hotels closed. For my own part I have always fancied, from the descriptions I have received, that in the dead of winter one would see the Falls to the greatest advantage; and after seeing at that season of the year the Grand Falls of the St. John, which in height and volume are nothing to Niagara, I am more firmly wedded than ever to my opinion. One thing, however, is certain, that at no season can the Falls be anything but magnificent, and amply repaying to any traveller.

The next point to be considered, is the time which one should devote to Niagara. And here let me say that if, with most sights in the world, merely *doing* them is unsatisfactory, it is more especially so with these great Falls. It is a singular metaphysical fact, that they grow on the mind both in size and in fascination the longer one contemplates them. I spent a week by them, and I can honestly say that I was far

more impressed by their grandeur at the end than the beginning of that term. It was with reluctance that I was obliged to tear myself away, and had time permitted, I should gladly have spent a month longer beside them.

Grand as the Falls of Niagara are, it would be wrong to disguise the fact, that the traveller is generally disappointed the first time he looks at them. He has gradually worked himself up to a pitch of expectation, which ensures disappointment. Partly from the written description of others, partly from their world-wide reputation, and partly from the ideas conceived in his own mind through the powerful agencies of imagination and hope, the traveller arrives at Niagara with such exaggerated notions that it would be next to impossible wholly to gratify them. That these feelings of disappointment are but shortlived, I need hardly say; for just as truly as on arrival every one feels some disappointment, so on leaving every one feels lost in utter amazement and admiration.

The first interview with a great man is often disappointing; but a lengthened interview seldom fails to remove this feeling. And as in this case, it is the gradual comparison of the opinions and thoughts of a truly great mind with those of the petty minds of every-day association which enables us fully to appreciate its inherent nobility, so it is not until one has taken points of contrast in the surrounding landscape or out of the storehouse of his memory, that he does full justice to the grandeur of Niagara. The great width of the Falls seems to detract from their height on first viewing them, and the huge volume of water

which unceasingly pours over their height is not at at once perceptible.

There are so many points which offer singularly favourable views of the Falls, that in naming any one of them, I must guard myself by saying that I merely give utterance to my own opinions. But with this reservation I would suggest two places from which a traveller can obtain a magnificent view, namely, the top of the tower on Goat Island, which while affording him a sight of the vast circumference of the English and American Falls, enables him best also to appreciate the huge volume of water which passes over the Horseshoe; and, secondly, the deck of the small steamer, called the *Maid of the Mist*, which carries, or at all events used to carry, passengers up the river almost to the very foot of the Falls. After careful experiment of every available spot, I selected these two; but there is no point from which one can help being overpowered by the grandeur of the mighty cascade.

If I might venture to suggest another piece of advice to tourists, it is that they should visit the Falls alone for the first time, breaking up their party, if necessary, for a few hours. Having chosen a spot, let the traveller sit or lie down, and give himself up to silent gazing at the Falls. Not till then will he realise the feeling I have alluded to—the growing of their magnificence *into the mind.* Hours will pass to him unconsciously, and day succeeding day will bring no weariness or satiety. To-day, perhaps, the spray which rises in a cloud to heaven will be glittering in rainbow hues under the rays of the sun; while to-morrow the sky may be dull and overcast, and there

will be a sullen majesty in the green volume pouring over the mighty precipice, and a dismal gloom brooding over the dark pool at the feet of the thundering cataract. And in gradually realising the beauties and the majesty of Niagara one becomes impatient of intrusion, and even of the presence of man or anything artificial. The reader can imagine, therefore, the acute sufferings to which one is exposed by those miserable intruders whose wretched officiousness is alluded to in the beginning of this chapter. The longing to be alone which comes over one barred to me one of the finest points for viewing the Falls which a tourist can have; for it was perpetually thronged by artists sketching it from this favourite spot, in numbers which reminded one of those old pictures in *Punch* of crowds of anglers fishing in the Thames at Putney. For, in addition to the artists themselves, who were bad enough, there stood surrounding each a little mob of the open-mouthed, who seemed to consider the mixing of colours to be the highest department in chemical wonders, and the transferring them to canvas, however indifferently, as nothing short of a miracle.

The Falls of Niagara are divided, as we have already hinted, into two main cataracts, called respectively the English, or Horseshoe, and the American Fall. Of these two, which are placed at an angle of, I should think, some 60 deg. or 70 deg., I can say that it is from no national prejudice that I claim the superiority for the English one. The wider and deeper volume of water, combined with the appearance of the rapids, extending above it for miles, make it unquestionably the grander waterfall, although the

American seems to have the advantage in height. The Table Rock, a piece of which has fallen since my visit to Niagara, is a very picturesque object on the English side, and in the apex of the angle formed by the two Falls, Goat Island with its tower form a picture which, while beautiful in itself, greatly enhances the effect of the entire tableau.

The promenade under the Horseshoe Fall, to which we have already alluded as conferring on the hardy traveller a diploma, was performed by your obedient servant in a state of great terror and waterproof. On the deposit of the sum of two shillings sterling, if I remember aright, at a small house in the village (payment always in advance, and therefore horribly suggestive), I was supplied with a suit of oil-skin and a sou'-wester, under whose united influence I appeared in a character combining happily the dustman with a ship's mate on a damp night. By the above deposit of Her Majesty's coin I also became entitled to the services of a guide, who was a negro. This last circumstance, considering the cheap rate at which the descendants of Ham are held across the Atlantic, seemed to me, if possible, more ghastly and suggestive even than the demand for payment in advance. Being, however, goaded on by the curiosity of some ladies to know what it was like, I was speedily arrayed, and followed my guide down the footpath leading below the Table Rock to the foot of the Falls. Preparatory to passing behind the falling sheet my guide gave me some instructions, which I should like very much to have heard, but unfortunately, although by his mouth I could see he was yelling, I could not catch a word he said, so loud was the din and thunder

of the falling water. I bowed, however, as if I quite comprehended him, and he turned away to make what seemed to me a most foolhardy excursion.

Following him, I found myself on a narrow ledge, very slippery, and with on one side the sheet of thundering water, and on the other the vertical rock, whose wet, slippery face I convulsively tried to grasp in vain hope of support. One false step would have hurled us into eternity, consequently I need hardly say I endeavoured to avoid that step, and kept my eyes either on my feet or on the wall of rock against which I was clinging, avoiding carefully any view of the cruel, thundering curtain on my left. After we had gone what seemed to me a mile, but which was, I believe, about a hundred feet, I saw through the clouds of spray which half-blinded me my guide stop and reach out his hand.

"At last," I thought, "it will be all over soon, he wishes to bid me adieu!" So I reached out my left hand, which was nearest him, and gave him a sad squeeze of farewell, when, to my surprise, I found he retained a firm hold of me, as if resolved that we should take the fatal plunge together. I was greatly relieved, therefore, when I found him commence to move on, dragging me after him; his hand pantomime having evidently meant, not sentiment, but assistance. Fondly, therefore, did I squeeze that black paw, with more feeling than ever did any Romeo the lily hand of his Juliet; and, somewhat reassured, but still thinking it very awful, I slipped, in the literal sense, after him. About this moment I began to think how unpleasant it would be if my sable conductor should have any latent insanity,

or be subject to fits, and in the course of my speculations had just arrived at the point of wondering whether he had a mother, and if she were subject to fits, when he stopped and looking at me rather wildly, I thought, showed me his white teeth in a succession of gigantic smiles. Rather nervously I returned the smiles, somewhat spasmodically, but still I presume successfully, for he next turned round, and, pointing at the falling water behind us, seemed endeavouring to persuade me to look at it. At this time I was standing spread out, facing the rock, somewhat like an erect spatch-cock, if such a thing can be realised by the reader, and to turn round would have involved the complete alteration of every limb's position, so smiling blandly, but at the same time shaking my head, I said to myself, "Not if I know it, my poor head is quite giddy enough already, and this last suggestion of yours is not in the bond, *i. e.* diploma." So I remained immovable, and contemplating sundry little yellow streams, as of sulphur, which were oozing out of the rock, until we started on our return journey. This was successfully accomplished, and pulling off my damp waterproofs, I prepared to receive my diploma and the congratulations of my friends. Carrying out the saying, that no truly great achievement is ever adequately rewarded, I found the diploma a very miserable little piece of paper, like a luggage label; while among my friends there was a decided disposition to undervalue the dangers through which I had passed. So I was obliged to content myself with hoping that some day I *should* find some Desdemona whose sympathies would atone for their unconcern, and for the paltry diploma.

On the American side the Cave of the Winds is the curiosity, which corresponds to the passage behind the Horseshoe Fall. I have heard since my visit to Niagara that owing to some fall of rock this passage is now obstructed. Should this be mere rumour, so much the better for future adventurous students of the interior of a waterfall; should it be fact, so much the better for me that I was in time. But how unpleasant had it fallen when one was on the wrong side.

The rapids above the Falls are considered by some to be even grander than the waterfall itself. Although not entertaining that opinion myself, I must own that it is only because they are in the immediate vicinity of a greater wonder, that the rapids have not an equally great reputation in the world. This may seem *a bull*, but it is not so; for as all our world wonders are not equally great, so it is certain that were these mighty rapids situated in another place, where they could not be overwhelmed in the beholder's mind by the Falls, they would be as much in the traveller's mouth as the cataract itself.

It is above the Falls that the celebrated sulphur springs are to be found, and, if I mistake not, they are in the grounds of some private dwelling. To prevent constant persecution, I yielded myself into the hands of some wretch who took me to the spot, and if I had not been at Niagara I should have been much interested.

Following out this principle, I even so far forgot myself as to enter the world-renowned menagerie, and of all the mangy, ill-conditioned brutes, whose wildness must have been driven out of them by star-

vation or cruelty, those at Niagara were the worst. I even yielded to the importunities of a vendor of mineral curiosities, and purchased a piece of petrified moss; which, however, hardly carried out its original intention, if it was supposed to awake in the owner's mind accurate and pensive recollections of Niagara's wonders.

Having thus earned a right to be left undisturbed in my peregrinations—a right which, though dearly bought, was, all things considered, worth the purchase-money—I had four days' peaceable enjoyment of the Falls, if I may except a regular morning assault on me by an insane photographer, as I went from my hotel to the water.

The day before I left, I went to see the whirlpool, which, unless my memory fails me, was about a mile and a quarter below the Falls. It is caused by a very sudden bend in the Niagara river, and is a most quiet and harmless-looking Maëlstrom, although I believe not the less sure and deadly. A gentleman whom I met in the hotel informed me that some years before, when on a visit to Niagara, the bodies of two or three Highland soldiers, who had been drowned in endeavouring to desert into the States, were floating in the whirlpool, a ghastly sight, day after day. Nothing so unpleasant was there when I saw it, but it was illustrated sufficiently for my purpose by an empty oyster-barrel which had got into it. During half of every revolution the barrel was sucked under, reappearing with the regularity of clock-work during the other half, and always rising and sinking accurately at the same spot. The whirlpool is viewed from a considerable height, the banks

of the river being lofty precipices, with wild shrubs and stunted trees growing out of them. On the Canadian bank, near the whirlpool, I was told that the victims of some pestilence, which many years before had decimated the inhabitants of the district, had been huddled in an unceremonious sepulture.

Between the whirlpool and the Falls is the celebrated Railway Suspension Bridge, a work of great strength, and which exercised much ingenuity in its construction, while it also cost an immense sum of money before completion. It is in two compartments, one for the trains and the other for foot passengers and carriages, and is an immense convenience to residents and tourists. A little above the bridge was the place selected by Blondin for his famous performances.

The number of accidents by going over the Falls of Niagara is very great. Never a year passes without some melancholy addition to their catalogue. Occasional suicides, oftener accidents caused by boats being carried down the rapids, are the origin of these sad catastrophes.

There is an old Indian legend which states that three lives require to be offered up annually to the Spirit of Niagara; and it has been also remarked that this average is kept up. Apart from the superstition, however, there is little reason to doubt that most of the accidents are due to gross carelessness, and might easily be prevented. The bodies of those who go over the Falls, it is said, are always found stripped naked, the force of the water having beaten the clothes off their persons. I heard a horrible story of

an unhappy man, who, being carried down the rapids, managed to check himself on a rock in their midst, and to scramble out on to it. There he remained two days and nights, no assistance being practicable from the shore, although every one could see him, hour after hour; and at last, worn out and exhausted, he fell again into the rapids and was hurled over the cataract to a horrible death.

The depth of water that passes over the Horseshoe Fall is very great. Some years ago a condemned steamer that was allowed to go over, did so without grazing the rock, although it drew a good many feet of water. The said steamer, like everthing that goes over the Fall, was dashed instantaneously into a thousand fragments.

There is, it is said, a constant abrasion of the rock going on by the action of the water, the Falls thus receding imperceptibly but surely. Curious and mathematical travellers have calculated the position of the Falls at the date of man's creation, and also their future position some *six thousand* years hence. As far as one can see, we have the advantage in our day over our children of *six thousand* years hence, as, owing to the river being much wider above than below the Falls, the chances are that the fall will, at that date, be wider perhaps, but certainly shallower and less imposing. However, such speculations are idle; long before that date it is more than probable that a practical people like the Yankees will have availed themselves of this immense water power, and, just as we have made the lightning from heaven carry our messages, they will degrade Niagara from its position

as one of the world's lions, to being the motive power of some cotton mill or snuff manufactory.

The Niagara River is at the Falls the boundary line between Canada and the United States. In old times this was one of the easy places for the escape of our deserters; but now-a-days the tables are turned, and we find the Yankees availing themselves of it to display their skedaddling propensities.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OVERLAND MARCH TO CANADA IN THE WINTER 1861-62.

THE saucer, which represented our world in Halifax, was thrown into a great state of disturbance a little before Christmas, 1861, by the celebrated *Trent* affair. The excitement and indignation produced by that insolent act of an insolent Government was only equalled by the longing desires of our community that war would spring of it. We dreaded lest our Government, always rather yielding to the Yankees, would not take sufficiently strong measures now, and as the time approached when, by the arrival of the English mail, we should have our doubts and anxieties ended, the fever rose to an incontrollable pitch. The conduct of our Government on that occasion is a matter of history, and as vessel after vessel arrived with their thousands of picked troops, and hoards of munitions of war, the excitement gave way to a feeling of proud satisfaction that our country had proved true to itself.

The St. Lawrence being frozen during the winter

months, and winter having now set in, it was well known that all transport of men and material to Canada must take place overland from Halifax or St. John, whose harbours are accessible to shipping even in the severest winters. Every one's attention was therefore directed to the best method of carrying on this service, and many a council of war did General Doyle, who commanded in the Lower Provinces, hold with his heads of departments on the subject. At last the 62nd Regiment, which had been inured by several years' American service to the cold of the winter, was put under orders to proceed in the steamer *Delta* to St. Andrew's, a harbour on the New Brunswick coast, and thence by rail to Woodstock, a village near the borders of the State of Maine, the intention being to open and hold the route to Canada for succeeding troops, and, if necessary, to capture Houlton, a small recruiting depôt of the Yankees, about nine miles from Woodstock. To aid this plan a couple of guns and a detachment of forty gunners, under my command, were to accompany the infantry.

As bad luck would have it, the day before we started, it was telegraphed from Washington that the Yankees had submitted to give up Messrs. Mason and Slidell.

The feelings of disappointment in every breast were almost ludicrous. We never had an exalted opinion—who has?—of the Yankee nation; but we never thought so meanly of them as this. No, not into any of our speculations had this idea entered, that the same nation which, a week or two before, alike in the drunken orgies of convivial banquets and the solemn meetings of its Senate, ratified by vote and

applause the deed for which satisfaction was now demanded, would, on the first stern word from the injured party, fall down on its craven knees, and, like a beaten bully at school, give up everything asked for.

But although all chance of war was thus dispelled, there was not accommodation in Halifax for the troops already arrived, and on their way from England, and it was at the same time desirable that the force in Canada should be augmented, as, in event of hostilities, our great weakness would be found in the immense undefended frontier of that province. So the force already alluded to had not its destination altered; the only change made in this part of the programme being that the guns were left behind, the gunners merely taking their carbines. The *Delta*, with these troops on board, arrived at St. Andrew's on New Year's-day, and the whole, under the command of Colonel Ingall, C.B., 62nd Regiment, disembarked immediately.

Before following the movements of the little force with which the author was more immediately connected, it is desirable, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the country, to make some general remarks on the route followed by the troops during this great winter march, and should the details be somewhat uninteresting, it is to be hoped the reader will pardon the circumstance, in consideration of the greater ease with which the narrative of the march will be understood.

When the first two or three vessels left England for Canada, with troops, the instructions given to the captains were that, if possible, they were to land the

soldiers on some point in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, such as Rivière du Loup, or Bic, and should they be successful in doing so a handsome bonus would be paid by the Government. Should they be prevented, however, by the ice in the Gulf, as was too probable, they were then to make for Halifax. Only one vessel was successful in landing troops in Canada, direct—the Cunard steamer *Persia*, with the 16th Regiment on board—which landed its living freight at Bic. But even this vessel was only partially successful, for the ice came down on them so suddenly, that, while one company was yet on board, although its luggage unfortunately had gone on shore, the *Persia* had to run for it and steam round to Halifax. Part of the crew having gone on shore, the few remaining troops on board had to turn sailors for the time, and by all accounts they made very good and willing ones. The *Adriatic* got to the Gulf, but was unable to land any of its cargo, so it was obliged to make for Halifax also, as did all the others.

On consulting a map of our American possessions, the reader will observe that communication between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick may be maintained by land round the head of the Bay of Fundy, or by sea to any of the ports on the New Brunswick coast, in the same bay. In winter it is not possible to make the direct excursion from Windsor, Nova Scotia, to St. John, N.B., therefore the sea route to New Brunswick from Halifax is round the province—considerably longer than the summer route. By this way St. Andrew's is a nearer port than St. John, for troops proceeding northward to Canada, and there is, in addition, a line of railway from the former port to

Woodstock, the point where the routes to Canada from St. John and St. Andrew's intersect, and after which they proceed together. From Woodstock the road to Canada follows the river St. John, and was divided thus: First day's march, to Florenceville; second ditto, to Tobique; third ditto, Grand Falls; fourth ditto, Little Falls.

Here we enter Canada, and owing to the superiority of the roads, the day's march lengthened, and was divided into two journeys of forty miles each—to Fort Ingall and Rivière du Loup. The latter place is the eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, and from it the troops were carried westward by rail to their various destinations. Supposing the troops came from St. John to Woodstock, instead of from St. Andrew's, the journey occupied four days, two days between St. John and Fredericton, and two between Fredericton and Woodstock, This was the route taken ultimately by most of the troops, partly because the accommodation at St. John in case of any accumulation of troops was better than at St. Andrew's, and partly because at first the weather was unfortunately so severe as to interfere with the running of the trains between St. Andrew's and Woodstock, as we shall have occasion to show more fully as we go on.

On studying the map, the reader will observe that from Woodstock to Little Falls, the road lies very nearly alongside of the Yankee frontier. The remembering this fact will enable the reader to judge better of the difficulties we suffered from agents endeavouring to make our men desert, by first making them half drunk, and then tempting them by offers of large

bounty and enormous pay. But wholly apart from this consideration, in this close vicinity of the Yankee frontier lies the danger and weakness of this route in time of war. Although we were able, easily enough, when there was no fear of molestation, to transport our men in small columns of 100 or 200 strong, yet had we had a small body of hostile cavalry or riflemen, or a couple of guns commanding the road at any point, it is needless to say that our advance would have been completely stopped, unless our little army marched together in strong enough force to overcome an enemy.

When, therefore, our press was filled with boastings on account of the ease with which our troops were transported overland on this occasion, every one who had any practical experience of this military movement, knew well that it was no guarantee for the safety of a similar force on any future occasion, when war might be declared between us and the States. All that could be said of the arrangements on this occasion was, that it showed greater perfection of our commissariat and medical departments, and the higher ability of our staff, when compared with the Crimea, and other campaigns. As for danger and difficulties, there were no more to be encountered than in a fortnight's march from Aldershott through our southern counties. Undoubtedly, the arrangements were excellent, and there was never any *hitch*, save where the inclemency of the weather occasioned any stoppage; but we must bear in mind always that although a model march through a strange but friendly country, it affords no precedent for any similar movement, when the same route might be exposed to attack and

annoyance from an active and powerful enemy. Should such a risk exist, one of three alternatives would have to be adopted:

1st. The road would have to be kept free by large moving columns of our own troops, while the main body was marching.

2nd. The entire force would have to march together, and, consequently, much more slowly; and would have to put up with much worse fare and more indifferent accommodation than was afforded to the small columns that daily and methodically succeeded one another in the march of 1861-62.

3rd. A new route would have to be adopted, more to the eastward, so as to escape annoyance from the enemy. This new route would probably be more like the line proposed for the Intercolonial Railway, which, if made, of course would afford a fourth, and more satisfactory solution of the difficulty than any other.

With these preliminary remarks, I shall merely mention the various regiments which took part in this march, and then proceed to the more personal part of this chapter. These troops were:

ARTILLERY.—4th Brigade. Field Artillery. Several batteries, with Armstrong guns complete, but no horses; these being afterwards purchased in Canada. 7th Brigade. Garrison Artillery. Two batteries (Nos. 5 and 6). 10th Brigade, about half the brigade, or rather more.

INFANTRY.—Grenadier Guards and Scots Fusilier Guards, one battalion each; 16th Regiment, one company; 62nd Regiment; 63rd Regiment. One battalion Rifle Brigade; 15th Regiment, as far as Fredericton

MISCELLANEOUS. — Royal Engineers; Military Train, two battalions; Army Hospital Corps; Commissariat Staff Corps; Cavalry Instructors for Militia and Volunteers.

A battalion of the 16th and 17th Regiments respectively, which came abroad at this time, remained in Halifax; and a battery of the 10th Brigade, Royal Artillery, proceeded to Newfoundland. An Armstrong field-battery of the 8th Brigade, Royal Artillery, which came out rather later, remained at Halifax for some months, and then proceeded to New Brunswick.

Some six months after the whole movements were over, the 7th Brigade Royal Artillery, whose term of foreign service was over, was replaced by the 15th Brigade from England. On this occasion, the part of the 10th Brigade which had been left in Halifax moved on to Canada, leaving the former station to be garrisoned by the newly arrived 15th Brigade.

The infantry regiments, already in Canada before the *Trent* affair, were the 1st battalion 17th Regiment, the 30th Regiment, the 47th, and a battalion of the 60th Rifles, in addition to the Royal Canadian Rifles; and in Nova Scotia, the 62nd and 63rd Regiments. Of these regiments, the 30th and 60th had come out, along with a battery of the 4th Brigade, in the *Great Eastern*, some time before.

Of course, this force would have been inadequate to take the field by itself, against the large armies of the States; but they would have formed a powerful nucleus for the colonial militia and volunteers; and, besides, the political effect they had, coming out as they did, with the demand made by our Government

for reparation, was more powerful than we would at first believe, considering their comparatively small numerical strength.

And the staff sent out by the authorities was of the best in every way. Sir Fenwick Williams was surrounded by men who in every part of the world had gained a name for zeal, gallantry, and high military talent; his several generals of division were picked men, as the regiments were picked troops; the medical and commissariat departments were headed by their best officers respectively; the Lower Provinces were under General Doyle, a man whose antecedents justified one in expecting the administrative and military talent he has displayed; the tone of the whole army was good, and the *materiél* of the best; while along the American coast we had, under a prudent and talented admiral, a fleet which would have astonished Nelson.

Thus, had war come, as the troops and even the colonists wished, our model army and magnificent fleet, backed by the sturdy loyalty of our colonists, who never showed to such advantage as at this time, when war would have made them heavy sufferers even in case of continual victory, would have probably assisted the Southerners in the lessons they taught their vain foes on many a battle-field beyond Washington.

To resume our narrative. When our small force, under Colonel Ingall, disembarked at St. Andrew's on New Year's-day, we found everything in readiness for housing part of us, and for the remainder to proceed towards Woodstock by rail. The troops having first dined, and the officers having received hospitality from the manager of the line, and others of the inha-

bitants, the head-quarters of the regiment and three companies, as far as I remember, with my detachment of gunners, got into the train, and as we did not expect to be longer than a few hours, we did not carry rations. Unfortunately, the weather had been snowy and threatening, and before we had gone half way, the line was blocked up, and we were left stationary. The storm of that day, and the intensity of the cold, will not soon be forgotten; nor will the passengers in that unhappy train soon forget their unpleasant position. The manager, who was with us, finding that the engine could not draw the whole train, had several carriages detached, and endeavoured to go on with the remainder. But the first part of the train even, in which I was, was too heavy to permit the engine to make any way through the snow, which the wind had drifted on to the track in perfect mountains, so in about half a mile, we came also to a stop; and, as a last experiment, the engine went on alone to procure assistance, carrying with it the manager and the colonel. We learned next day that in about ten minutes after leaving us, the engine began to show symptoms of giving out; there was no water, and snow was a tedious substitute; so when about three miles in advance of us, it also stopped, and in half an hour or so, was frozen hard. The manager was frost-bitten; and had it not been for a small log-hut near, it would have gone hard with the small party on the engine. In the meantime, we sat waiting for its return; evening came on, then night, then morning, but still no sign. Our hunger was great, for in the hurry at St. Andrew's, we had not done so much justice to our luncheon as we might; and the

cold, which was intense, whetted our appetite in no inconsiderable degree. The feeling, too, that we could get nothing to eat, tended to make us all the more eager for food, for there is more sentiment in our appetites than we think. Each of the long cars, in which we were, was supplied with a stove, as is the custom in America; but our supply of fuel soon was exhausted. To avoid being frozen as well as starved, the pioneers got out of the carriages, and cut down as much of the branches and dead wood near the railway as would keep the fires going all night; although, poor fellows, they had to stand up to their arm-pits in snow while doing so.

I myself had brought with me a tolerably large brandy flask, and to no provident act of mine in my whole life do I look back with such unmixed satisfaction. It was a peculiar one, called a "hydraulic canteen," an American idea and a very good one. It was oblong, and was slung round the shoulder by a strap under the great-coat. To avoid unbuttoning everything when one desired to moisten one's clay, a long flexible tube with an amber mouthpiece was attached to the strap and communicated with the canteen. When slung correctly, the mouthpiece was just under the chin, so all one had to do was to insert it in the mouth and suck away calmly until one's thirst was gratified. Unfortunately this same operation could be performed should one fall asleep by another without disturbing the owner, and during the snatches of repose I had during the night, I can say safely that I seldom if ever awoke without finding some head, not my own, fondly reclining on my bosom and sucking

at the tube in perfect frenzy. The opportunities I had of studying the phrenological organs of the back of the human head during that night would have made Gall and Spurzheim truly happy.

But morning came, and yet no sign of food or assistance. Nothing to eat, but ever so many hungry mouths. We were getting desperate, and commenced feeling sullenly in our pockets for crumbs. When thus engaged I came upon a piece of paper containing some half-dozen peppermint lozenges. Our delight was unbounded, and in our small group at one end of the carriage they were honestly divided and eaten with a solemnity befitting the occasion. What a scene for an artist! the British officer campaigning and taking a light breakfast off a peppermint! Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease! what do you think of such a breakfast with the thermometer at zero? But allow me, as a friend, to suggest that should you ever be in our position you throw the peppermint out of the window rather. The consequences of this dainty are familiar to most people, and chiefly elderly ladies, but on an empty stomach after a twenty-four hours' fast the effect is something awful.

Fortunately the drum-major (may he live a thousand years), who was in our carriage, found a little coffee in his haversack, and this was boiled in a tin canteen on the top of the stove, and with snow in place of water. Yet even under these trying circumstances, in the absence too of milk and sugar, we found it very delicious and reviving. And yet to-morrow we will be growling that our coffee is too

thick, or the milk too thin, and, generally speaking, will be making domestic brutes of ourselves. Such is life! Everything—physical and moral—every temper and laugh, every joy and sorrow, seems to have a most unromantic connexion with the state of the stomach at the time.

About noon, just as we had made up our minds to get out and march to the nearest station, we observed a figure on the track making towards us. On his arrival we learned the fate of the engine, but received the cheering intelligence that the snow-ploughs were at work, and that we would probably resume our journey in a couple of hours. The thoughtful manager of the line had sent by the messenger a small supply of food, which was divided into as many portions as possible and thoroughly appreciated.

The railway was not at that time open the whole way to Woodstock; about twenty-three miles, if I remember aright, had to be done on sleighs. When we at length reached the station, where our means of conveyance was to be changed, which was not until late in the evening of the second day, we found to our intense disgust that, owing to the sleighs having been kept waiting two days, all the available provisions of the small inn had been devoured by the drivers, and we had to continue our journey without any refreshment. It was midnight before we reached Woodstock, when we got a little food, but very little. The men's barracks were a series of large brick warerooms hired at an enormous rent, and in a very unfinished state. They were very cold, and for the first few days contained no beds, the men sleeping on spruce branches and straw spread on the floor. Ultimately they got more

habitable, but it was impossible to keep them clean or warm. Several houses had been hired for officers' quarters, but as they were perfectly nude of furniture, and the officers were restricted to a very small amount of baggage, they were quite useless, and we had to find accommodation at our own expense in the hotels of the town. Fortunately there was one very large inn with tolerably good bedrooms, in which at one time so many as thirty or forty officers lived together, having a joint mess, with the culinary arrangements under our own supervision. Here, after a while, we managed to shake ourselves down very comfortably, but our amusements were on the most limited scale, consisting entirely of whist and snow-shoeing. Every building that could be hired was taken at enormous rentals by the Government, both here and at all the stations along the road. The money scattered through the district by this means, as well as the various contracts for bread, meat, and groceries, must have been enormous; and as, in addition, every man who had a sleigh and a pair of horses could have them hired at a good price, this winter must be looked back on by the New Brunswickers as a golden age.

There not being the same immediate hurry as if war had been imminent, the troops were not allowed to leave Woodstock until all the arrangements were completed in advance along the road to Rivière du Loup. These were admirable and yet simple. Every morning a column of one hundred and sixty men with their baggage left Woodstock in sleighs for Florenceville, about twenty-five miles. On their arrival at this place it was the duty of the officer commanding to despatch two telegrams, one to the station im-

mediately behind—in this case Woodstock—and the other to St. John, for the information of the general, reporting their safe arrival or otherwise, and the state of the roads. The same messages were despatched from every station by every column, so that there could be no confusion by the accumulation of troops at stations where there was not adequate accommodation. In the long stages, between Little Falls and Rivière du Loup, there was a mid-day halting place, where refreshments could be had for payment at a moderate rate. The accommodation for the men was much the same at every station after Woodstock. It was always a large building, containing a huge stove, and with the floor covered a foot deep with spruce-boughs, forming a soft and fragrant bed for the troops. The first step on the arrival of a column at its night's resting-place was to issue to every one, officers included, a small ration of rum—excellent spirit always. The men then had their warm tea and bread, and the cooks, who were detailed daily, proceeded to prepare the dinner for the following day, which was carried by each man in his haversack and eaten when he liked. The barns in which they slept were always comfortable and well warmed, and the men were always cheerful. Their clothing was abundant and excellent. Each man had a fur cap with ear-lappets, a woollen comforter, a chamois waistcoat, and flannel shirt; warm gloves, thick woollen stockings, and moccasins instead of boots. They always wore their great-coats, and packed their knapsacks and carbines in their sleighs. A surgeon and a commissariat officer were at each station, and almost every column had its surgeon along with it. The precautions taken

against frost-bites and any discomfort were so numerous as to warrant the use of the term "coddling." To prevent confusion an officer of the quartermaster-general's department was stationed at the most important places along the road, such as St. John, Fredericton, Woodstock, and Rivière du Loup. Staff-officers were also constantly on the move between the extremities of the route, so that it was almost impossible to find any error or confusion, or, if such existed, that it should continue.

The sleighs were furnished by contractors. The line was divided into portions allotted to different individuals for this purpose. One man had the road between St. John and Fredericton, another between Fredericton and Woodstock. The four stages between Woodstock and Little Falls, and the stage between the terminus of the St. Andrew's railway and Woodstock were all in the hands of a third; while Canadian sleighs were employed after Little Falls to Rivière du Loup. It was fortunate that this season the lumber trade was not brisk, and many horses out of work, else the contractors would not have had so good and easy a bargain. As it was, in the square before the hotel at Woodstock, every morning, many more sleighs came to be hired than were needed, particularly early in the season, before the weak teams were knocked up, so that the contractor managed to make as good a bargain as he could have wished. The sleighs employed were of the rudest construction. Each was capable of carrying eight men, seated either on small cross-seats holding two each, or on planks nailed round the sleigh, so that the men had their feet in the box-part of the vehicle together. There was always an abundance of straw, and as the

march progressed, and the men became more accustomed to it, it was amusing to see how cunning they became in the art of stowing away their knapsacks and carbines, and in making the most of their somewhat limited accommodation. The sleighs used by the officers were similar to those employed by the men, but as they had not to carry so many, their proprietors gave, in consideration of this, ample supplies of buffalo robes.

The order of march was generally as follows: First, a sleigh with half the officers attached to the column; next, the baggage-sleighs, with their guard; then, the body of the troops; and, lastly, the remaining half of the officers in another sleigh. By this arrangement there was less danger of straggling, and the pace of the sleighs was adapted to the baggage, which was the heaviest, and therefore slowest part of the column.

The drivers of the sleighs were, as a rule, good, jolly fellows. One or two instances of insubordination being promptly punished had a good effect; and in our column I can answer for it, that there was always thorough good-temper and readiness among our thirty Jehus.

After the road was thoroughly ready, the movement onwards was carried out with unceasing regularity. After the 62nd Regiment had gone from Woodstock, my detachment was attached to a newly-arrived party of gunners, and with a company of the 16th Regiment, all under the command of Captain F. Carey, R.A., was despatched on its journey about the 20th of January, 1862.

The details I have already given, will enable me to dispense with many particulars connected with our individual journey. Our party consisted of eight

regimental and two medical officers; and the men were divided about equally into eighty gunners and eighty of the 16th Regiment. There was, however, another member of our party who deserves to be mentioned. He was my dog, Carlo, a spaniel, who ran the whole way, and made his appearance in Quebec with feet swollen to the size of cricket-balls; but with undiminished spirit and activity. On the principle of "Nil nisi bonum de mortuis," I should like to devote a page or two to Carlo's praise. For, alas! victim to a mistaken order, he lies under the turf at Quebec, where he made his triumphal entry. How he was petted and caressed every night, and coaxed every morning to persuade him to accompany any particular sleigh, must be well remembered by all of our party. Poor, dear Carlo! fated while alive to become a soldier's pet, and, therefore, a cur at last, and in death to fall a victim to martial-law, let me here commemorate thy proudest achievement in life, and my own affection and admiration.

But we are fairly under weigh, and to the merry sound of our sleigh-bells are leaving the now familiar town of Woodstock. Soon we are flying past the spruce trees, and exchanging greetings with the inhabitants of the various cottages on the road, while many a pipe is lit, and rugs and great-coats are made the most of, and speculations are rife as to the accommodation likely to be found at Florenceville, our halting-place for the night.

And as our chapter is now pretty long, I shall take breath before continuing our journey, and resume it on another page.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARCH CONTINUED, AND QUEBEC.

FLORENCEVILLE is one of those uninteresting villages we meet in America, which are so numerous and so destitute of any distinctive individuality. We did not arrive until late in the day, and before we had the men comfortably housed for the night—an operation which seemed to possess an unwearying interest for the villagers wherever we went—we were all hungry enough to do justice to even a worse dinner than was provided for us by our host. This, our inn at Florenceville, was the only place along the route where arrangements had been made for billeting the officers, leaving them merely to pay for their meals. In all other inns we were treated as ordinary travellers, save that we were charged for everything extraordinary prices. As we had rather more than the usual number of officers with our column, there was some difficulty in finding beds; indeed, some four or five able-bodied specimens of the British subaltern lay

all night on the parlour floor, round the fire-place, like so many gigantic specimens of crickets on the hearth.

We always paraded in the morning while it was yet dark, so our toilets were hurried and incomplete. Indeed, those of us who did not utterly neglect their beards, were driven to adopt the custom of shaving over night. The morning was unquestionably our most miserable time. The cold was more intense then, and tweaked our noses and other extremities in a way not calculated to promote geniality of temper. There was always a little confusion then about baggage; the drivers were denser in the morning than at any other period of the day; and the irritation which is always produced in the bosom of the true Briton by the payment of a hotel bill, was not lessened by the many little trials we had to go through in starting.

From Florenceville onwards, we gradually approached nearer to the Yankee frontier, until at length the only line of demarcation was the river St. John, on whose eastern bank the road winds on which we travelled. Tobique, which was our next halting-place, had already acquired a bad name as the head-quarters of some Yankee agents, who endeavoured every night to decoy the soldiers from their allegiance. This traffic, when successful, was very remunerative to those engaged; the bounty given to a man who would bring in a well-drilled recruit being very considerable. Fore-warned being proverbially fore-armed, we took every precaution, on our arrival, to ensure the safety of our men from the drink and bribes offered so freely by those miscreants, and I am

glad to say, we met with success. But sitting round the fire that evening, we discussed a proposal which we resolved to execute at the next night's halting-place, to the following effect. It was resolved to take turns during the night among the officers, putting on a soldier's great-coat and accoutrements, and pacing up and down in any prominent place as if on sentry. We thus hoped to attract some of the Yankee agents, who were known to be very active with their enticing offers among the sentinels; and should we succeed in getting them to broach the subject to us, we would immediately arrest them; the punishment being severe for such an offence as this—and necessarily so—in countries where desertion is so easy.

The station where we proposed to put this plan into execution, was Grand Falls, but whether it would have proved a successful one or not, we were not allowed to judge, owing to a ludicrous misadventure. After dinner, arrangements had been made, and it fell to the author to go on sentry first. Arraying myself, with the assistance of my amused confederates, I went out into the cold dark night, carbine in hand, and selecting what seemed a choice spot, I commenced parading solemnly up and down, after the manner of sentries. This lasted without any adventure for about half an hour, and being rather weary of the monotony of the thing, I extended my beat along the road. I had gone about three hundred yards, when a turn of the road brought me in sight of a sentry—a Simon Pure—in close confab with a civilian. No sooner did my delighted optics ascertain this for me, than off I started for the group, and, not listening to any explanation, I requested my suspicious gentleman to

precede me to the hotel, a request I took the liberty of enforcing by bringing my carbine to the trail behind him, the muzzle within six inches of his back. The unhappy man, in a fit of violent trembling, obeyed—who would not obey so practical an argument?—and inwardly exulting, I walked behind dreaming of glory awaiting me, the Victoria Cross, the command of the forces in America, what reward could be too great for so distinguished an action? While in the seventh heaven of hope and ambition, I was brought hurriedly down by my prisoner remarking to me in a weak and quavering voice, yet as if in a conciliatory way too, that "it was a fine night." Good heavens! I was aghast. What right had a prisoner to tell his captor and escort that it was a fine night? This was infinitely worse than the plaintiff's counsel in Pickwick, telling the defendant's that it was a fine morning.

But *I* wasn't going to be taken in by any of his miserable artifices! No! with a profound silence, I merely hurried my pace and my prisoner all the faster until we arrived at the hotel, where, steering him dexterously into the parlour among my brother officers, I stood in the glare of the lamp with the convicted one, awaiting congratulation for myself, and a magistrate for him.

But, why that dead silence as of amazement, and then those peals of ironical laughter? Oh! agony! take me away and hide me! My prisoner is no Yankee, but one of our own most harmless drivers! Need I say there was no more done in that line that night; and that in my bed I strove in vain to drown the re-

membrance of the captured one, and forget my wild dreams of merited preferment.

The Grand Falls of the river St. John, are worthy the visit of the American tourist. Although, of course, nothing to Niagara, it is yet a considerable body of water, and at the season of the year when we were there, the fall looked to particular advantage, owing to the immense icicles hanging round it. There is a very fine, although not very large, suspension bridge here; but in winter the traffic crosses on the ice, which is capable of bearing any weight.

I do not remember much of Little Falls, our next halting-place, save that it was a bustling little village. But we have every reason to remember Fort Ingall, the stage some forty miles farther on, where we spent the next night. Of all dreary and dismal habitations, I consider Fort Ingall the most dreary and most dismal; and of all deserted-looking forts and abominable inns, the fort where our men slept that night, and the inn under whose roof we remained, were respectively the most deserted and the most abominable. Beds being limited in number in the inn, we most of us lay on a rotten, ruined floor (in whose gaps and crevices we were tripping all the time, as we moved about), and there seemed as little idea of fires in that house for warming the outer man, as of cooking for comforting the inner. The only fluid we could procure in the place, was ice-cold, flat bottled ale, at the moderate price of two shillings a bottle; so we were compelled to make the most of our ration rum. I do hope that succeeding bodies of troops were enabled to make some improvement in this establishment, but in my time, it

was something too disgraceful. We were delighted to get away, and its wretched state—if it had no other good effect—acted on us as a tonic, enabling us all the more to enjoy Rivière du Loup, our next halting-place, with its superior and civilised comforts.

Rivière du Loup, is a favourite watering-place among the Canadians, and contains very good hotels and lodging-houses. We found our hotel particularly comfortable and clean; but nothing marked so distinctly our return to civilised life, as the reappearance of that important domestic institution—a waiter. Here, also, we were enabled for the first time since our departure from Halifax to procure a glass of sherry, an article which would have been somewhat incongruous in the hovels where we had frequently spent the night.

At Rivière du Loup we parted with our sleighs, and travelled by rail on the Grand Trunk. We had got accustomed to the former method of journeying, with its bracing, open-air work, and sense of liberty, with the amusement of chaffing our driver and one another; singing songs in a way that would horrify steady-going railway passengers; getting out to run by the side of the sleigh to keep up the circulation, and in every way conducting ourselves more like schoolboys out for a lark, than as staid men, engaged in what had been considered by the Press as likely to prove an uncomfortable, if not dangerous, expedition. The change seemed all the worse, when we took our seats in the huge unwieldy railway cars, with their close, stifling stoves, and noisy rattling.

Before, however, we take our seats, will the reader pardon a digression on a subject which the last two days sleighing had brought prominently before us? I

mean the loyalty of our French Canadian population.

By many people and journals, doubts and suspicion had been cast on this, long before the *Trent* affair had created a position, where the feelings of so large a portion of our Canadian subjects would have been of any political importance. During the Crimean war, it was angrily argued by some, that the French Canadians were not so jubilant over the victories of the English army, as the French. But surely it would have been alien to human nature, had this not been the case. The Scotchman singled out as his heroes the gallant Highland Brigade, and in any battle in which it was engaged, what Irishman but would boast over the doings of the brave regiment of Connaught Rangers. But if there had been any time when the supposed disloyalty of the Lower Canadians would have found a vent, it would have been at a season, when war seemed inevitable between the American Government and England. So far, however, was this from being the case, that, to the amazement of none so much as the Yankees, there was not even a hint thrown out as to this opportunity of rushing into the arms of a grand republic, nor a murmur uttered as to the losses which they would sustain by living in the scene of such a war as seemed only too probable. During our sleigh journey through the French district south of Rivière du Loup, I observed nothing but the most exuberant welcome and assurances of loyalty. In one village in particular, I remember our column was met on entering by the priest, who stood blessing us as we passed; while a little farther on we came on a group of peasants surrounding with

looks of pride the village fiddler, an old blind Frenchman, who was labouring to extract from the loose strings of a crazy violin our national anthem, "God save the Queen!"

But apart from all sentiment in the matter, nor taking into consideration the jealousy which generally exists between two adjoining nations, differently governed, let us ask on the sound British principles of self-interest and common sense, what have the French Canadians to gain by an exchange of their allegiance from our flag to the Brummagem banner of Yankee-dom.

We can find nothing; but we see that they have on the contrary every thing to lose. Never under the States would they be allowed their present liberty in point of law and language; never under the States would they hold the immense landed estates they possess in undisputed tenure all over Canada. As for the sentimental idea of liberty, which, until the days in which we write, was supposed by many to lie in the government of a nation by a mob instead of a monarch, it is as difficult to see how the French Canadians would be happier under Abe Lincoln than under England, as it is to see in what points they are trod upon by the grinding heel of an Aristocratic despotism, which is the paradoxical idea the Yankees have of our constitutional monarchy.

In proceeding to Point Levi, immediately opposite Quebec, from Rivière du Loup, we had the journey agreeably broken half way by a very good dinner provided gratis to us by the Company. I have complained so much in other places of the Grand Trunk, that I am glad to have an opportunity of admitting

any merit in it at all; and I confess with much pleasure, that we all considered this dinner singularly meritorious and thoughtful.

We crossed from Point Levi to Quebec in canoes, in the manner described by me in the second chapter of this book. An enthusiastic welcome awaited us from the crowds on the shore and wharves of the citadel city; but the pleasure which we at starting had imagined awaiting us at our journey's end, was sadly qualified by the feeling that that journey which had been so pleasant, and growing daily more fascinating was now at an end altogether. Such of my readers as have perused Collins's "Cruise upon wheels," will understand our feelings better, if they call to mind those charming passages at the conclusion of the volume, when the cruise is finished, and poor Blinkers has to be sold.

But although I have finished my personal narrative of the march, the description of it as a military undertaking would be incomplete, without some reference to the method in which the artillery materiel was transported, belonging to the Armstrong field batteries, which had come from England with the other reinforcements. That reference shall be as brief as possible. When the batteries came abroad, the Government had a number of sleighs made in Woolwich Arsenal, which were very pretty to look at, and perhaps very good in theory, but which would have failed lamentably in practice, had they ever been employed. I was not present when the first lot was unpacked at St. John, New Brunswick, but I am told that they were received by the natives with howls of derision. They were condemned at once as being fit

too heavy for the roads; and unfit for travelling over the drifts and hollows, which afford no hindrance to the light country sleds. On these latter the whole of the materiel of the batteries was carried, without any inconvenience or injury. The horses were purchased at the different stations where the batteries ultimately served, with the exception of a few horses belonging to a battery of the 8th brigade, which came with it from England. A good many were lost belonging to this battery during the voyage, the transport in which they were embarked having met with very rough weather; and the survivors were in a sad plight on their arrival at Halifax. A battery of the 4th brigade at Montreal, which came out in the *Great Eastern* some time before the *Trent* affair, brought its own horses; there being ample accommodation for them on board so large a vessel.

Quebec is the city in Canada round which is collected the greatest historical interest. It is not for me to recal to my reader the days of Wolfe and Montcalm, men round whose memories is encircled a halo of undying glory; nor is it for me to recount the various occasions in our American wars, when the picturesque city held as bold and prominent a place in history, as its rugged heights do in nature. It is for me to mention merely the few features in its appearance which first strike the traveller, and to allude to the life one may lead in this our old and imposing garrison in the west.

Quebec, as my readers well know, is on the north side of the St. Lawrence, at a part where, approaching the Gulf, the river is gradually widening, and

where it is affected very considerably by the rise and fall of the tides. The hill on which the citadel is built rises almost perpendicularly from the river, and the whole town is on a steep incline. It is the only instance I have met in America of a walled city, with regular gates and bridges; more resembling an old continental city, or our own Portsmouth, than an American town. The various barracks and their occupants in January, 1862, when I arrived in Quebec, were the Palace-Gate and Hope-Gate Barracks, occupied by batteries of the 7th Brigade Royal Artillery, relieved now by the 10th Brigade; the citadel, occupied by the 60th Rifles, relieved since by the 62nd Regiment; and the Jesuit barracks occupied then and now by the 1st Battalion of the 17th Regiment.

The warlike stores in Quebec are of great extent, but in many respects considerably antiquated; and the walls are manned by scores of guns, which are very imposing to look at, but would raise a smile at Shoeburyness, if adduced as specimens of our colonial defences. The artillery practice is generally, nay always, carried on in winter on the ice on a small river which falls into the St. Lawrence. The brigade drills are carried on upon the famous plains of Abraham, where a monument has been erected to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. The idea which prompted but one and the same memorial of these gallant enemies was a beautiful and chivalrous one. It is well for our soldiers to remember that as duty is the ruling principle of their active life, so in the death which duty exacts as a sacrifice in battle, there

is a salve to heal over for ever the rivalry and contests of life, and side by side may soldiers of both armies lie, in the one mystical shroud of duty done, and of bravery to the death.

The walks and drives round Quebec are very beautiful, the favourite being the celebrated Falls of Montmorenci. In winter, there is a great attraction found at these falls in a huge ice cone, which is formed. The chief streets in Quebec are John and Louis streets, but there is in most respects quite another city in the Lower Town, by the river, when compared with the upper and more fashionable district. There is a good club-house; a cathedral and many beautiful churches; and beyond the gates a capital covered skating rink.

Many of the private dwelling-houses are well built and commodious, and their owners hospitable. Indeed, in point of hospitality to the garrison, Quebec far surpasses the other cities of Canada; and you generally find that those military men who are most enthusiastic on Canada, have served in Quebec. The society is good, and more professional than one generally meets in American cities; and its position compared with its rival, Montreal, is very like that of Edinburgh compared with Glasgow. There is a considerable French element, which gives a piquancy to social intercourse, far from disagreeable, and if one dare give an opinion on so delicate a matter, I should think that in point of feminine beauty Quebec reigns monarch in Canada.

There is a tandem club, plenty of sleighing, skating, a little, but very little, cricket, and all the indoor

amusements of a large city. There was rather a dearth of means for gratifying a love of literature, but perhaps this was only apparent, and due to one's ignorance of the reading *whereabouts*. There is no lack of newspaper literature—where is there in America?—and the *Quebec Chronicle* is one of the most important, if not *the* most important, colonial journal.

For sport, military men generally go down the river to the Saguenay, where, in addition to this more active relaxation, one can spend days of contemplative idleness among picturesque landscape. But there is also steam communication, at a reasonable rate, between Quebec and the eastern shore of New Brunswick, where better fishing can be had than in any part of America.

During more than half the year there is direct steam communication between Quebec and England, by the Montreal line of steamers, and at a lower rate than is charged by the Cunard line. As a *contra* to this, however, we must bear in mind the numerous misfortunes of the Canadian line, and the wonderful luck and excellent discipline of the other.

There is a small and pretty island farther down the river, where the musketry practice of the infantry is carried on during the summer. But my experience of these small Canadian islands, although limited to one, St. Helen's, opposite Montreal, was so unfavourable, that I will not allow myself to be trapped into any enthusiasm by the blandishments of its Quebec sister.

But the mention of St. Helen's, the last garrison in

the west in which I served, has curdled the ink in my pen, and raised emotions which prevent me talking reasonably on any other subject. In case my publishers should take out a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, I think I had better pull up, and, leaving any further description of Quebec to some other hand, I shall take a fresh pen, and in a new chapter devote myself to the unburdening of my indignant bosom on the subject of "Our miserable little Island."

CHAPTER XIV.

"OUR MISERABLE LITTLE ISLAND."

Gonzalo. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord:
Antonio. He'd sow it with nettle seed:
Sebastian. Or docks or mallows.
Tempest.

I WONDER if any of my readers ever suffered from the Crusoe mania, a disease which makes one pine to be away in some lone island in the sea, where the only thing to be dreaded would be the print of the human foot, where some intelligent dog or goat should more than compensate for the loss of the human race; where, under the exertions of one's unaided hand, acres of wild ground should become fertile, and damp caves be changed into impregnable fortresses from without, but imperial salons within?

Hear, then, the words of one who dwelt on a lonely island, with the fortress old but ready-made, with a marvellous lack of society, but an aggravating abundance of the beautiful; near to a large city, and yet so far, owing to a rapid river—and then believe me that islands are a delusion, and solitude a snare. How often have I gnashed my teeth, as, meeting some

adventurous acquaintance engaged in a pic-nic, I have been greeted with, "What! *you* living here! Oh, how charming you must find it! So picturesque, so quiet, so lovely!" At these moments lunacy became imminent, and the melancholy which, from hopelessness of sympathy, I was obliged to conceal, became a devouring fiend.

Our island was small, uncommonly small, so confoundedly small that, including every stone and promontory in its whole circumference, we could accomplish its circuit in half an hour; and our constitutional walks must have averaged generally ten or twenty per diem. For I have always observed in my life that the more restricted our opportunities are for gratifying a propensity, the more methodical and determined are we in carrying it out, and the more positive we are in maintaining the necessity of this gratification. Chiefly so is this the case in the matter of exercise; for no man appreciates the value and pleasure of that physical abandonment so much as the individual who is unable to gratify it. But yesterday the course of my duty led me to visit, in the regimental cells, a gunner, of whom the only thing one could safely predicate would be, a thorough and complete acquaintance with the amenities and torments of that domicile. On my asking whether he had any complaints to offer, and being answered in the affirmative, I awaited with some interest his details; and much amused was I to find that not on the subject of indifferent fare, not because his bed was hard, his pillow non-existent, his blankets few and far between, neither that his convivial qualities were lost in the weary silence of solitary confinement, but solely on

the score of want of sufficient exercise did this lazy scoundrel make his wail—this man, who looked on an ordinary hour's parade as an infliction, a fatigue as an injustice, and a heavy marching-order turn-out as an enormity only to be expiated by enormous libations of beer!

We came to regard our island much as that unhappy polar bear in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens must view the few wet slabs on which it walks up and down, sometimes forwards, sometimes backwards, now wagging its head solemnly, now bowing ridiculously, yet all the while affecting to think that it had the whole unlimited use of the Arctic regions, but failing horribly in the attempt. To make matters worse, our island was in a river, not in stationary water—a river with a rapid current and mighty volume—no less a river than the great St. Lawrence. The wind blew this river into ugly waves at times, and cut us, with our little skiffs, off from the mainland; and, even in calm weather, the weary current so prolonged the labour of crossing, that after achieving the feat one always felt inclined never to re-attempt it.

Our island is situated opposite Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada, and is surrounded on other sides by the fertile plains of St. Lambert, St. Hyacinth, and La Prairie. It is a military station only, and to civilians landing the stern warning is given that martial law is to be obeyed. Oh, merry paradox, and strange picture of peace and war! where the guns are strewn thickest, the grass is greenest and the wild flowers fairest; where tons and tons of powder lie buried in a dark magazine, the frogs croak loudest in

my ears as I visit the lonely post at night, and the wild strawberry blushes under my feet, and the elms wave greenly over my head. My sword, as I do my rounds, clanks not heavily on paved parades, nor echoes ringingly in the ears of armed men; it drags lightly over the green moss, and rings only against some fallen tree or flower-buried stone. In Dickens's "Bleak House" the sketch of Mr. Boythorn raging and storming with the canary perched on his head is not more ludicrous—ay, even to the pathetic—than the picture which I see every day. The birds perched on the top of order-boards, hanging on silent walls, but breathing the sternest denunciations against possible offenders; while the spider, weaving its web on a summer day across the door of a vacant sentry-box, is no inappropriate companion to the martins that build their nests amid the pile of shot and shell, and feed their young in the shadow of cannon and other instruments of war.

Our island made believe to have many merits which would not bear the minute inspection of residents, and at last we came to look on Mr. Pumblechook as an incarnation of candour and modesty in comparison with this arch impostor. It pretended—did our island—to be cool when the mainland was grilling its inhabitants; but do ye bear witness, O panting and outraged few, who lay day after day under any possible shade dissolving into fluid, until the tormenting insects, once so boldly resisted, came to make their meals on our helpless bodies unavenged.

Bear witness too, the open doors and windows, the iced water and sherry cobblers, the departing appe-

tite, the increasing liver, the despondency, apathy, weariness of life.

Our island pretended to have unlimited capacities for cricket, and made much of a few yards of turf on one side. Need I say that there the grass became capricious in its growth, that the cows in the island made that spot a rendezvous for their elephantine sports, and something worse; that a good hit sent the ball either into the river or up into the tree-tops; that no living batsman could make certain of a ball with such a background of dark stumps and fallen trees; and that the unhappy long-stop (heu! me miserum!) had to stand amid a series of pitfalls which inevitably covered him with ignominy.

It had a ludicrous idea that it was fortified, had our island. There was a decayed and trembling drawbridge, and in various parts of the island were the remnants of what may once have been formidable gates, but whose rheumatic bars were now swayed about, creaking and groaning, by every summer breeze. Under my window was a platform, once meant to support a gun, but which was now past supporting itself. From under its rotting timbers one day I heard a sound, by no means unfamiliar, but hardly warlike, and presently out strutted a stately fowl, accompanied by a brood of newly-hatched chickens, whose chirping seemed a satire on the heavy boom meant to echo amid the dense smoke hanging over the gun whose existence never went beyond some sanguine fancy.

We had an atrocious and weedy parapet, broken up by many a winter's frost, and washed by

many a summer's rain, where, in idle hours and hours of loneliness (and that they were many let it testify), we would erect flower stands and rustic seats, sow seeds which never appeared, and plant flowers only to die, or, like some mariner on the deck of a drifting vessel, would eye, through eager glass, any passing vessel, as if we hoped for release. There was a sallyport meant for warriors which we used for suspending mutton; there were magazines, meant for deadly shell, which we made reservoirs for beer; and while our own bomb-proof barracks were allowed quietly to decay, a partial department or an idiotic Government patched and repaired annually wooden buildings weak as those of cards, and intrusted to their mouldering walls piles of destructible but valuable material, whose chief characteristic was inappropriateness on an island. We had there two or three field batteries, with all the harness complete, on an island where not one gun could travel, and only one horse existed. It had a strange history, had that horse, or rather absence of history: for, older than the oldest inhabitants, no tradition of its advent had been handed down. In winter it slept in the ruins of what had once been a prison, and lived, or rather starved, upon what it could pick up; in summer it blew itself out with green food until the skeleton of the spring renewed its youth like the witch of old, and turned out again in the autumn, sleek, placid, and comfortable.

To further gloom in our minds we had a cemetery on our island, where, according to the rude wooden tombstones, the victims to a plague which once broke out on the island were huddled in unseemly crowd: prisoners in their lives, in their deaths they were not

released. It was situated in a gloomy recess, where the snow lay longest, and the sunbeams could not penetrate; where the grass was rank and weedy, and your feet went splashing through green and hidden pools, while the white tombstones stood out in the uncertain light like ghosts.

For anachronisms we had our block-houses, our gates, and our guard-rooms. On the tops of imposing rocks were to be seen dark windowless buildings buried in a rank undergrowth of shrubs, towers whose dismal walls whisper of death and defiance; but ah! when we come near them, like many men whom we meet in life, we detect the cracked roof, the rotting rafters, and read in their lineaments weakness and imbecility.

And our gates, what gates so fearful in aspect, what spikes more likely to make the human frame shiver, till a nearer inspection shows the broken lock and missing hinge, and some summer breeze comes and shakes their creaking ribs in ribaldry, like rheumatism and palsy playing antics with a cripple's bones. And our guard-rooms—one there is on the quiet beach of the quietest part of our island, where adventurous cows wander in utter amazement, where solemn pigs grunt, and vain fowls cackle—half, merely, of a house whose other half is tenanted by an ancient dame whose life is spent in washing linen, which, in the form of nameless garments, flaps in the very face of our bearded guard. Ah! this, our guard-room, is the climax of our paradox, and here we sit down and laugh. For seizing an hour for rest from her steaming toil, our ancient dame sits down on the rickety seat before the guard-room door, and laughs with the

men as if they were but children playing at some solemn game, while the fowls pick seeds from under the butts of their carbines, and the wild duck comes close in to the shore as if it knew they were not loaded; and the clank of their swords as they saunter up and down mingles with the drowzy hum of grasshoppers, or the whisperings of the trees.

And our island had its ghost, in a dark frog-haunted pool near our largest magazine, in a lonely part of the island, the solitary sentry has been known to see rise in the still watches of the night a green lady whose chief amusement was to scream—a hysterical ghost whose fit never wore off.

The only other inhabitants were a few old pensioners, encouraged to live there no doubt by an economical government with the object of accelerating their end and of shortening their pensions. Inasmuch as we were wholly dependent on these individuals for the produce of the cow and the domestic fowl, we did not object to the arrangement. A few transitory individuals in the form of infantry come over for musketry instruction were never regarded by us as part of the community; indeed, living as they did under canvas and being engaged the whole day, we would hardly have been aware of their existence were it not that their firing often closed one angle of "our island" against our daily constitutionals.

There was an abundance of ornithological life on the island; no fewer than thirty-seven varieties of birds having been known to visit it.

But by the insect world did our island seem to be most highly appreciated—no limit being placed to their variety and number.

Every day some new and more horrible species would make its appearance, displaying to our appalled optics a singularly superfluous number of wings and legs. And among this class of the animal kingdom, I have observed that our loathing towards them is always in proportion as their legs exceed the respectable and commonplace number of four. In the hot evenings of a Canadian summer, sitting reading or writing in one's room, the windows were always left open to create a draught. The common way of lighting the apartment was by suspending against the walls paraffine lamps with reflectors attached. The brilliancy of these attracted the insects from all parts of the surrounding darkness, and one would soon hear the buzz and conversation of enterprising individuals rushing wildly to the lamps and destruction. The walls and floor surrounding these lamps would have afforded an interesting field for study to the entomologist, covered as they were with the flattened bodies of every variety of insect, differing in everything save the common *penchant* for suicide. I remember one evening when I had been reading the "Woman in White," or some other work calculated to make the hair stand on end or otherwise unstring the nervous system, I heard in the room a deeper voice than the insects generally employed, accompanied by a sound as of a female in pattens. A hurried examination soon disclosed a mysterious animal of the size of a full-grown and well-fed mouse endeavouring to secrete itself behind the door. Had I done the thing properly I should have addressed it as Mr. Poe did his raven, but I merely devoted myself to disappointing the intruder; I accordingly proceeded with rude intent and

ready boot to add him to the other group of insects in the room already victims to *felo-de-se;* but, to my horror, and with what in my fright seemed a yell of triumph and mockery, he raised something on his back; shot out several pairs of wings; tucked in his legs, and rose, brushing my pale face as he passed, and ultimately alighting on a white curtain, where, producing his legs again and packing up his wings, he sat crooning and buzzing to himself in a very discontented tone. By this time my feelings were awful; had he produced a revolver and aimed it at me I should hardly have been surprised, and I thought seriously of leaving him in undisturbed possession of the apartment. I resolved, however, to give him one chance, and opening all the windows and the door—even more than before — in a most alluring manner, I stood at a respectful distance and commenced hissing at him and using every discordant sound I could invent, until an insect of the slightest musical temperament would have made its escape in self-defence. But although this gentleman had horns he seemed to have no ear, and I could almost swear he turned round and winked at me in derision. Then, stowing away his legs as before, he made straight at me, and I turned ignominiously and fled. I forget how I ultimately procured his departure; I rather think he got an impression that there was some one on the staircase even more nervous than myself, and while he peeped out to ascertain I drove the door to in triumph, leaving him objecting loudly on the landing. I fell on the sofa in relief and a cold perspiration, and meditated on the anomalies of the insect world in general, and of this individual in particular.

I need hardly say that on our island the number of dogs was as the sands of the desert. The International Dog Show at Islington was shadowed forth among us. Dogs of breeding, dogs of none; small dogs, large dogs, amiable dogs, vicious dogs; dogs with *blasé* look, dogs with pricked ears and impudent eye; all were there. The loneliness of the island compelled us in the absence of their betters to turn our eyes and affections towards some of the lower orders of creation—*hinc illi canes*.

A month or two on the island rendered us all very dyspeptic; and dyspepsia rendered us miserably uncertain in our tempers. We would part in cheerful and jovial mood, say at ten o'clock: at eleven we would meet taciturn and scowling; on parade we would study the countenance of our commanding officer as he came on, with feelings akin to those of a dog walking on tip-toe round a strange and larger dog; mingled feelings of awe, interest, and uncertainty. Did his face look bright and his eyes clear—we also at once looked bright and felt relieved. Did the the skin look muddy, the eye yellow, the general appearance bilious, then we looked out for squalls. For myself, I look back with disgust to the cynical and misanthropic brute which my residence on that island made me. Practising at cricket, if anyone made a hit which necessitated my running for it, I scowled at and hated that man with a murderous hatred. Our once placid rubber became vicious as any old ladies' at Bath; we criticised our food until the cook must frequently have contemplated suicide in despair; we even gave up corresponding much with our friends in the outer world, partly, indeed, because

we had nothing to say, but partly also because in our bosoms the milk of human kindness, that lifeblood of the domestic affections, had turned to gall. We had our moods pensive, and moods merry, verging even on hysterics; the former I associate chiefly in my mind with sherry cobblers, the latter with unlimited claret-cup. For, mark you, the sherry cobbler is par excellence the cup of solitude; but who brews Badminton for himself alone?

We had a snug little mess, and took in an enormous amount of newspapers, which, in the form of pipelights, ultimately filled a harmless little bronze image of a mortar, which, in admirable keeping with the other defences of the island, bore in huge letters on its side the inscription "Terrible." The catering of the mess passed through several hands, every one commencing zealously, but passing speedily into the apathy which was the inevitable consequence of living on our island. Each caterer's career is associated in my mind with ludicrous misfortune. One, I remember, filled all the empty wine cases with soil, and sowed enormous quantities of mustard and cress, enough, had it lived, to supply the wants of the grand hotel itself. Need I say that as soon as it approached the stage which gladdened the caterer's heart and made the rest of us dream of a cool accompaniment to our grills, some mysterious atmospheric influence peculiar to our island instantly blighted it; and long after the abdication of that caterer, these melancholy boxes lined the parapets, a sad check on the presumption of his successors. One of these latter thought of chickens as a species of live stock which were likely to do him credit and be exempt from meteorological phenomena.

Crossing at early morn in a fit of zeal and a canoe, he procured at a price not more than half as much again as others paid, a brood of eighteen or so from an old woman in the market of Bonsecours. Two came to a melancholy end in crossing, being smothered in the basket, and, with one exception, the others all died, never having attained a larger size although consuming a fabulous amount of food. The unhappy survivor, ever eating, never growing, lived in solitude in an enormous residence improvised for the occasion and faced with an enormous grating of iron. Before this grating, the canine and feline inhabitants would sit for hours watching impotently the movements of the miserable little inmate, and getting melancholy on the subject of its being beyond their reach. We had been at some pains in constructing many most inviting roosting bars, but in the most obstinate manner it preferred an extremely uncomfortable angle of the edifice, which seemed to us singularly ill-adapted for repose. I forget its ultimate fate, it was either the pip or curry.

Among Englishmen everywhere the weather forms a never-failing topic of conversation, while it is also employed as a scape-goat for many evils. But on our island it was an almost universal scape-goat, receiving the credit alike of physical and of mental depression. One of us I remember had a theory that our troubles were due to the mountain, elsewhere described. This mountain rising as it does behind the city of Montreal eclipsed any view we might otherwise have had to the northward, and checked the cool breeze which might have fanned our fevered brows. The very name of this mountain, even writing as I

now do at some distance of time and space, exasperates me, and reminds me of much aggravation caused thereby. Everyone you meet in Montreal, every shop-keeper you engage in conversation, every waiter who may attend you, however you might strive to lead the conversation, invariably broke in with the dreaded and inevitable question, "Have you been up the mountain? Its great charm was a cemetery half way up, where people were laid in their graves in a situation reminding one forcibly of the suspended coffin of Mahomet, midway between heaven and earth.

But to return. I frequently meditated writing a treatise on the effects of solitude on the soul and stomach; but want of energy, while showing in my own person one of its effects, robbed the world of a similar opportunity. But looking back on that dreary time I can most positively assert that the absence of that mental friction which one has in the midst of civilised communities is productive of much disease in the mind, and, I think, conducive to indigestion in the body. One may, perhaps, think or study alone in a warped and prejudiced manner; but, good heavens! to *dine* alone, there is the evil. Nor is it any mitigation that two or three others are alone with you in your sad predicament; for too early do we sound the depths of our respective minds, too soon do we know by heart—aye! even to loathing, our mutual witticisms, —too soon does that awful social hour arrive when during a whole meal we cannot raise among ourselves even the shadow of a laugh!

But the most melancholy feature in our imprisonment was the woful lack of energy and application which supervened. Two of my brother officers con-

templated writing a treatise on some such subject as Napoleon I., and agreed to divide the labour in rather a novel manner; one doing the reading, the other the writing. They failed to get beyond the first chapter, and ended as most of our enterprises did—in beer.

In an effervescing fit of zeal, we all agreed one day to go in for water-colours. Rushing over to Montreal we purchased the materials, hunted up and down the streets for a master, engaged him to come over regularly for purposes of instruction; got through our first lesson, yawned through our second, and on the morning of the third sent him a message that on that day we were engaged. His periodical visits coming round on us, made us soon regard him as another Old Man of the Sea; nor could we find any way or excuse for getting rid of him, for he was an excellent artist and a tolerable teacher, nor could we plead no further need of his services. At last, one day, there came a rumour that we were to be removed to Quebec; so meeting in solemn conclave, we concocted an elaborate letter to him, stating that our preparations for departure were so urgent, our setting our house in order so engrossing, that we feared we could not give that attention to his valuable instructions which they merited, and therefore, &c. &c.

We attempted fishing from our island, and occasionally caught some of the most diminutive fish that ever existed, provided, with what seemed to us, a most unnecessary abundance of bones. Duck-shooting was attempted; but further than a great amount of discomfort incurred, and firing off our guns on our return, we can hardly be said to have had much excitement from this sport.

Shut out as we were from the world, I remember, as in a dream, that we were always craving for news. The post came over twice a day, and we generally went down in a body to meet him, and lived in constant expectation of letters. Every time any of our number crossed to Montreal he was received with yells of execration if he dared to return without some intelligence. Fortunately, the very air in America, that year, was rife with rumours, and our morbid and almost Yankee anxiety for news was generally gratified abundantly. As for the little events that occurred in our own community, they furnished us with as much conversation as any choice tit-bits of scandal would an old lady's tea-table in a country village. An occasional desertion (I wonder every one did not not desert), sickness, an exchange, or any small matter, was long and well-ventilated. One man, I remember, disappeared one night, and after a considerable lapse of time his body was brought up from the muddy bottom of the river by the dredging-machine. The chatter about this was childish; and though the man had not been overpopular in his life, yet all were anxious to go to his funeral for a new sensation.

I had almost forgot to mention, among other enterprises which we undertook with spasmodic energy—that we seriously contemplated a heavy course of gardening. An acre of land, or so, near our quarters, had once been cultivated for potatoes. On this we cast covetous eyes, and soon obtained authority to appropriate it. A solemn commission was sent into Montreal to purchase seed, tools, flower-pots, and frames, sufficient altogether to start in life, with the

greatest comfort, several market-gardeners. Before the purchased goods reached us, the fit had worn off; and with the exception of one small bed of salad, on which, while yet in infancy, many cows danced one frenzied night, the acre or so remained Bareacres the whole summer.

So much for the dark side of our island life; such was its weary routine. Exhausting it was, alike to mind and body; leaving on us few impressions save a sensation as of dull, deadened pain—a conviction of wasted energy and of lost time. I am sure, to speak figuratively, that in the time of our residence there, the clocks of our lives were put back several years, and the elasticity of their springs for ever injured.

But to our cloud there was a silver lining. There was one thing of which we never wearied. At night, on the shore or on the green parapet, to stand watching the play of the merry stars on that hurrying river, or the grand white sheen of the patient moon spreading over its surface like a garment. Shadows on the shore, light on the water and in the tree-tops, a great silence everywhere—one never wearied then. The buzz of some lazy insect, or the echo of distant oars on the St. Lawrence, with the cry, at stated intervals, of "All's well" from the sentry on his lonely post under the elms by the haunted pool, these were the only sounds that broke the sweet stillness of that moonlight, and made it seem stiller and sweeter. So might one dream for ever in that happier land where the Lord himself shall lighten all things, and the nations of them that are saved shall dwell in the light of it!

And as one would stand gazing, he would see the many lights of a great city come twinkling over the rippling water as if to cheer without interrupting one's solitude. Or one might hear, borne fitfully on the night-air, the bells of many churches sounding each passing hour, or inviting one to pray in a voice more solemn in this still island than in the crowded streets and thronging populace of a restless city. As I open my mind to the thoughts born of these solemn chimes, I hear, caught up by the wind and borne to my ears, those mysterious sounds swelling up from a distant multitude which the fancy so loves to dwell on and analyse!

And in our island we have objects which awaken and cultivate many faculties which in a crowded community would lie dormant. We have scenes, too, that quicken the imagination—the true ruler of the mind after all—scenes of great and varied beauty; and we have always in that little dell a lonely group of bleaching headstones, which whisper to us that even this little spot has not been overlooked by the keen-eyed reaper, Death! And in this dreamy phase of our life the seasons may come and go, and bring with them their respective occupations and interests; but they do not bring weariness.

To-day, as it were, I am sitting in the shade of a green tree, and watching between me and the great river the butterflies glance, and the birds flutter and sing; to-morrow, the leaves are red and yellow, and the wind whirls them before me, where but yesterday were the gaudy insects; and so rapid seems the versatile year, that it seems but another day when I

find our island clad with snow, and the river overcast as with a sullen and immovable mask, while the trees wave their wild arms naked in the chilly wind, and the birds are silent and the butterflies gone!

But to thee, O great river, as of old to his gods did the cultured Grecian kneel, does our fancy bend in an adoring sympathy. I cannot analyse the sentiment, but we soon came to personify the river; and though now smooth, now turbid, now crowded with sweeping craft, and anon lonely with a great loneliness, still it was always as of a being that we talked and thought of it—this great river St. Lawrence. Sometimes drowsily watching it speeding on like some living thing bent on some earnest purpose, we would see in it a picture of our own minds in this hermit life. The varied blocks and sheets of ice hurried down in early spring by its restless current, are not more varied than the thoughts which chase one another on the placid river of our mind; the lights and shadows that dance across its surface are not more rapid in their transitions than the dreams that chequer our half-waking fancy by the side of this green river, in the light of this western sun. Yet sooner even than these floating fragments shall melt in the glare of a noonday sun, will the half-formed thoughts disappear in the Lethe of the past before the glare of an ever-changing present, or the dazzle of the hopes that crowd a luring future. Shall we not, then, as yonder child reaches its little hand to seize from the rapid current some waif branch sweeping out to the sea, seize also some fancies from the stream of our thought ere they sweep on to that ocean of ob-

livion which we all carry within us, until that last day shall bid its waters, like yonder real waves before us, give up its shadowy dead?

* * * * *

But as our jailer, we would sometimes, in our dark moods, hate this cold, unrelenting river, sweeping round us with surging arms, and binding us in with fetters that were dark often and deadly. Deadly, indeed! as one night showed us. Four people left behind after some pic-nic, started in a small boat pulled by one of our own men, and ere they had gone a hundred yards from the shore were upset, through some sudden panic or unexpected wave. A wild cry pierced the darkness, as a glittering fish parts the black waters of some sullen pool, and four of the five were hurried into eternity. Three were women, and two were young; but this deadly stream knows not of age or sex, but sucks them, in boa-like grasp, to a choking death. Few sadder sights did the sun witness, some two or three days after, than the huddled group of dead that the glutted waters threw up on a small island near us, with white faces and distorted limbs, lying in fantastic attitudes, grouped by that hideous limner, Death! Hurry the unseemly dead out of sight, as we soon shall out of mind; the earth will not give them up as this dainty river doth, until one day we wot of, when the echoes of a great trump shall reach the deepest and darkest grave, and wake the humblest and most forgotten dead!

* * * * *

And at last we left our island. On a bright September day a small steamer came and carried us away to put us on our first stage to England. We were

marched on board with hardly energy enough to cheer; and we babbled in an idiotic manner to one another. We could not realise that we were actually going, that the speck on the horizon, getting smaller and smaller, was our island, fading from our sight for ever. And in the wild nights at sea, its image rose before our minds in a strange and unearthly calm, such as one could fancy to a man awakened from a trance, must the dim, mysterious gap in his life appear. And then, months after, came the first letter I received from one of our successors on the island. It seemed so strange to hold that thin sheet of paper in my hand and to think that the words had been written by the drowsy trees and scorching grass I knew so well. Instinctively it all came before me like a dream—the grey barracks, the dark pool, the little yard of the silent, the hot air, the surging river. And like the forgiveness of injuries, when those who did them are dead, so did this, our island, seem more endurable now, when far away from its dreary paths, its melancholy shores.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRADE AND EDUCATION OF OUR NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

I CANNOT say that my book has as yet given the public much in the way of useful statistics. I have written more from memory than from notes, and my recollections have been of the idle lazy sort which are often pleasing enough to the individual, but sadly boring to the public. Let me in this chapter try and redeem myself in this particular, and before concluding my short account of our American Provinces let me give a few facts and tables, throwing light on a trade which, although in its infancy, bids fair to be herculean, and on an education which although not exactly carried out on a regular system, has yet advantages too prominent to be overlooked.

And first on the trade of our American Colonies, let me indicate its vastness by illustration.

In Prince Edward's Island—our smallest American Colony—the following table has been recently published, showing the amount cleared at the Custom House as exported from the port of Charlottetown :

	Value. £	s.	d.
665,599 bushels oats . .	66,599	18	0
210,297 „ potatoes .	15,239	18	0
18,138 „ barley .	3,627	12	0
110,626 „ turnips .	5,318	0	0
806 barrels oatmeal .	1,209	10	0
26,029 dozen eggs . .	758	18	4
10,173 sheepskins . .	2,543	5	0
21,958 lbs. wool . . .	2,407	5	6
	£97,704	6	10

The above articles enumerated are independent of timber, deals, lathwood, horses, horned cattle, sheep, poultry, pearl barley, beef, pork, dry fish, mackerel, herrings, oil, oysters, parsnips, carrots, hay, &c.

In comparing the above with the exports of former years, we find that in 1830 the exports from the *whole island* were valued at 55,522*l.*, about half the value of the exports from the one port of Charlottetown during the past twelve months. These facts are taken from a recent number of a journal published in the province called the *Islander*, and they may be assumed as correct.

Let us now turn to New Brunswick. Here we find that the amount of wood goods sent from St. John to Great Britain during 1863, has been in 314 vessels of 221,798 tons: carrying 8,070 tons birch, 18,296 tons pine, and 176,854,000 feet of deals. There were in the port of St. John on the 22nd December, 1863, thirty-two ships of 26,557 tons, against 14 ships of 10,932 tons at the same date in 1862, of which 11 were loading for Liverpool against 4 in 1862.

Going now to Canada, we find the Quebec papers proclaiming that in the ship-building trade alone in that port the amount expended in wages during the year 1863 was a million dollars. It is stated that not less than 55,000 tons of shipping were constructed in that port, consuming at least 3,000,000 feet of lumber during the year 1863, and if the whole be averaged at forty dollars the ton, it will be seen that the value of the ship-building for one season has attained the handsome sum of 2,200,000 dollars.

In Nova Scotia the gold trade bids fair to be extremely remunerative. The press of the Northern States speaks in the highest terms of it, and capital is pouring towards this province in a steady stream. Some specimens shown lately in Boston, Massachusetts, were 22 carats fine, and the bars, two in number, weighed respectively 25 oz. and 15 oz. For jewellery no gold is more beautiful. I find that in mineral wealth Nova Scotia is gradually assuming a prominent place. Her exports of coal during 1862, chiefly to the Northern States, exceeded 200,000 tons; her gold mines yielded 90,000*l.* sterling; her trade in gypsum and grindstone has increased, while her exports in iron ore and iron in pigs were considerable. Nova Scotia iron is better known in England than Nova Scotia itself.

New Brunswick, if I may rely on the statement of an intelligent correspondent of the Nova Scotian journals, during the year 1861 mined 18,000 tons of Albertine coal chiefly for the oil; above 12,000 tons of gypsum; manufactured 43,000 casks of lime, and 42,000 grindstones.

Being referred by the same writer to the official

census of these two provinces, we discovered the following interesting details taken in the later half of 1861:

	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.
Acres cleared . .	1,028,032	3,787,524
Estimated value of cleared land .	18,801,365 dollars.	31,169,946 dollars.

CHIEF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.
Hay, tons. . .	334,287	324,160
Wheat, bushels .	312,081	278,775
Oats, „ .	1,978,137	2,656,883
Potatoes, „ .	3,824,864	4,041,339
Butter, lbs. .	4,532,711	4,591,447
Cheese, lbs. .	901,296	218,067

The value of agricultural produce during that year in New Brunswick is stated at over seven millions and three quarters in dollars. The value of the lumber exported was three million dollars, though it is probably much greater now. The value of ships built then more than a million and a half of dollars, although the present annual value is probably very much higher, owing to the impetus given by the American civil war to our carrying trade, and the temptations offered to the shipowners by that lucrative business—running the blockade.

In Nova Scotia, during 1861, the tonnage of vessels built amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand tons, although probably this is far below the present annual total. Among gold items, we find that during the last summer, both at Tangier and

Oldham, while the returns averaged 4 oz. of gold to a ton of quartz, they occasionally reached so high as 25 oz.; and that at another place 53 oz. were taken out by five men in six days. In April, 1863, at Wine Harbour, the gold crushers turned out 476 oz. of gold, and at Sherbrooke, 605 oz.

Continuing this loose way of stating commercial facts, we find, on consulting the provincial press, that at a place called Merigonish in Nova Scotia, during the last season, 40,000 lbs. of salmon had been prepared in cans, and exported.

The value of money in a place is no bad way of showing the extent of its trade. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the ordinary rate of interest is 6 per cent., while in Canada it rises higher. Money advanced on mortgages, even first mortgage, well protected by insurance or other collateral security, always demands 6 per cent.; and when invested in house property, the investor would think himself ill-repaid unless he could get a return of 10 per cent. Even the Government Debentures, corresponding to our Three per Cents., yield an interest of 6 per cent., and as they are seldom quoted higher in the market than 6 or 7 per cent. premium, these Colonial Government Securities afford a remunerative and safe investment for loose capital. Bank Stock is a good, but somewhat capricious form of speculation, yielding frequently enormous returns. The Bank of Montreal is one of the soundest companies in the world, if one may judge by the enormous premium its shares are quoted at in the market.

When I was in the States, in the autumn of 1857, during a commercial panic, and again after the issue

of greenbacks during the civil war, it was soothing to one's national vanity to see the high appreciation among the Yankees of British coin and British bank notes, whether Imperial or Colonial. A note of any Canadian or Nova Scotian Bank was received as greedily as specie.

Land is not so regularly remunerative an investment in our American colonies, as mortgages or Government Debentures. If one is prepared to spend money on the land purchased, there is no country in the world where good returns can be more certain, but if, on the other hand, one merely wishes to obtain some return from the land bought without any further expenditure, there is no doubt that this return will be very appreciably affected by the many depressing influences common in a new country, of which I may quote as an instance the scarcity of proper markets, and as another the difficulty of procuring sufficient labour at reasonable rates.

But if a capitalist can afford to leave his money unproductive for a few years, I know of no way in which one might obtain a more certain return ultimately than by investing in wild lands near any increasing township, or any new line of railway, where, in time to come, the force of circumstances, without labour or further expenditure, will raise the value of the land immeasurably.

A country where money is dear, and wages high, is the paradise of the lower orders. In former chapters I have hinted at the cheapness of provisions, an inevitable consequence of dear money and a small population, and I mention in this place the high rate of wages. In the Lower Provinces, and, I presume,

also in Canada, the ordinary daily wage of a skilled labourer is over a dollar a day, and I have seen the wages of slaters and stonemasons rise to three dollars a day. This, with beef at 3d. per lb., and tea at 1s. 6d. to 2s., will satisfy my reader that America is no bad place for working men. But mere unskilled labour is not so certain of good wages; in fact, common labourers and domestic servants are better off in England.

For the middle classes, our American colonies offer a comfortable home. Cheap housekeeping without parsimony, light taxes, delightful climate, the prestige of the British flag, without many of the drawbacks of the old country—all these unite to form a pleasant residence, and to do away with home sickness, without lessening the love for the old country, which every colonist still calls by the sweet name of home.

The study of the trade of British America irresistibly carries the reader into contemplation of the great future which it requires no strong fancy to foresee for these colonies. When one sees the grain pouring up from the west, down the St. Lawrence, the wood and fish from the Lower Provinces, the immense mineral wealth of all sorts which is daily revealed; here it may be in coal, there in gold, here in iron, there in that daily increasing trade—natural oil, or it may be furs from the Hudson's Bay Territory and the Far West, it is impossible to help feeling that, with an increased population and a stable government, the wealth of this part of our Colonial Empire may rival that of the princely Indies, or the wonderful Australia.

And again, when one sees the return vessels laden

with the luxuries of England and France, China and India, the fruits of the West Indies, and the manufactures of the Northern States, one would fain dream of a brighter day still when British America would afford a high road between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and the trade between east and west would be immeasurably facilitated.

But, before this dream can be realised, railway extension must be energetically carried on, and must be regarded by our colonial governments as a matter of political life and death, not as a favourable opportunity for successful individual speculation, at the cost of their respective provinces. The tales of the Grand Trunk and Great Western must not be repeated, nor must we have, as in Nova Scotia, a railway of some eighty miles in length producing a debt on the colony of a million sterling, at a rate of interest so high as six per cent. At present we have at work in British America the following lines of railway: in Canada, the Grand Trunk, the Great Western, and the Northern Railway of Canada; in New Brunswick, the line between St. John and Shediac, about one hundred miles long, and the New Brunswick and Canada Railway, open between St. Andrew's and Woodstock, as yet; and in Nova Scotia we have the railways between Halifax and Windsor, and Halifax and Truro, respectively. All these lines are very well as the beginning of a network, but it will be well for our colonial politicians to remember that it is but the beginning. The traffic is increasing on these lines every year, and they are doing good by raising the value of the surrounding land; but, until the links are made in this vast iron chain which shall

connect its various parts, and establish an uninterrupted communication, the work can only be said to have begun. Provincial isolation and a blundering neglect to make railways which individually are burdens, but would become, as a grand whole, a source of revenue and profit, are among the features at present most apparent in our British American railway system. Nor need the new connecting lines be nearly so expensive as the existing ones. Although labour is dearer, the land required is cheaper than in Great Britain, and in many cases would cost nothing; and there is no reason why, under a jealous supervision, the new lines should not be built at the same cost as our cheapest Scotch lines, 7000*l.* per mile.

In addition to which, the Imperial guarantee which has been promised for a new system of intercolonial railway would enable money to be borrowed on debenture at a rate little more than half the rate paid by provincial bonds unguaranteed. The new lines might be worked with the rolling stock of the existing companies, and no despicable sources of revenue would be immediately found in the mails and the constant transport of troops and military stores.

These things must be, if our American colonies wish to prosper. It is well said by one of their own journals, "We cannot afford to bear the burden of our present incomplete road." The railway system among our American brethren in these provinces bears the same relation to what it should be, as that well-known incomplete edifice on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh bears to the Louvre.

Even dry trade has its picturesque features. Need I remind any of my readers who have been in Canada

of those striking objects on the St. Lawrence, the immense rafts of great value sweeping down to Quebec, with the small dwellings and little colonies on each, an occasional spruce-tree or flag propped up between the huge floating trunks, and the blue smoke curling from the small chimney. The value of the wood in some of these rafts is something more than ordinary people, unacquainted with the trade, would believe; and the wages of the men employed on the rafts is proportionally high. On board the steamers on the river, or living in such a spot as our miserable little island, there were few objects so pleasing to watch as these gigantic floating colonies.

There is a branch of trade in the Lower Provinces which has suffered more than perhaps any other by the American civil war. In one sense, the sufferers in this branch of commerce are equally deserving, and in another sense far more deserving, of sympathy than even the Lancashire operatives. I allude to the fisheries of the Lower Provinces, as affected, first, by our idiotic Reciprocity Treaty, and, secondly, by the blockade of the Southern ports. The circumstance which renders the Nova Scotia and Newfoundland fishermen particularly deserving of our sympathy is that their present sufferings are due greatly to an unfortunate legislation, while the cotton trade suffers from accidental commercial derangements, to which any branch of trade is liable as long as war is possible on the earth. Probably, to most of my readers the very name of the Reciprocity Treaty is unknown. I may be pardoned, therefore, if I introduce a few words of explanation. Some years ago the Imperial Government (subject, however, I am led to believe,

to the approbation of the colonial authorities) entered on a treaty with the United States, which was afterwards concluded. By its terms the Yankees were admitted to equal rights and privileges with ourselves in all the fisheries along the shores of our American colonies, with liberty to introduce their manufactured goods into the respective provinces, free of duty. In return for these great privileges all that the British colonies received was the right of introducing into the United States, free of duty, any raw material they might have, and the free use, for sale of fish, &c., of the ports of the Southern States. The market for salt and dried fish in these States used to be enormous in time of peace, this being a staple article of food among the slaves. I have been told, also, that an amusing privilege conferred on our colonists was the free access to Yankee harbours for the purpose of procuring shell-fish. This act of grace was hardly required by colonies whose own shores swarm, as in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick, with oysters, lobsters, &c. &c. Since, however, the Northern States have enforced a blockade of the Southern ports, the chief privilege allowed our colonists by this treaty has been done away with, while they are still subject to the rivalry of the Yankees on their own coasts. The sufferings of our fishermen in America can hardly be realised; and certainly it seems but fair that a treaty violated —it matters not for what reason—in so important a particular, and exclusively to the benefit of one of the parties, should be proclaimed null and void. We have no idea in England how unpopular this Reciprocity Treaty has always been among our maritime

colonies across the Atlantic. Any protest they could have made at the time the bargain was concluded would have been drowned by the stronger voices of Imperial and Canadian policy, Canada proper having little to lose in the way of fisheries, and much to gain in the matter of a market for raw material. But, along the shores of the Lower Provinces Yankee smugglers, under the guise of coasting fishermen, have done much to injure the provincial revenue, already too small to meet the expenditure. As much trouble seems likely to arise from this Reciprocity Treaty with unscrupulous Jonathan, as has already been caused by that similar arrangement with regard to the Newfoundland fisheries, into which we entered with our more polite, but equally tenacious, neighbours the French.

Speaking in a general way, the three things which more immediately promise to swell the trade of British America to gigantic proportions, are, first, increase of population; second, railway extension; and, third, the opening up of the west and north-west districts. The first of these three is apparent to the most superficial thinker; the second has been already alluded to. But the third demands a word of explanation.

The mineral and agricultural wealth of the northern and western districts of British America is incalculable. That wealth must be secured by settlements, and the construction of roads, rail or otherwise. These districts must be made available as a path to those rising colonies, British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, instead of remaining a waste desert, an inert but effective obstacle between us and them, isolating *them* from our authority, and *us* from their

sympathy. It must be secured, opened up, settled, and governed by ourselves, if we would save it from falling a rich prize into the hands of the American government, more far-seeing in these matters than ourselves. Already in the scattered settlements in the Far West, even in the Red River settlement, there is a feeling growing up, occasioned by our neglect, that they would be better off under an active and enterprising government, such as that of the States is in all matters of territorial extension, or colonization of new districts. Feeling how important it is that the Imperial Government should take grand questions like this out of the hands of feeble and distracted colonial Houses of Assembly, and knowing that in such schemes, under proper management, high and certain returns are to be got for the superfluous capital which is scattering itself in heedless streams over Egypt and the continent, into bubble banks and hopeless railway legislation; feeling and knowing this, I say, it is impossible to avoid regretting that in our days new and contracted theories of our colonial duties and privileges are prevailing, theories of which Goldwin Smith is the prophet. The more our interests and those of our colonies are rendered identical by mutual investments, and joint trade, the less chance is there of quarrel and separation between them and the parent country, and the more likelihood of the gradual approach of the time when our colonial empire shall display itself in the eyes of the world in the wealth and power which nature has intended it to possess, while at the same time the strong bonds of affection and interest shall be tightened between us

and them, instead of falling away, as some imagine, altogether.

At present, the passenger-traffic between our British American colonies and England is divided among the Cunard line, plying between Halifax and Liverpool—the Montreal line between that city and the same English port, with a smaller class running to Glasgow—and the Galway line between St. John's, Newfoundland, and Galway and Liverpool. The local traffic is collected by small lines of steamers, and in winter, when the St. Lawrence is frozen, the Montreal steamers sail from Portland, in the State of Maine.

It seems strange that none of these lines of steamers should have selected Pembroke, instead of Liverpool, as their English port of call, as one of the most unpleasant parts of the voyage would thus be saved, and the annoyance of waiting outside the bar in the Mersey would be avoided The magnificent harbour and docks of Pembroke, with its direct railway communication with the metropolis, render it quite equal to Liverpool in one respect, while its geographical position renders it infinitely superior. How happy it would have been for the unfortunate *Royal Charter*, had Pembroke instead of Liverpool, been its destination.

I wish I were better able to do justice to the extended, and daily extending trade of British America. The impulse given to the shipping, especially in the carrying trade, by the civil war in the States, and the increased demand for coal in New York and the New England States from our provincial coal mines,

have given a renewed vigour to a commerce, already far from despicable. It is to be hoped that this may not prove injurious ultimately, by leading the merchants into speculation and shipbuilding in too great a degree for legitimate purposes in ordinary times, and so making a collapse certain, with all its ruinous concomitants. It would be a noble task for the various Colonial Governments to undertake the regulation of this increasing trade, without hampering it, to equalise dues, and to encourage the more legitimate and beneficial branches in preference to the feverish and speculative.

Let us, however, in despair of doing the subject of our colonial trade justice, proceed to say a few words on the education of British America.

It would be easier to write on the educational wants of our North American Colonies, than to enumerate their many undoubted advantages. For, viewing the system at work among them, beside the more perfect university system of England, or the admirable parish school and college system of Scotland, one is involuntarily reminded of defects instead of merits. That it is wrong to adopt contrast instead of examination in forming opinions of educational institutions in a young country, we must all admit, even while we fall into the error we condemn; so the best manner of treating the subject seems to be, first, to devote oneself to tracing out the origin of the existing evils, and, secondly, to mark the many merits which are to be found even in spite of the co-existent defects.

Pursuing this system, there occurs at once as the origin of more defects in the colleges and universities of our transatlantic provinces than any other, that crush-

ing enemy of progress—poverty. The universities are too young to be adequately endowed. They are still in all the agony of struggling for existence. They are to a great extent dependent on their pupils, instead of independent of them. They, at the same time, are unable to tempt students with prizes, high enough to make literature a profession, or even to prolong the curriculum of study for the successful or talented a year or two after the unsuccessful student has left his *alma mater*. Nor can they offer sufficient remuneration to ensure the services in all their professorial chairs, of men who have a name and position in the social world of literature and science. A salary of 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year will not tempt from England or Scotland men whose success at Oxford or Cambridge, at Edinburgh or Aberdeen, will render probable in their respective countries a career of literary or scientific good fortune among a larger community, and with more lucrative results. And yet this is all the salary which can as a rule be offered by the universities of British America. This is a way in which poverty in a university serves to injure it. But poverty acts also in another way with the same result. I allude to the poverty, or at all events the absence of great wealth, among the majority of our colonists. There is little of the biting penury among them, with which we in England are too sadly familiar, but on the other hand, there is not that affluence which exists among so many of our middle and upper classes. Comfort there is, and happy homes; but there are few parents who can afford to keep their sons at college after the bare curriculum has been traversed; few who can encourage a son of literary

promise to continue his studies, after the age at which other young men are entered upon employments and professions which make tangible returns for labour. Literary pursuits, unless in the legitimate course of a learned profession, would be viewed by most colonial parents with the same disapprobation, as would be produced by idle or dissipated habits. The practical, hard view they take of the matter is, that just as they themselves have had to work hard for their living, so must their sons; and even if disposed to admit that study and hard work are often enough convertible terms, they hold their ground immovably on the fact that, in the Colonies, study will not bring in a living; literature is a profession *which doesn't pay.*

For these reasons we will see in all British American universities that the students are mere boys, taking their degrees at an age when they would be matriculating at home; and thus not permitting a college career to interfere with the profession or trade by which they mean to live.

The evil done by this fact is manifest; the university becomes merely a species of high school, for its professors have to bring down their lectures and instructions so as to be within the capacities of the youth who fill their halls.

And although perhaps nowhere is more made of the three or four years at college than in America, yet there is a limit to the power of the human faculties, and the whole system in the colleges is more the accomplishment of a definite number of tasks, crowned by a degree, than the perfect mastering of

the grand principles of science, or the beauties and intricacies of ancient and modern literature.

Another evil is the prevalence of a bitter sectarianism which has a blighting influence on academical institutions. In a small community, it does not pay to have each denomination insisting on its own schools and colleges. The energy, and the means, which if united would support a good and liberal university, are frittered away among a number of mushroom institutions, often lifeless in themselves and incapable of imparting proper mental life to their students. Let us take an example, and one of the most favourable examples for those who may entertain opposite views from the present writer. I take the province of Nova Scotia so often alluded to in this work. This colony being poor in point of revenues is unable to give more aid to education, I believe, from the public exchequer, than 1,500*l.* Still, as the population of the province is considerably under half a million, this sum with aid from private endowments would go far to support creditably any single provincial university. But what do we find to be the fact? Why, that owing to each denomination demanding its own educational institutions, and its own share of the Government grant, no one of them receives more than a pittance of 250*l.* a year. Your Presbyterian has his Normal college at Truro, your Dissenter of another class has his college bells ringing at Wolfville, your Roman Catholic has his institutions in the metropolis, while away on the green slopes of Windsor, King's College, the Church of England University, raises its picturesque and (for a new

country) its venerable halls, in a dignified unconsciousness of the *profanum vulgus* to which we have already alluded.

And lately, as a crowning-point to this academical disruption, an university has been re-opened in Halifax, professing no denominational tenets, and therefore, we presume, intended to catch any waifs and strays of the religious world, such as Mormons, or Plymouth Brethren, who may not be numerically strong enough to attack separately the miserable Government endowment.

Centralisation, in the higher walks of education, is a *sine quâ non* if any great success is to be expected. If the Government and liberal individuals would devote their energies to the establishment and support in each colony of one university alone, the means of such being more ample than in the weedy institutions too often existing now, would enable the students to receive better instruction, and probably much more assistance in the way of scholarships, &c., than at present, while, at the same time, the value of the degrees would be immeasurably raised in the eyes of the literary and academical world. Besides which, as under such an arrangement the colleges would cease to be rivals of the schools, these latter, freed from the depression consequent on the present state of affairs, would attain a much higher standard of excellence, and would render possible a good education for those to whom an university career is not necessary, while, at the same time, they would send such students as desired it to the university, much more advanced than they are at present, and ready to enter upon those

higher walks of education which at home we associate with college life.

And as prizes of some sort are fully as necessary to the students of literature and science as to the devotee of any other profession or trade, one cannot help speculating on the nature of such rewards as would be most likely to increase emulation among the students, than which there is no better teacher; and at the same time to offer some support during two or three years after the receipt of a degree, to encourage the further prosecution of study. Of such rewards there are several which strike the writer as being singularly appropriate for the universities of a young country. One is the introduction of some arrangements by which a distinguished student could, on the expiry of his provincial curriculum, procure some scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge, or, failing that, receive some assistance during a stay at any eminent home-university, where his talents might receive further cultivation and reap higher rewards. Let such a reward be given only biennially, or quadrennially, as a commencement, and there can be little doubt that while conferring great benefits on able students, and holding out great inducements to study, such a system would likewise reflect honour upon our colonial universities by the success, at the more ancient institutions, of their sons.

Another reward which would excite emulation would be a high provincial fellowship, given annually for competition among the graduates of the different colleges, for the year, and which would come to be regarded as the blue riband of literature. If the suc-

cessful competitor were likewise considered to merit selection in preference to others, in the conferring of any government situation, a still further impetus would be given to education.

At present there are in Canada many universities of considerable merit, the most notable of which is the University of Toronto, and the second, M'Gill's college, Montreal, to the latter of which a good medical school is attached. In Toronto there are, in addition to the university proper, various excellent denominational colleges, the best of which is, I believe, Queen's College. The Roman Catholic colleges and schools, both in Canada and the Lower Provinces, are wealthy and well-conducted; two of the most important being St. Hilaire and St. Hyacinthe. There are, in addition, many places of education attached to the different convents, all of which, in Canada, are amply supported by the revenues of the church, arising from their valuable lands and from extensive private charity.

The New Brunswick University is situated at Fredericton, but is simply a high school, and far inferior to King's College, the chief college of the sister province—Nova Scotia. In this latter colony the school system is very inefficient, and the number of people who cannot read or write is out of all proportion to the population.

In Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island there are, I believe, no colleges.

With all their disadvantages, the educational institutions of our American colonies have many merits. The difficulties under which they have been esta-

blished, and amid which they exist, bring out these merits in double lustre. The laudable efforts made by them all to raise the tone of their pupils' minds, and the conscientious manner in which all the duties are conducted, hold out a promise of a more brilliant future than their present can pretend to be; and the success in the world of many whose whole education has been confined to these colonial schools and colleges, augurs well for what future pupils may do under an improved system, such as must arise as these provinces increase in wealth and population.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE DEFENCES OF CANADA.

ANOMALOUS as it may seem at first sight, the extended frontier of Canada is at once its greatest weakness and defence. The former, because no possible army or fortification could ward off from every point an invading force; the latter, in that its subjugation is not a necessary consequence of even a tolerably successful invasion; for on so large a surface there is no one point, the loss of which is necessarily fatal to the colony; while the temptations to an enemy's army to scatter over an extensive territory are direct aids to the defending force, and give it an opportunity of attacking the enemy's columns in detail.

In considering the defences of Canada, we never contemplate any other foe than the United States; just as, in preparing our Southern coast in England to resist invasion, we have never dreamt of any other enemy than France. Consequently, in alluding to the Canadian frontier we mean always the line of

demarcation between it and the Northern States, more particularly the States of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. We mention these States, because it is not probable that an enemy would waste its time and energies in an inroad on the districts west of the Lakes. The line or frontier to be defended commences with a point on the Bay of Fundy, on the borders of Maine, and extends along the west of New Brunswick, and the south of Lower Canada, until it strikes the St. Lawrence about half way between Montreal and Kingston. The river is here the boundary, and would form the line of defence until one reaches Ontario. The neck of land at Niagara would require defence, as also the country between Lakes Erie and Huron, where we find the garrison town of London. It will be unnecessary to consider the country farther west for the reason above stated, and also because the unsettled districts offer sufficient natural obstacles to the movements of troops and their *impedimenta*.

This frontier, formidable in extent, would exhaust an army larger than that of Xerxes, were it necessary to defend it at every point. But the war at present raging on the American continent, although it has given us very few valuable lessons in military matters, *has* taught us that a war of invasion, such as Canada might suffer from, resolves itself into the attempt of, at the most, two or three large columns of troops to penetrate at two or three different places, while, if practicable, a fleet supports them by blockading any sea-coast which may exist in the invaded country. From the latter evil, Canada with its small and unsettled sea-board is tolerably safe; and the blockade

of the ports of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would be rendered impossible by the presence of a British fleet. The only means of defence which Canada need possess, therefore, are those against the inroads of any enemy by land; and there are two formidable ones to be found in the rivers St. Lawrence (in Canada), and St. John (in New Brunswick).

Now, what part would these rivers play in the defence of our American colonies? Napoleon, who had good opportunites of judging, classed large rivers as the third greatest obstacle to any army on the march, a desert or mountains being alone more difficult to overcome. When rivers are parallel to a frontier, or identical with it, as is frequently the case in British America, it has been laid down by the authorities on such matters, that they act as covering the frontier and the operations of the defenders on it; that the places constructed on their banks will aid them in their passage, either to penetrate beyond them, or to secure a safe retreat across them; that fortifications so situated as to draw a natural defence from water are difficult to attack, and easy to defend; and have their defensive properties greatly augmented when they can make use of the water to multiply obstacles by cuts and ditches. But from what we have seen in the American civil war, we would add to other means of defending a river frontier the employment of gun-boats; a most important feature in modern warfare, and one likely to have a prominent part in any campaign, where the depth of the rivers will admit of it. Large ocean-steamers ascend the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, and by means of the Lachine Canal, good-sized gunboats could ascend

through the whole length of the river to the Lakes. This could not be done on the St. John river, much above Fredericton, although when the water is high, steamers of a small size ascend as far as Woodstock and even Grand Falls.

With these natural lines of defence, it will at once be apparent to the reader that *they* would be the bases of a defending army's operations. Unfortunately, however, in one sense, there is, south of the St. Lawrence, a most valuable part of Lower Canada, belonging chiefly to French Canadians, which would offer a most tempting bait to an invader, and which would require to be in some measure protected.

Any works erected in this district would assist the Canadians in their preparations for the defence of such a place as Montreal: for the enemy, not daring to leave garrisons uncaptured in his rear, would, while besieging them, give the defending army in the interior more time for maturing their plans; and to an invaded country every delay is of incalculable value. A short stand at outposts south of the river, while reinforcements from the interior were being constantly pressed forward, might render a march to Montreal as tedious a business as a march to Richmond. One such fort would be required on Lake Champlain, and the line of railway from Montreal to this place would enable troops and militia to be moved rapidly and with ease. One or two rude forts, to act as rendezvous for the defenders, would be advantageous, more to the east of Lake Champlain, and south of Quebec.

And although there would not be much to tempt the invader to make an inroad upon New Brunswick

on its western boundary, undoubtedly the weakest part of the frontier, yet it would be advisable to have some accommodation for the massing of the militia and volunteers, and some means for defending the road, should it be necessary, as at the time of the *Trent* affair, to pass regular troops up from Halifax and St. John to Canada.

We have mentioned the two rivers, St. Lawrence and St. John, as important agents in the defence of Canada. Perhaps it would be more methodical to attempt here some recapitulation of the various existing defences, whether natural, artificial, or military.

There has been a great deal of nonsense talked in the English press about the duties of Canada in her self-defence, and much bitterness generated between the parent country and her American colonies on this matter. Some English writers thought it unnatural that the Canadians did not turn out *en masse* at the remotest chance of war, leaving their occupation and homes before hostilities were imminent. The fact is, that there is no lack of volunteers ready, trained, and willing to fight; while the militia are organised, and could be got out without difficulty. Indeed, one would find on inquiry that the per-centage of volunteers, particularly in the greater sea-ports of the Lower Provinces, is equal to, if not greater than that in any part of England.

There may be seen in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, or any day in the streets of Montreal, as smart a body of volunteers as ever trod the Downs at Brighton. And wherever the Government have given the slightest encouragement the movement has flourished, as, for instance, under the fostering care of the Mar-

quis of Normanby, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. In this latter city, also, the militia had during the past year to undergo a course of drill—coming out sucessively in battalions—and although doing everything in a quiet unobtrusive manner, yet doing their work well and thoroughly. In Canada there have been started colleges for the training of officers, which may perhaps work better than our Musketry School at Hythe—an establishment which although it turns out good shots does not pretend to make officers. And yet this is the only institution, I believe, which opens its arms to officers of militia and volunteers at home.

Although, while smarting under the uncalled for criticisms of the English press, the Canadian Parliament showed a reluctance to increase their heavy national debt by any superfluous or extraordinary military expenditure—there is now a very different spirit animating the members of the legislature. By a majority so great as almost to constitute unanimity, many steps were taken some little time ago to free Canada from every reproach connected with the performance of her duties of self-defence; and now, inspired alike by the eloquence of such men as D'Arcy M'Gee and their own inherent patriotism and pluck, there is little doubt that the commencement of hostilities between British America and the States would see regiment after regiment of native troops ranging themselves side by side with the regular forces, and vying with them in deeds of valour. The present war in New Zealand seems to me to represent very fairly all that can be expected of our colonies in any war in which they may be interested; and in saying so I am desirous of being understood to mean that this

all is ample for young countries. In New Zealand we find volunteers of all ranks in civil life fighting side by side for their adopted country, and displaying a readiness under discipline which might shame many regular troops.

We find the Colonial Government enlisting with liberal bounties in their own and neighbouring colonies, voting liberal compassionate allowances for the widows and children of the fallen, and at the same time showing a childlike confidence in and admiration for General Cameron, contrasting greatly with the infidelity of the Yankees in their generals, and reminding one more of the Old Guard and Napoleon. What more can we ask? What more can even Professor Goldwin Smith demand?

A few sentences back we divided the defences of Canada into natural, artificial, and military. We have mentioned the rivers as among the first, and we have also asserted the existence of no mean array of the last, independent of the contingent of regular troops scattered over the colonies and ready, each regiment, to act as a nucleus for the volunteer and other irregular forces. But we have not exhausted the first class of defences, nor alluded to the second, so to render our chapter complete it behoves us to attempt in some measure to do so.

And in addition to the rivers and lakes which make a natural defence for Canada, it would be a gross omission to make no allusion to the long and severe winters, which would effectually bar any attempt at lengthy campaigning. Were Canada ever likely to assume the offensive, of course this same fact would

act against it, but not in our time, nor our children's, need we ever contemplate such a possibility.

The Yankees seem to be a nation who in their wars appreciate the comfort and relaxation of winter quarters. They make war during a season every year, but would not see the point of a campaign such as the Allies went through in the winter months in the Crimea. It is not probable, therefore, that they would find a winter campaign in Canada much to their liking, and their aggression would be confined to summer raids. In this method of warfare our fleet, by appearing on the shores of Maine, Massachusetts, and New York, might possibly inflict punishment a good deal more painful than the offence.

In addition to the rivers and the climate, we must repeat again that the vast territory which would be invaded, and the absence of any one point whose loss would be fatal, constitute so many direct defences to our American colonies. Just as the Southern States are unconquered, although the Northern armies may garrison New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Corinth, so also Canada would not necessarily be subjugated, because either Montreal, or Kingston, or Quebec, or Toronto had fallen to hostile invaders. Certainly the commerce of the country would suffer by the temporary loss of any of these cities, but the commerce and liberty of a country are not even in these money-making days synonymous terms.

But leaving these natural defences to the consideration of the reader, let me look at what may be termed the artificial means of protection. They are in one sense many—in another sense few. If we consider

merely the fortifications with their armaments, we have a pitiful catalogue to run through. But if we add—as modern warfare seems to demand—railways, canals, high-roads, and those scattered Martello towers which serve as mementoes of the Canadian rebellion, we find the list increased to no despicable proportions.

One is unwilling at first to believe that Quebec with its bristling tiers of guns is about as dangerous as a skull with its grinning row of helpless teeth; nor is one comfortable on first examining Montreal and finding it perfectly defenceless save in the one material point of its insular position. But then, remembering that there are no lack of field-batteries, regular and militia in Canada, one thinks with complacency of the many railroads, the abundance of shipping for transports, and such institutions—as the Yankees say—as the Rideau Canal. Could some antidote be erected to that unpleasant northern fortress at Rouse's Point, and a small *tête-du-pont* at the Victoria Bridge, one could feel tolerably easy about Montreal, save in the matter of bombarding, for the river is wide, rapid, and shallow at the greater part opposite this, the military and commercial capital of Canada, and the crossing of hostile troops would be a matter of very serious difficulty. For the defence of the lake cities, the gunboats which would probably be pushed up the river would in a great degree be responsible, although the small existing defences might be enlarged also to take part in any proceedings. Fortunately the great cities of Canada are on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and rude defences might easily be hurriedly constructed in the event of an

attack being imminent. To such simple fortifications the river would be a valuable assistance.

The other fortifications in Canada, such as those of Quebec, contain ample stores of munitions of war, which could be distributed over the country at the first rumour of invasion. The old towers and block-houses could be repaired, and might act as efficient supports to defending columns.

But there are fortifications in an invaded country other than bastioned fronts, and there is an armament oftentimes more powerful than guns. It is no clap-trap to say, after studying the histories of invasions in either hemisphere, that the mere unarmed force of an united people is as strong as a rampart, and the unanimity of an invaded nation more deadly than shot or steel. Was it before the armed hosts of Russia, or the strength of the people's hatred and self-denial, that Napoleon led back, in inglorious retreat, the army that had started so proudly on its march to Moscow? And how else could the South in its weakness, have so long defied the North, with its teeming columns and its brimming treasury? Or, coming to our own side of the Atlantic, and glancing at the war begun so foully the other day, must we not feel certain that, had the civilian inhabitants of Schleswig and Holstein been sincere in their allegiance to Denmark, the advance of the Austro-Prussian army would have been greatly hindered, the Dannewerk might not have been yielded without a blow, and a few days would not have seen the gallant Danes cooped up in Düppel and Alsen.

With such examples, and knowing the unanimity

of our American colonists in their detestation of the Yankees, it requires no great power of divination to foretel that the invaders would have to encounter not merely the few scattered forts and hurried levies, but all the bitterness of a sensitive people's anger, and all the obstacles which arise before an army traversing a totally unsympathising country. The conduct and language of British North America since the commencement of the civil war in the States, have amazed the Yankees, who, with ineffable conceit before their troubles began, believed that Canada was disaffected under the light yoke of Britain, and was pining to add another star to their own preposterous banner. But it has been their fate to see all the ties of affection and interest which should bind us to our colonies, strengthening and consolidating day by day; to see democracy shown up in all its essential deformity; and in their own distress and disruption to pay, by the contrast, the highest compliment to the form of government under which England and her colonies live.

As we are not writing about the defences of a city, or a position, but of a large country, it is impossible to enter into minute details, nor would it be advisable. The necessity of strengthening such places as Quebec, Kingston, Niagara, and London, will be apparent to the most superficial student of the map; and one has only to be informed of the exertions being made by the American Government at Rouse's Point and Buffalo, to feel that our own military and colonial authorities should make some proportionate efforts to discomfit these in event of war.

But the great point after all in a country which,

like Canada, is sealed up half the year, is the keeping up some means of communication between the main colony and the sea, through the harbours of the lower provinces, which are never closed for navigation. The expenditure on places like Halifax and St. John, would, in a long campaign, prove more useful to the cities of Canada than many a powerful fortress. For it is by these harbours that assistance would come in winter from England; by these that the troops would arrive which should attack the enemy in the rear, and raise the sieges of the Canadian cities. And still more important, perhaps, it is in these harbours that the fleets would muster which should act on the coast of New England, and distract the government of the invaders.

For the reasons here stated, and many more besides, should the Canadian Government show no jealousy of the advantages which might more immediately accrue to the Lower Provinces by the realisation of the intercolonial railroad project, but support it earnestly and liberally; for, truly, the day may come when it might be cheap to Canada, even if its rails were made of gold.

To these very general sentiments upon Canadian defences, the author thinks it advisable here to allude to a subject of indirectly military importance in our colonies across the Atlantic. The great defect on service of all irregular and hurriedly-levied troops, is their want of discipline. Many things, as we all know, enter into the system of training, which results in this necessary qualification of the soldier; but there is one of great and primary importance, as important as obedience itself, and that is organisation.

The habit of acting under leaders, and in concert, in whatever duty of life, is a good lesson for those who may have to act some day as soldiers. It is this fact which invests with value certain organised bodies in our American colonies, whose original object never was military service. We allude to the numerous fire companies and brigades which exist in great perfection in all transatlantic cities.

Fostered by the enjoyment of certain political immunities, and also by a wholesome and keen rivalry, these fire companies have attained a pitch of high order, discipline, and importance, which amazes us on first becoming acquainted with them. In cities mostly built of wood, it is unnecessary to say that fires are frequent, and rapid in the way they spread; but whatever hour of the night, or however low the thermometers may stand, the echo of the fire-bell is almost instantly followed by the rumble of the engines, the mustering of axe and fire companies, all like so many veteran regiments, preparing to encounter a dangerous, but familiar foe. The habits engendered by this mode of life are the very ones most valuable to the soldier; promptitude in action, coolness under difficulties, and readiness under command. In event of an invasion of British America, the numerous fire brigades, whether united in large masses, or carrying into the ranks of the militia and volunteers, as individuals, their sense and habits of discipline, would play no unimportant part in the defences of Canada.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOMEWARD BOUND, WITH A LOOK AT OUR LAST GARRISON IN THE WEST.

> Forgive them what they have committed here,
> And let them be recalled from their exile.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

We came down from Montreal to Quebec on the last day of September, 1862, in a river steamboat, and a torrent of rain. We left about 6 P.M., and our passage occupied about twelve hours. There was little novel or interesting, no startling improvement in the feeding, no additional comfort in the beds. There were a good many other passengers on board, the majority of whom, especially of the female part, seemed to consider the British soldier a very awful and uncertain being. This unhappy and calumniated individual, as represented in some hundred and twenty gunners, spent the night in a confused manner, doing a good deal more in the way of tobacco than of conversation. In fact, our residence in our miserable little island had taken all the cheerfulness out of us, and as there was a difficulty about getting artificial spirits on board, the men remained more pensive and

thoughtful than they usually do on an occasion of arrival or departure. I could not avoid a little reflection myself, however, although I hope not so confused as that of the gunners, when my memory carried me back some six years to the time we left the old country, to whose shores we were now returning. There was a great change in the ranks of the old battery: during these six years death, disease, and intemperance had done their fell work, and the vacant places had been filled by new and younger faces. And the old, familiar lot, remembered since the long-ago days in quiet stations and bustling garrisons in England, through weary days at sea, and long winters on shore, through all the changes of station, climate, and season, in our garrisons in the west, even they were not the same I once knew. For soldiers age very rapidly, the long exposure in inclement weather, and the monotony of their daily duties, seem to tell on them quite as much as more active and perceptible hardships. Young faces had got fixed and lined in these years, and older faces had got wrinkled and careworn, and most of all had this change come in the long, dreary days spent in that our saddest garrison, our miserable little island. Hearts were not so young, nor voices so clear and ready now, as in the day six years ago, when we made the dull wharves by the muddy Thames echo with our parting cheers; our emotions, although now fully as keen as of old, lay deeper in our breasts, and found not so easy expression. And yet each in his own rough way was thinking much the same thought, dreaming of that home country in the east which, with all its drawbacks, is good enough for us yet awhile.

We were early astir on the morning succeeding our departure from Montreal, and as we rounded the man-of-war, which was to convey us home at last, many anxious and criticising eyes viewed it eagerly. We were tumbled out on the wharf at Quebec, with the heartlessness which generally characterises steamers disgorging their passengers, as if they were glad to be rid of them, which there is no earthly reason to doubt that they are. Having been judiciously left in the rain some hour or two until we were thoroughly wet, with the pleasure of seeing our baggage thrown about by the amphibious wharf attendants as if there could by no possibility be any danger of breakages, we were at length put on board a tender for conveyance on board H.M.S. *Megæra*, our intended home for some three weeks or so. We had not been many minutes on board ere we recognised in the preparation for our reception the decided superiority of a man-of-war over a merchant transport; neatness and discipline going in the former hand-in-hand, while in the latter discipline is an accident, and neatness an afterthought. Although it was barely half-past eight, we all felt as if we had been up for weeks. Breakfast was soon ready, and no sooner ready than it disappeared, and then commenced the interesting operation of making the most of the few feet of accommodation which are granted to the British officer of the sister service by the Lords of the Admiralty, for privacy and repose during a voyage. As we were not crowded on board the *Megæra* on this occasion, we had not much cause for complaint, but, generally speaking, the naval authorities ignore the possibility of a passenger being more than 5 ft. 9 in. in height. I heard a good story

of an officer of Marines being sent on a cruise, whose height was about 6ft. 4 in.

A special report had to be made of the case, and the result was that, an opening having been made into the next cabin, a small box or recess was constructed under the berth of its occupant, in which Goliath might dispose of his excessive proportions. Unfortunately, the proprietor of the cabin thus invaded was of a litigious disposition, and protested that his privacy was disturbed by the presence of another's feet, demanding at the same time to be put in possession of his regulation allowance of space and air. How the difference ended I cannot say, but as the standard of the Marines is not lowered, it is to be hoped that they put the long gentleman on shore again, rather than perform amputation of his superfluous inches.

Our start was good, but deceptive; for just as we had commenced to talk hopefully of our passage, and make wonderful predictions of fair winds and clear weather, the wind chopped round, and, while still in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we found ourselves steaming against wind and a nasty sea.

As the *Megœra* cannot carry coal for the transit of the Atlantic, it was intended at first to call at Sydney, Cape Breton, for a fresh supply, to carry us on our homeward voyage. Contrary winds, however, induced our captain to make for St. John's, Newfoundland, instead, and thus I was enabled to add another to my list of our garrisons in the west. The fogs on the coast of Newfoundland are well known, and on this occasion we had a severe experience of their density and continuance. As the shore near St. John's is

very rugged and dangerous, our position when feeling for the harbour was naturally anxious; however, having a good captain, and an experienced master, we made St. John's on the afternoon of the Sunday following our departure from Quebec.

I had been prepared to find the entrance to the harbour very picturesque; partly from hearsay, and partly from a sketch of it which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit to America. This sketch seemed to me at the time as rather "*sensation*," and probably somewhat exaggerated, but since I have seen it, I am prepared wholly to endorse it. It is indeed bold, wild, and rugged; and capable of being made almost impregnable as a harbour. There are already batteries at its mouth, and were these a little stronger, the narrow entrance of the harbour would be rather a warm and dangerous, indeed a wholly impracticable passage. The harbour extends inland a considerable distance, and, as you steam up, you find the town of St. John's on your right, well sheltered from the sea, and sloping upwards, rather steeply, from the water's edge.

We fired two or three guns, announcing our arrival, while the public were engaged with afternoon service, and, I am afraid, by awakening curiosity in the congregational bosom, we spoiled the perorations of a good many sermons. As soon as church was out, the people came pouring down, each Paterfamilias at the head of the quiver, whose barbed arrows act as a certain antidote to any soporific ideas of which the parson may be guilty. We were soon occupied in an engagement of cross questioning, such as is familiar to

any one whose fortune has led him into any out of the way harbour.

Sunday though it was, we were obliged to keep all hands at work taking coal on board; for the wind had now become fair, and every day on board the *Megœra* that we could dispense with the screw, and trust to our canvas, was of importance. We had, however, the whole of Monday to *do* the city, and the result of my experience is as follows. That, firstly, no town of my experience more perfectly comes up to the Shakspearian idea of "an ancient and fish-like smell!" secondly, that it is advisable not to change any money in the town, unless you have a fancy for carrying about on the contents of your purse an incrustation of the scales of fish in various stages of decomposition; thirdly, that it is a very good precaution to land in a cheerful humour, and rather exuberant spirits, as the depression consequent on a visit to St. John's is so fearful, as to make one think of Kingston as a jovial place in comparison, and its inhabitants a set of giddy Merry Andrews; and lastly, that having once got into St. John's, the earliest possible opportunity of leaving it should be eagerly snatched at.

St. John's is a place of mild and unimpressive appearance, built chiefly of wooden houses on the side of a hill which is surmounted by a swaggering Romàn Catholic church. The chief employment of the inhabitants is fish hauling, varied with fish curing, and a noisome way of extracting seal oil by putrefaction; their general appearance and smell is hearty, but unmistakably fishy. Such of the inhabitants as are not engaged directly in this trade, are so indirectly, by

supplying the fishermen with the necessaries, and, in a good season, with the luxuries of life. I do not know whether there is any sympathy between politics and fish; but in Newfoundland, the people are as bitter in the pursuit of the former, as they are energetic in the capture of the latter. There are a great many Irish in the province, which may account for the strong resemblance there between an election and Donnybrook Fair in the olden times. Religion, I am sorry to say, figures prominently in the political riots, the first question put to a candidate being—not "Are you Tory or Radical?" but "Are you Protestant or Catholic?" In St. John's, and Harbour Grace, the contest is always very keen, and the interference of the troops has often been required to check bloodshed. Fortunately, the present Governor, Sir Alexander Bannerman, is not a man to stand any nonsense; and, if the inhabitants persisted in showing themselves incapable of self-government, would not hesitate to place them under martial law. His great rival is the Roman Catholic bishop, who, having both spiritual and temporal power over his subjects, is, it must be owned, rather formidable. As yet, however, he has been playing a losing game; and were our government to act in our colonies with the same firmness that they have displayed in certain burghs at home, which have shown themselves unworthy of representation, either the bishop would be suspended from his functions, or the boon (?) of self-government would be recalled from Newfoundland.

The garrison of St. John's has consisted chiefly as yet of a local corps, on the same principle as the Canadian Rifles, and known as the Newfoundland Com-

panies. In addition, there has, until within the last few years, always been a battery of Garrison Artillery; and, since the *Trent* affair, this useful adjunct has been again added to the defensive force of the island. Under a recent arrangement, the Newfoundland Companies have been amalgamated with the Canadian Rifles, and will be periodically relieved. The advantages of this are manifold; and among the most important is the one affecting the discipline and *esprit de corps* of the troops concerned. For it is an undoubted fact, that familiarity and close relationship should not exist between the regular troops of a town and the inhabitants; long residence among, and intermarriage with, the civilians having a tendency to unfit the troops for the stern and unpleasant duties which they are very often called on to perform.

Further than that St. John's is a cheap station, and that the inhabitants are extremely hospitable, there is little to say in favour of it as a garrison. There is, however, in the province an abundance of sport, which, to most military men, more than compensates for all other drawbacks; and there is, in addition, all the temptation to travel which exists in a country not wholly explored, and not deficient in natural beauty. The deer in Newfoundland are very abundant, and the most delicious grouse are to be found in abundance, even within a few miles of St John's. I need hardly say that there was no chariness displayed in the way we added these charming birds to the contents of our larder, on board the good ship *Megæra*.

There was, and I believe still is, a very consider-

able trade between Newfoundland and Portugal. In return for the dried fish sent from the former country, the Portuguese, who have an objection to parting with specie, sent large quantities of pure port wine. The fame of this wine soon became general, and many a pipe of it found its way to our other garrisons in the west. But of late years the quality of the wine has become very inferior, and although in the merchants' private cellars in St. John's, you will find port of a quality to *make your hair curl*, yet any you purchase in the market, although better than Cape, is not fit for much else than "mulling."

On the Tuesday we sailed from St. John's, our last bit of land in America, and the last we were to see until we made Land's End. In keeping with our regimental motto, "Ubique," the last we saw of our kind were some gunners in a dreary battery at the entrance of the harbour, who cheered us as heartily as some of the same dear old corps who welcomed us six years before in Halifax.

The day was dull and threatening; the wind was fresh, and the sea running pretty high. About a mile after leaving the harbour, while we were all standing on the quarter-deck as well as the rolling of the vessel would permit, we suddenly saw a dark body fall from the main-top, and, striking the bulwarks of the ship with a dull, cruel noise, glance off them into the sea. In a moment the cry of "a man overboard," revealed to us what it was, and the noise on board was deafening. The master, running to the stern, touched the small handle by which the patent life-buoy is loosened, and down it fell instantly into the water. At the same time the ship was put aback; and the crew of

volunteers under the gunner leaped into the starboard life-boat, and were lowered away. So quickly were we moving, however, that by this time we were a good half mile from the buoy, on which to our delight and amazement we saw the man clinging. We thought the fall would have stunned him; and when we looked on the indentation made on the bulwarks by the weight of his body falling, it seemed next to a miracle that he was not killed before touching the water. Although the crew in the life-boat pulled heartily, yet it seemed to us, who were watching, a cruel time ere they reached the unhappy figure, clinging cold and shivering to the buoy, for the thermometer was very low, and the very look of the water made one shudder. At last he was picked off, and ere long he was handed on board. He was a mere boy, and the tears were pouring down his blue, pinched face, as his wet figure was carried below. Poor fellow! on examining him the surgeon found two ribs, and his arm broken, and several other severe contusions. It was wonderful that he succeeded in swimming the distance he did, to reach the buoy: the instinct of self-preservation must have deadened all feeling of pain.

We had miserably cheerless weather the whole way across; head-winds generally, and frequently rain and actual storms. Our employments and amusements even were tinged by the dulness of the sky and sea; and there was rarely any of the merriment which is found in a long voyage after the public has succeeded in finding its sea-legs. The nights on this voyage were our roughest season, and almost invariably were all hands turned up to assist on deck; for on board men-of-war transports the crew is never

large enough to do all the work of the ship, as the troops are supposed to bear a hand when required.

One dark, stormy night, death boarded us silently, and, avoiding the old and the ripe among us, contented himself with reminding us of his earthly omnipresence, by touching with his bony hand a young infant of a few months' age. Death is more melancholy and suggestive at sea than on shore, and our little community all felt the sad loss of this poor mother's pet, as if it had been their own.

Next morning, at an early hour, while the wind was buffeting us, and the hungry waves were leaping up to the deck, as if grudging us a few moments' prayer over their dainty morsel, we were all standing bare-headed round a solemn group; the captain reading the impressive service for the dead who die at sea, the mother crying her heart out, and the quiet little coffin containing the remains of the child of so many hopes and cares—this was a picture not to be forgotten, even when far away from the tossing ship and the eager, gluttonous sea. And in a minute more the helpless little burden is dropped over the side, and for a few moments yet we can see the shell of "our dear little sister departed" floating on the waves, ere they bury it out of sight, until the day when no storm nor hurricane shall drown the sound of the dead-awakening trump!

With the exception of these incidents, our three weeks between St. John's and Portsmouth were monotonous in the extreme. At last we were warned of our near approach to England, and the chief excitement for a day or two was the noon observation of our position. A storm in the Channel threw us out

of our course a little, and we came to Portsmouth round the south of the Isle of Wight, after being a good deal nearer the Channel Islands than we had intended. Never could I have believed that there could have been in landscape all the sweet expression and suggestive beauty which we read in the green fields and clean-looking dwellings on the Isle of Wight. Anchoring at Spithead, we awaited instructions as to our landing-place. Orders arrived at last to proceed round to Woolwich, but as our crew were worn out by the unusual exertions of the preceding two or three days, we remained all night at our anchorage, and the lately bustling deck was left to the solitary quartermaster on duty. Our steward, however, brought off fresh provisions and newspapers to us; and, really, a weary voyage is almost atoned for by the pleasure of getting to shore again—just as convalescence almost compensates for sickness.

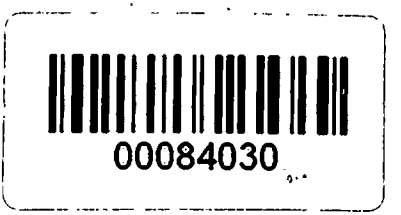
Early next morning we started for Woolwich, and came in for the full force of the celebrated gale in the end of October, 1862. We were compelled to anchor in the Downs, and as we lay there, with two anchors out and steam up, we landsmen had an opportunity of judging of the force with which wind *can* blow. Little did we dream then that for miles around us that wild night vessels were going down at their anchors, and many a strong man finding a choking death; while on shore, from pale faces and breaking hearts, were agonised prayers rising for the dear ones "that go down to the sea in ships, and do their business on the great waters."

* * * * * *

At last, we are again steaming past the dull wharves in the muddy Thames, and once more rises the many-roofed Arsenal before us. As we land on the dear shores of our birth again, the past six years seem to us like a dream, and can hardly be realised. But life itself is but a dream, and we but idle dreamers. Truly, this is not our abiding place for ever, and in the coming days of an endless life we shall look back on this era in our existence as a tale that is told. Heaven grant that it shall not be a tale bringing remorse alone to our souls, and that all its bitterness may be taken away by the joy which dwells in those who harp upon their harps in the presence of God and the Lamb, who live for ever and ever!

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.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on 26 June, 2018